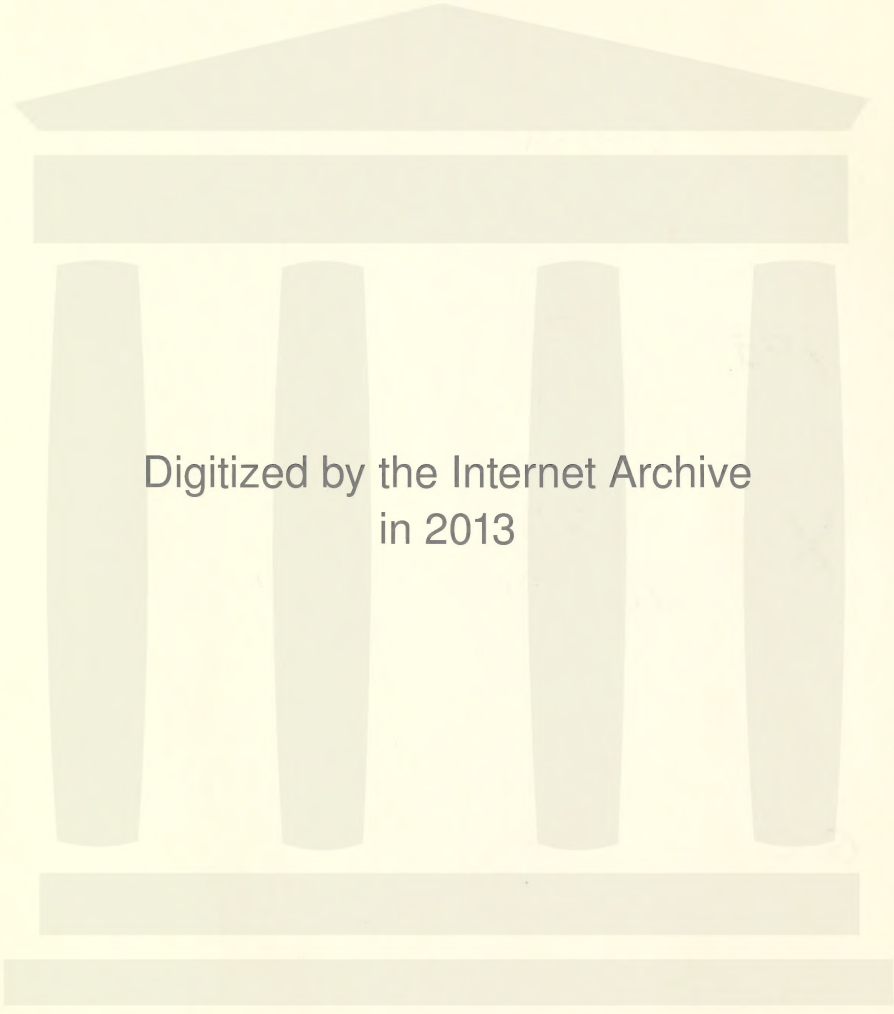
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at Concord, N. H.

By THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

Vol. 55 pt. 2 July-Dec.

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The symposium, "What New Hampshire Thinks of Prohibition" which was forecasted in the issue for September will appear in an early number.

The cover portrait of this number entitled "Our Summer Guests" is a typical scene at the Shirley Hill House near Manchester.

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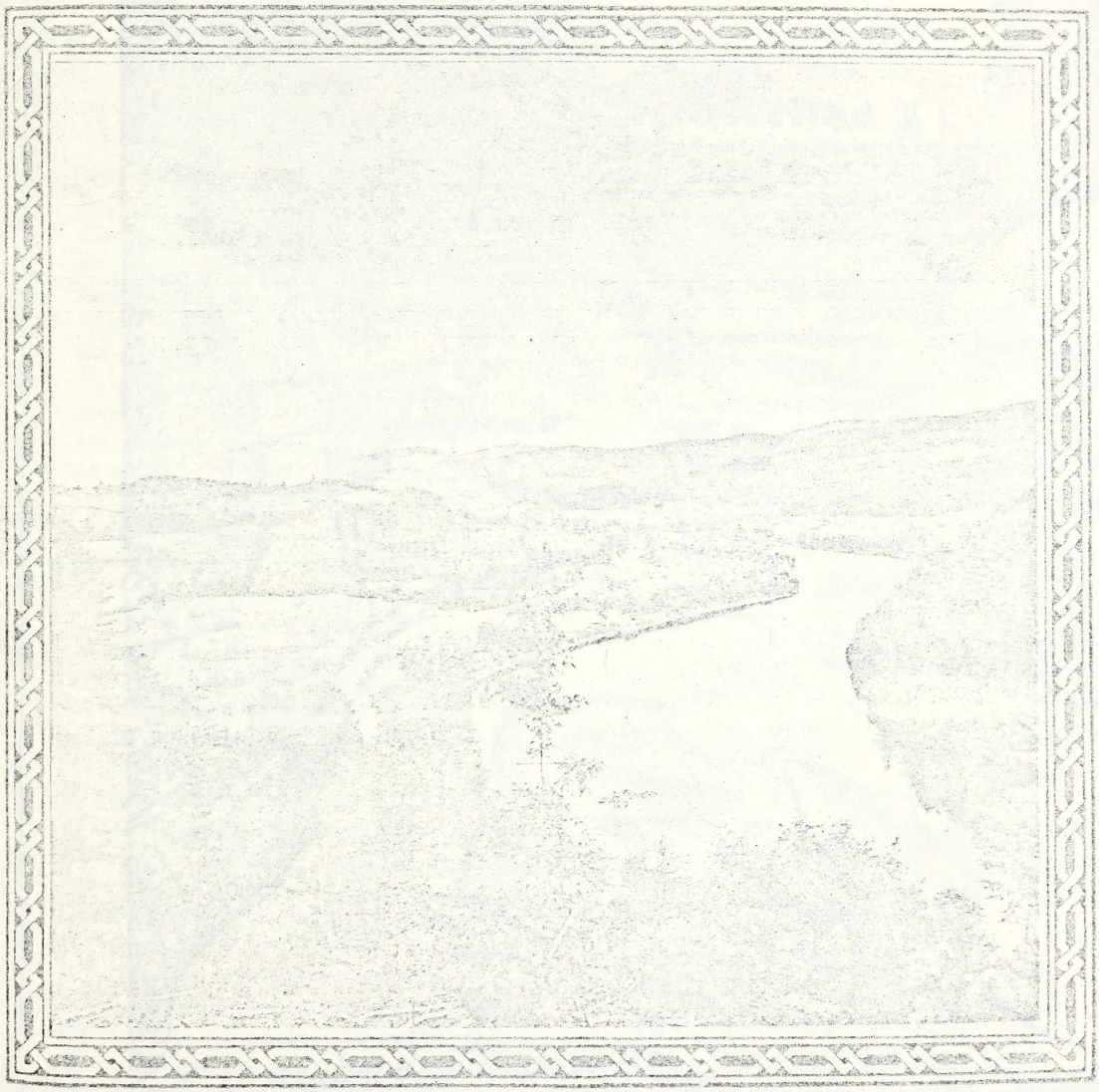
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AT HANOVER

In This Issue—AS THE ROAD UNROLLS

20 cents per copy $2.00 per year





Boston & Maine

THE UPPER FALLS OF THE AMMONOOSUC
Bretton Woods, N. H.

THE
GRANITE
MONTHLY

Vol. 55 No. 7

JULY 1923

THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Canaan Fire

THE chief news event of the month of June, 1923, in New Hampshire, was the conflagration which, on Saturday, the 2nd, devastated the village of Canaan. Children playing with matches in a hay barn kindled the blaze and a high wind took it with almost incredible speed through the business section of the village, literally burning it flat. Help was summoned and came with all speed from points as distant as Concord, but to little avail because of the lack of an effective water supply and other adverse conditions. The scene of blackened desolation created by the fire has been a point of attraction for thousands of motorists throughout the month.

Inspiring was the spirit of resolute courage with which the people of Canaan faced the disaster and heartwarming was the manner in which sympathy and substantial aid poured in on them from all directions. The New England Red Cross at once made an appropriation for the relief of suffering and sent its agents to assist in the administration of that and other funds which came by the thousands of dollars from the cities and towns of New Hampshire.

Arrangements were made for the immediate payment of insurance losses; banks made liberal provisions for aid in rebuilding the burned section and in resuming business there; the town authorities took action to lay out the new village on better lines than the old.

All in all the manner in which the Canaan disaster was met and is being overcome increases one's faith in the survival among us of the old New England virtues.

The Burroughs Memorial Fund

ANOTHER good deed of the month was the raising of $50,000 as a permanent fund for the work of the New Hampshire Children's Aid and Protective Society. By securing this amount from its friends the Society receives an additional $50,000 from Hon. Charles H. Greenleaf of Franconia and thus assures the continuance and perpetuation of its indispensable social, moral and physical service to the unfortunates among the children of the state.

An Important Meeting

ANOTHER agency which is accomplishing much good was called to the public attention during the month by a meeting in the state Hall of Representatives of the New England Congress on diseases of cattle. Commissioner Andrew L. Felker of the department of agriculture and Dr. Robinson W. Smith, state veterinarian, arranged a splendid program, with the co-operation of the other New England states and of the federal government, and all phases of the work of the congress were ably and fully presented. It was good

to hear that the work of eradicating bovine tuberculosis is making excellent progress and the public health thereby guarded and benefitted to an extent not generally realized.

Commencement and Flag Day

AS usual in the sixth month of the year brides and bachelors (of Arts, Letters and Science) held the public eye in New Hampshire, as elsewhere. The first degrees given by the University of New Hampshire at Durham were received by a larger class than ever graduated from its predecessor, the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. Dartmouth College at Hanover at the close of its 154th academic year also graduated the largest class in its history. Dartmouth's list of recipients of honorary degrees this year included Governor Fred H. Brown, Master of Arts; Rev. Chauncy C. Adams of Burlington, Vt., and President Myron W. Adams of Atlanta University, Doctor of Divinity; John Drew, distinguished actor, Prof. Fred L. Pattee and Prof. Nathaniel W. Stephenson, Doctor of Letters; Louis Bell (posthumously) and William Hood, Doctor of Science; Governor Channing H. Cox of Massachusetts, John W. Davis, former ambassador to Great Britain, and Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes, Doctor of Laws.

At the alumni luncheon on Commencement Day Secretary Hughes was at his best in an address upon the subject of the World Court and the participation therein of this nation.

Some notable addresses were given at various places in the state on Flag Day, June 14, the local lodges of Elks being in most cases entitled to the credit for arranging the observance. In the proclamation of Governor Brown calling for the celebration of the day he said:

"Love of country is a virtue, lacking which nations perish and civilizations decay. The flag of our country is the symbol of its authority and its achievements, its protective might and its helpful aspirations. As the Star Spangled Banner passes by we should stand at attention, respectful to its dignity and power. We should thrill with emotion at its beauty and meaning as it flies in the breeze. To foster in our state these feelings and manifestations of patriotism I hereby proclaim Thursday, the 14th of June, as Flag Day in New Hampshire. Let the National Banner be widely displayed among us on that day; and let us all, as we give it due reverence, renew therewith our active allegiance to our beloved country and to its great and good ideals."

Appointments to State Offices

DURING the month the governor and council accepted with regret the resignation of Rev. Harold H. Niles, because of his removal from the state, as a member of the board of trustees of the state prison. Mr. Niles, who has built up the Universalist church in Concord wonderfully during a five year pastorate, goes to Denver, Colorado, to take charge of the work of his denomination there. Twice chaplain of the legislature, in 1919 and 1921, Mr. Niles has an unusually wide acquaintance throughout the state and his departure is universally regretted.

In his place on the state prison board Levin J. Chase of Concord, well known publicist, has been appointed. Rev. Fr. John J. Brophy of Penacook has been continued by the same appointing power for another term on the state board of charities and corrections.

Figures made public by Secretary of State Enos K. Sawyer during the month showed that legislative agents engaged to promote and oppose various measures in the 1923 session of the New Hampshire General Court received a total compensation of $32,522, the largest amount since the law was enacted requiring the filing of such agents and their fees. The contest over the proposed 48-hour law caused the heaviest expenditure.

—H. C. P.



Boston & Maine

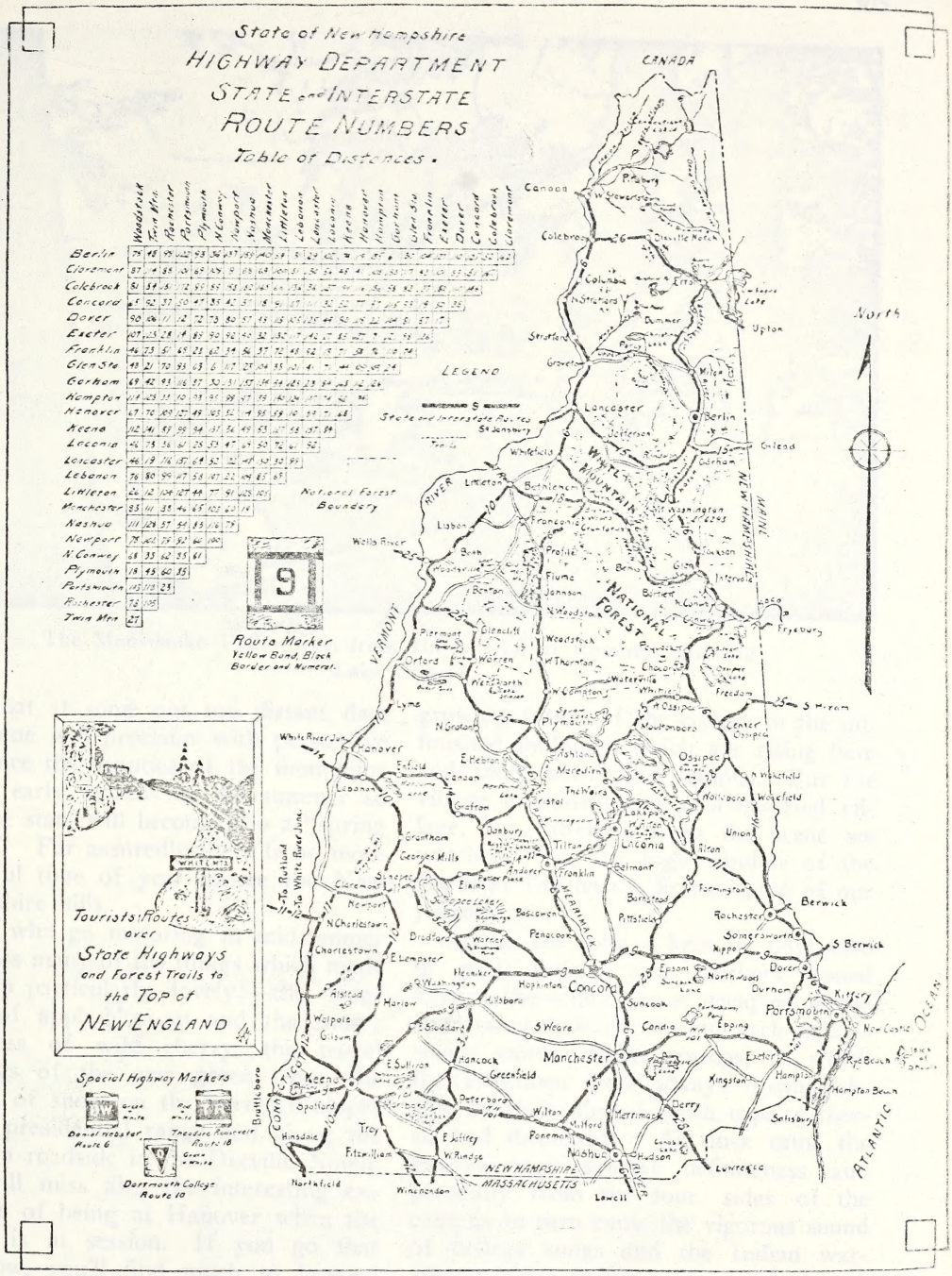
Mt. Washington from the Intervale: It is this part of the White Mountains which Whittier especially loved.

AS THE ROAD UNROLLS

Some Impressions of an Early Summer Motor Trip

"THE summer boarder is our best and biggest crop in these parts." The remark is quoted from a magazine published before the beginning of the century and the shrewd old countryman who spoke did not live long enough to see much more than the beginnings of the influx of summer tourists which has been brought about by the coming of the automobile and the development of New Hampshire's roads. If the summer boarder was a big crop in those days, how are we to describe it now, when the records of each year are consistently smashed by each new harvesting?

We started on our trip through the mountains early this year, the first week of June. Spring comes slowly in New Hampshire, and along the road farmers were busy with their planting. From all indications the summer tourist crop was also in the plowing and planting stage. The great hotels, especially those which are really up in the hills, were shuttered and barred. Some showed signs of preparation—lawns being trimmed, painters and carpenters at work,—but most of them proclaimed with eloquent silence that the time of the harvest was not yet. We stopped one night at the Hotel Monadnock in Colebrook, a well equipped, newly remodeled hotel which normally accommodates many travelers, and we were the only guests. The experience was a pleasant one, especially because of the real hospitality shown by "mine host," but it showed us one



Hundreds of Miles of Almost Perfect Roads Make Touring in New Hampshire An Unalloyed Joy.

reason why we had passed so many closed hotels. The tourist invasion does not begin until July.

For many years a summer resort, New Hampshire's winter possibilities are a recent discovery; and it is pos-





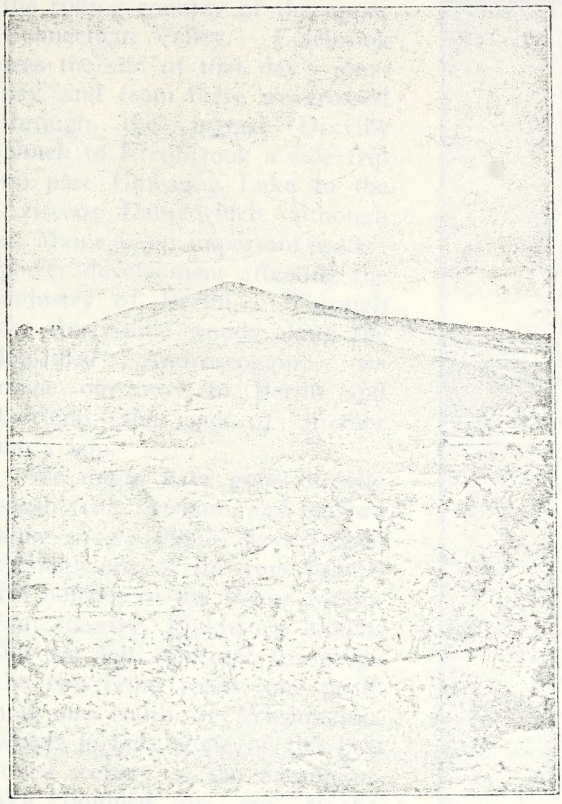
The Moosilauke Valley seen from Hawk Cliff at Rumney, showing Lake Stinson.

sible that at some not too distant date some one will proclaim with persuasive eloquence the beauties of the mountains in the early months of the summer so that the state will become also a "spring resort." For assuredly there is no more beautiful time of year to see the New Hampshire hills.

You who go motoring in midsummer will miss many of the things which made our trip particularly lovely:—the fragrance of apple-blossom and the snowy whiteness of wild cherry, the pastel colorings of the new green trees, the patches of snow on the northern slopes of the presidential range and along the southern roadside in the Dixville Notch. You will miss also the interesting experience of being at Hanover when the college is in session. If you go that way now, you'll find much to interest you; records of Dartmouth's tradition in the old landmarks: the Howe Library which used to be the home of Eleazar Wheelock, the old cemetery where the founders of the college lie buried, the house where Daniel Webster lived when he was in college; indications also of the growing future of the college in the unfinished buildings which are rising here and there about the campus. But the village in midsummer is a deserted village, far different from the scene we watched from the high window of the Hanover Inn on the first evening of our journey.

Across the road a knot of boys clad in golf jackets and knickers leaned against the senior fence, occupied in the engrossing task of carving each other's senior canes. Other groups, in which the freshmen were always distinguishable by their absurd green caps, gathered and dispersed. As dusk came the groups took greater definiteness and presently from the four sides of the campus in turn came the vigorous sound of college songs and the Indian war-whoop which strikes terror to the hearts of Dartmouth's enemies. The singing groups drew nearer together, forming a hollow square at the center of the campus, and the Alma Mater brought the last "hum" of the season to its close.

It brought to a close also the first day of our journey, a day in which we had



Boston & Maine

"We swung inland along the Moosilauke Trail"—Mt. Moosilauke from Warren, N. H.

traveled over smooth roads up along the Dartmouth College Highway through Keene and Newport and Lebanon, past little villages with their clean white churches and elm-shaded homes, between wooded hillsides where the young green of new leaves was contrasted against the dark of pines and evergreens, along brown little brooks, and finally out to the broader country of the Connecticut valley with the river winding slowly at our feet and the Green Mountains of Vermont just across the way. The highway passes within a few miles of Sunapee and almost touches the Shaker Village of Enfield, by Lake Mascoma. Both places are worth making a detour to visit.

We followed main roads throughout the trip, for back roads are uncertain early in the year. To sketch the trip briefly:—From Hanover we followed north along the River through Lyme and Orford, then swung inland along the Mousilauke Trail through Glencliff and Warren and Wentworth to Plymouth, a short day's trip, but a beautiful one. Then we headed our automobile north and, following an almost straight line through the mountains, climbed through Franconia Notch, into



Photo by Phil M. Riley Courtesy Photo Era Magazine

A Glimpse of Newfound Lake.

the rolling country of the upper Connecticut Valley. Colebrook was the end of that day's journey, and from there we crossed through the jagged Dixville Notch to Errol, took a side trip up past Umbagog Lake to the Aziscoos Dam which, although in Maine is an important water-power development affecting the industry of Berlin. Through the thirty-mile woods along the log-filled Androscoggin, we made our way to Berlin and Gorham, the end of another day's trip.

We might have gone directly south from Gorham, and had we done so we should have passed through one of the very beautiful notches of the White Mountain country, Pinkham's Notch; but we felt reluctant to forego the two cross roads, one north and one south of Washington, which include some of the best loved scenery of the mountains. We doubled on our tracks, therefore, and went northwest, through Randolph and Jefferson to Lancaster, then southeast through Crawford's Notch, Bretton Woods, Bartlett, North Conway. Intervale, the country so much loved by Whittier. Our destination that day was Wolfboro and we reached there at just the time of day when Whittier wrote—

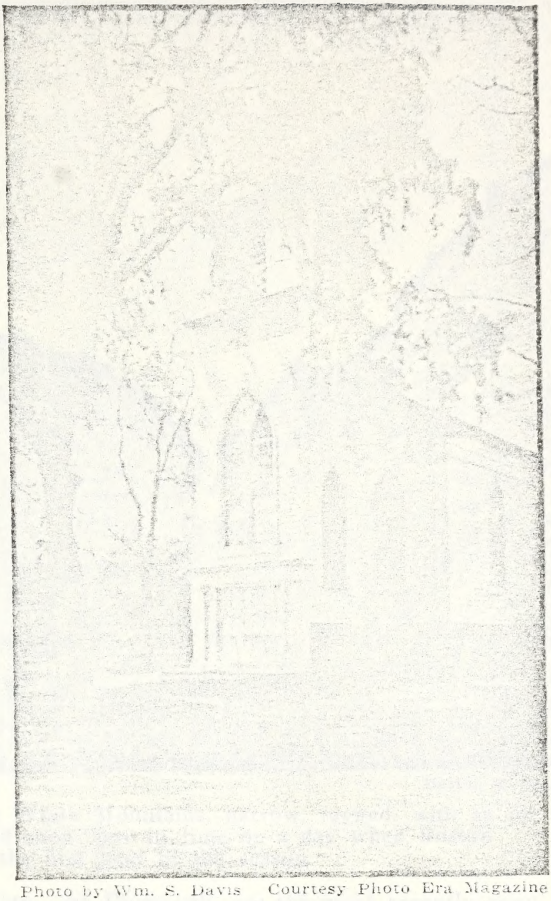


Photo by Wm. S. Davis Courtesy Photo Era Magazine

The little white church in typical of New Hampshire villages.

"The sunset with its bars of purple cloud,
Like a new heaven, shines upward from the lake
Of Winnepesaukee."

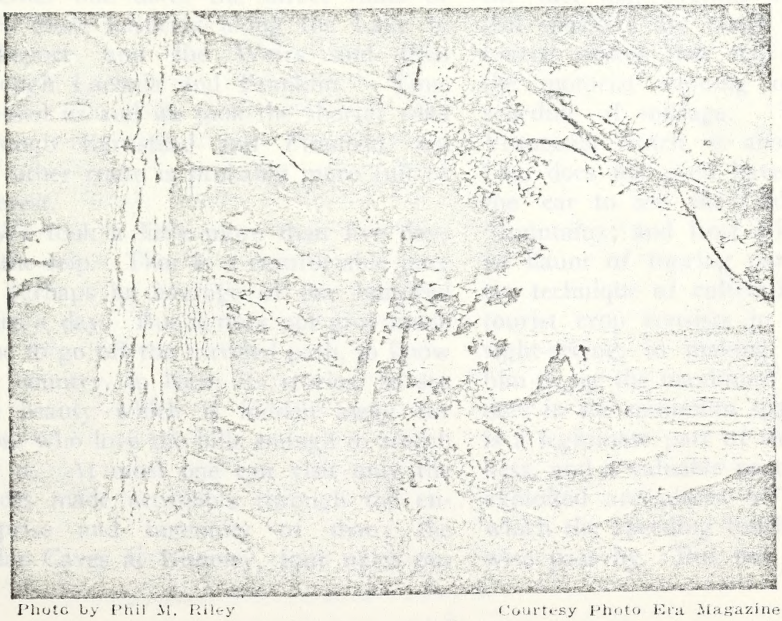


Photo by Phil M. Riley Courtesy Photo Era Magazine

Wooded Shores, the Weirs, N. H.

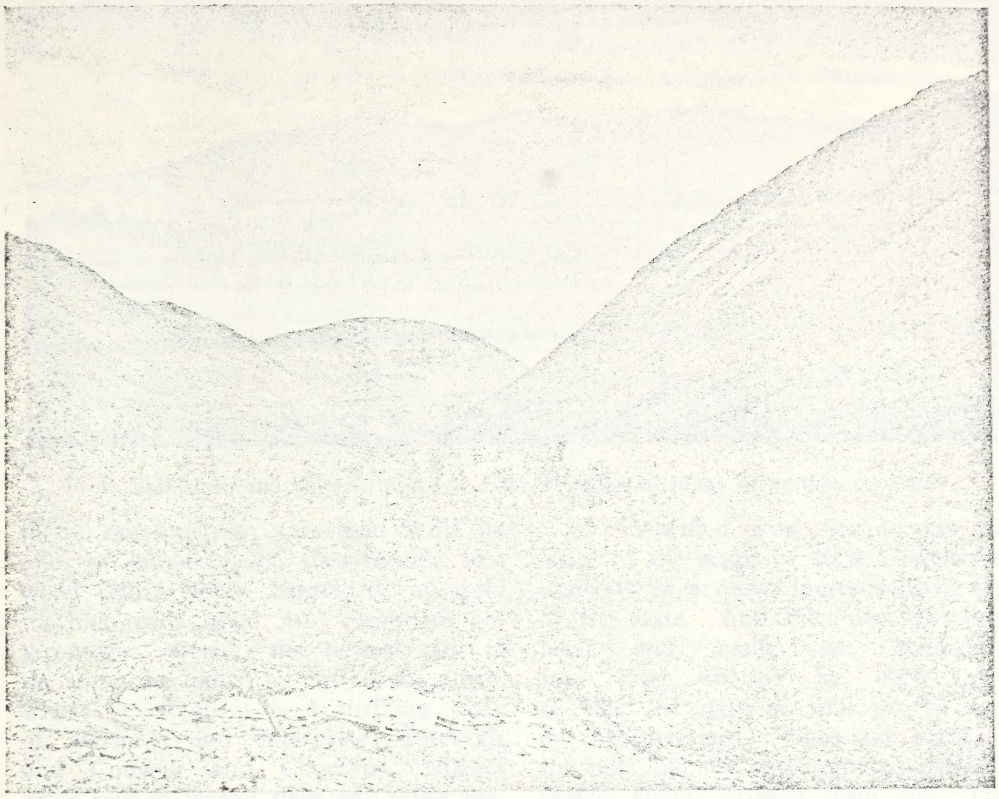


Boston & Maine

Dixville is the Northern Notch of the White Mountains, narrow, ragged, with an incomparable wild beauty. We found snow here in June on a day when Boston was sweltering in the first heat of the season.

It is only a short trip from Wolfboro to Concord, the end of our journey, whether one takes the direct route or goes more leisurely along the Lake to Lakeport and the Weirs and then through Laconia and Franklin. Time pressed us and we took the shorter road through Barnstead and Pittsfield, but the other route is probably more full of interest.

We took a little more than five days to the trip. That is a comfortable pace of perhaps an average of one hundred miles a day. But it does not give much time to go off the traveled path, to know the country, to learn its stories, to see the beauty which is hidden away for those who love the hills enough to search for it. At most one can visit only the places made accessible through the enterprise and ingenuity of man: the Polar Caves at Rumney, four miles out of Plymouth, are the most recently opened of these natural curiosity spots, and the fact that overalls and searchlights and sneakers are ready at call for the tourist makes that trip easy even for the motorist running on an exacting schedule of mileage. The Flume, in Franconia Notch, is another such spot. One does not even have to slow down the car to see the Old Man of the Mountains; and Lost River is a favorite haunt of touring parties. Part of the technique of cultivating the summer tourist crop consists in simplifying his sight-seeing, in making it possible for him to see the maximum variety of wonders in the minimum space of time. It is a legitimate part of the summer business, and a valuable part, for the places exploited are places of unusual beauty which the speeding tourist would otherwise pass by. But one would be fool-



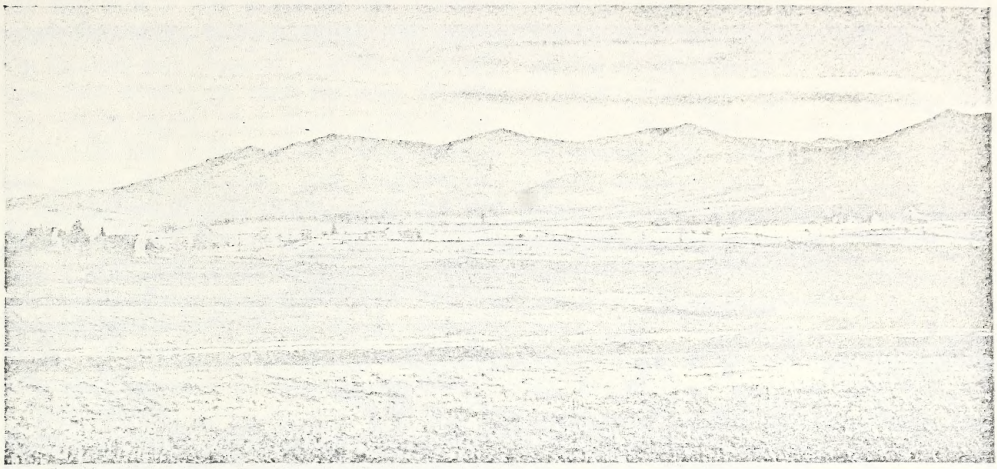
Boston & Maine

Crawford's Notch is gentler scenery than Dixville. To many tourists it is the best loved part of the Mountain Country.

ish beyond reason to claim that in a five-day trip one could even begin to know the mountain country. For that one must live with the hills.

Yet there is a value in the short trip: it heightens contrasts. It gives one, better than any long study could do, a sense of the variety of this New Hampshire country. A day's trip takes one from the broad fertile valley of the Connecticut to the foot of the Presidential range. In the space of a hundred miles one may compass the logging country of the upper Androscoggin, with the corduroy roads leading into the forests and the cabins of lumber camps; the country of mountain passes, beautiful beyond belief with its sharp peaks and wooded ravines; and the lake country with its small farms and busy towns. In a single day one can stand looking up at the jagged peaks in Dixville Notch and be charmed by the softer, but no less majestic beauty of Crawfords. It is only a day's journey from a busy manufacturing town like Franklin to the fisherman's country about the Connecticut Lakes.

To recall some of the towns we passed through in our five day's journey is to record something of this variety. Keene, first, a busy city with a metropolitan air, the shire city of a wealthy county; Hanover, a quiet academic village, unhurried and thoughtful; Plymouth, Gateway to the White Mountains, alert and hospitable to the tourist throng; Thornton and Woodstock and Franconia, flourishing centers for the summer boarder crop; Bethlehem, city of hotels, the only place, so they say, from which the presidential range is to be seen in perfect perspective, and also the only place where hay fever is abso-



Boston & Maine

From Bethlehem and Whitefield one sees the Presidential range in its true perspective.

lutely non-existent; Groveton with its piles of lumber being transformed into wood pulp; North Stratford, an ugly machine-made town in a beautiful environment; Berlin, the newest city in the state, the industrial city of the north, whose development is a thrilling story of alertness and enterprise; Intervale and Conway and Chocorua, villages more rich in legend than any other section of the state:—the list is too long to give in full.

It is worth a good deal to get this sense of the scope of New Hampshire's interests in a quick impressionistic tour of the state. And then one should go back and really get acquainted, stay long enough in each place so that the past as well as the present becomes real. There are stories in the hills, but the swift purr of the automobile engine drowns them out. They will tell you at Lancaster how a daredevil member of the Rogers Rangers, a boy who had been a bound servant in Connecticut until released by this service to his king, passing that way on an Indian raid, took a fancy to the location and picked out the site where the busy little town now stands. At Jefferson, you will hear of Granny Stalbird, servant to Col. Whipple, who back

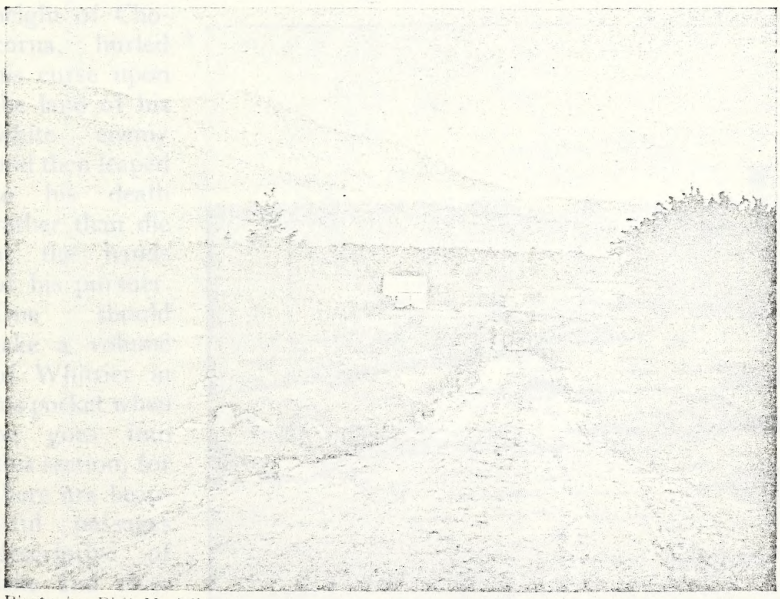
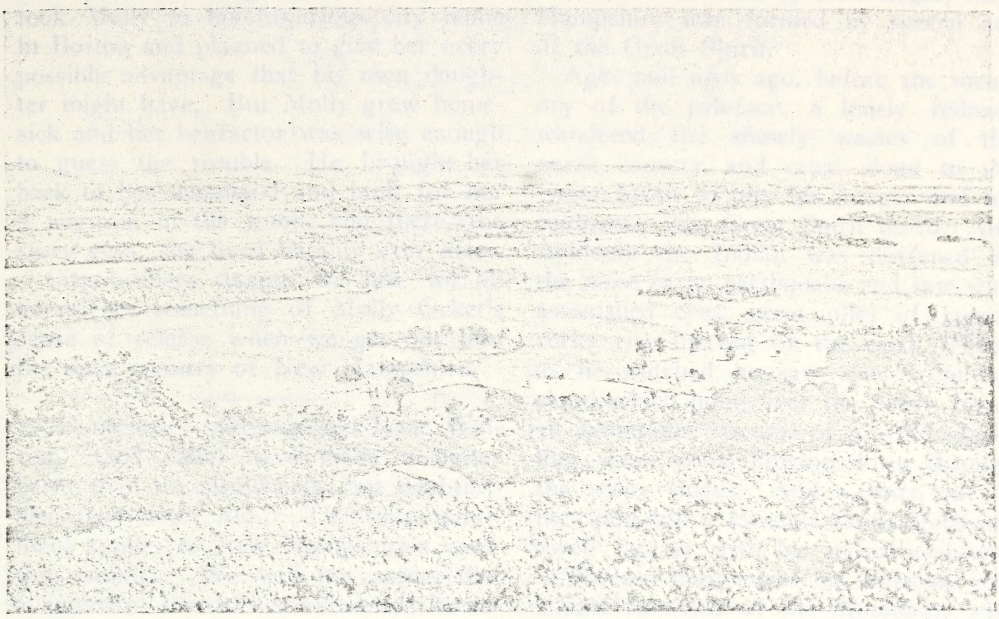


Photo by Phil M. Riley Courtesy Photo Era Magazine

Mt. Tecumseh from Waterville is a bit off the main tourist road but it makes a rewarding side trip.



Boston & Maine

Lake Winnepesaukee is the largest of New Hampshire's many beautiful lakes.

in 1763 won for herself the love and gratitude of the people of the countryside by her knowledge of healing herbs. The country around Conway and Chocorua will yield a hundred tales of the old days, among them the familiar story of the Indian chieftain who, standing on the height of Chocorua, hurled his curse upon the land of his white enemy and then leaped to his death rather than die at the hands of his pursuer. One should take a volume of Whittier in his pocket when he goes into this section, for there are beautiful passages descriptive of lake and river and mountain which breathe a real understanding of the spirit of the place.

As one learns to know the hills one thinks with sympathy of Molly Ocket. Molly was a squaw of the Pequawket tribe who saved the life of Colonel Clark by warning him of an Indian plot

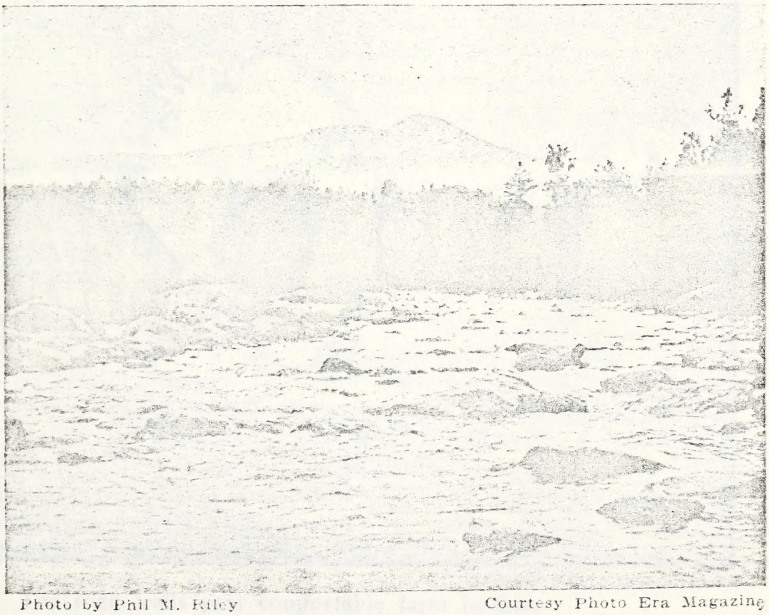


Photo by Phil M. Riley Courtesy Photo Era Magazine

Mad River and Cone near Thornton.

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to kill him. In gratitude the Colonel took Molly to his luxurious city home in Boston and planned to give her every possible advantage that his own daughter might have. But Molly grew homesick and her benfactor was wise enough to guess the trouble. He brought her back to her woodland and built for her a wigwam in the wood, and there, the story goes, she lived happily ever after.

City-dwellers though we are, we all experience something of Molly Ocket's sense of release when we get out into the open country of New Hampshire.

"Doubtless," said wise old Isaac Walton, "God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless also God never did." The same sentiment applies to New Hampshire's vacation country. We will not assert that a bountiful Providence exhausted its resources to build it, but the fact remains that there is no spot on earth more favored. And in these days of evolution theories, it is well to state that, however the rest of the world may have evolved from chaos by slow stages, New Hampshire was formed by special act of the Great Spirit.

Ages and ages ago, before the memory of the paleface, a lonely redman wandered the snowly wastes of the north country and cried aloud to the Great Spirit to pity his hunger and his coldness. The Great Spirit heard. And suddenly the Indian was deafened by the noise of an earthquake and saw with astonished eyes, great piles of jagged rocks rise up out of the earth. Then as he watched he saw also, from the cloud which hung over the newly formed mountains, streams of ice-cold sparkling water come flowing down through the rocky slopes. And a voice out of the cloud said, "Here the Great Spirit will dwell forever with his chosen children.'

The red hunter and his kinsmen, who named so many of the Mountains with the Snowy Foreheads have disappeared; but surely those whose fortunes lead them even for a brief holiday to the Waumbek Methna are more than other men chosen of the gods.—H. F. M.



Courtesy Photo Era Magazine

The road leads past comfortable farm houses.

FUTURE POLICIES OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

Three New Hampshire Leaders Analyze the Situation

I

A Revival of Party Loyalty Wanted

By Senator George H. Moses

POLITICAL parties do not forecast their policies in advance with accuracy. They cannot—any more than a man, by taking thought, can add a cubit to his stature. Political policies are shaped by events; and so much water will run down the Merrimack between now and the next election that no one can foretell the ebb or flow of the tide which will lead to Republican fortune in 1924.

My personal hope is that the issues will be so clearly drawn that the unmistakable difference between our party and our opponents will be undubitably set forth in our platform to the end that there can be no question regarding the interpretation of the mandate which I am sure we shall take from the voters.

The fundamentals of Republicanism are fully established; and while these are unchanged, and as I think, unchanging, there has never been the slightest hesitation, among New Hampshire Republicans, at least, to meet the new issues which an advancing age insists upon pressing for solution. There have been great reforms in New Hampshire, for instance, in the last twenty years—and I choose this period because, at its beginning, the old regime was at the height of its power. These reforms have been secured through the agency of the Republican party; and not reluctantly. Every man, every woman, every child in New Hampshire who has a sense of betterment arising from the long series of legislation which has maintained our state in the front rank of progressive commonwealths knows that it is due to the enlightened judgment and action of the long-dominant party which has moved forward, in an orderly fashion, to provide all that reasoned public opinion has required. I doubt, in fact, if any state in the Union has proportionately, when one thinks in terms of population and wealth, gone forward as far or as fast as New Hampshire.

Therefore, future Republican policies in New Hampshire connote merely a continuance of Republicanism.

Republicanism, not only in New Hampshire but through the country generally, has fallen from its high estate of the yester-years chiefly because the party ties have slackened. My views on the causes of this are too well known to require re-stating here; but it is wholly pertinent for me to say in this connection that there can be no continuance of Republicanism, and that there can especially be none of the renascence of Republicanism such as New Hampshire so sorely needs, if we are not to have a revival of the party spirit. It is thirty-four years since I first began to have any direct connection with public affairs in this state. At that time the voters were either Democrats or Republicans—and there was no doubt about it, either. In those days a conscientious town committee could make a canvass which would reveal within the narrowest of limits exactly how the vote would be cast on election day. Now, such a thing is impossible. In those days a party nomination was made and all members of the party felt bound to support it. They had had their day in the caucus and in the convention; they had conducted their fight within the party lines; if they had lost, it was their party business to pick

their flints and wait for the next chance. To-day, and dating back for a good many years even before the adoption of the direct primary—which has failed so signally to meet the expectations of its proponents, to say nothing of its general failure to realize their personal ambitions—I have seen voters take part in every preliminary to the making of a party ticket and then feel themselves at perfect liberty to support it at the polls or not as they saw fit. This is not Republicanism. It may fit an absurd and strained construction of the spirit of the times, but it is subversive of party government—and party government is a necessary adjunct of the constitutional form of government to which the United States still adheres, though it must be confessed that its substance has become much diluted.

Unless we are to have a larger sense of party responsibility, not only among those who hold office in a party name but among those who lay claim to a party membership, it will make no difference after a few years what the policies of the Republican party are. There will be no Republican Party. Nor will there be any other party as we now know parties. There will be a congeries of groups, such as I have lately seen in some European Parliamentary Chambers, where a Right, and a Left, and a Center, and an Extreme Right, and an Extreme Left, and a dozen other less distinguishable blocs will hold the stage; and our Constitution will be a complete failure.

New Hampshire put the Constitution into force. I hope New Hampshire will have no part in putting the Constitution out of business. And I can think of no more effective means for giving the Constitution renewed vigor than to have a revival of party spirit. Why not start the movement here by having a revival of Republicanism!

II

A Party Program

By Major Frank Knox

THE future of the Republican party as the dominant political factor in New Hampshire is essentially bound up with the problem of re-establishing the interest in the party and its welfare of the young manhood and womanhood of the state. Unless this is speedily accomplished the Republican party in New Hampshire faces a long and deserved period of minority activity. Almost universally throughout the state one finds the active leaders of the party to be men on the shady side of fifty, with many of them over sixty years of age. It is the exception when a young man or woman in a position of party leadership and authority is found.

This statement should not, however, be presumed to mean that this is wholly the fault of the older men. There may be instances where age is jealous of youth and refuses to yield authority, but in most cases old men remain on guard solely because of the failure of the younger generation to take any active interest in the party and its success.

This condition of impending senility in party organization cannot be corrected by merely scolding about it. We cannot bring the young men and women into political activities by preaching duty at, and to, them. It may only be accomplished by providing the Republican party of this state with a PROGRAM that appeals to the young man and the young woman. Always, everywhere, there is a natural and inevitable tendency, where control rests upon the shoulders almost exclusively of those who are long past their youthful enthusiams and interests, to gravitate into a posture of satisfaction with things as they are, with reluctance to undertake new methods, with timidity toward proposals designed to

meet new needs. The Republican party in this state stands in grave peril of becoming a static instead of an energizing force. It suffers from a disposition to over-emphasize the preservation of the good things achieved, and to neglect the vigorous treatment of new problems as they arise.

Thus, in the evolution and enunciation of the sort of program which will invite the interest and active co-operation of the younger generations, praise and adulation for past achievements, and former leadership which made achievement possible, may well be subordinated to recognition of pressing present problems and the means of their solution. We need less to "recall with satisfaction" than we do to "view with alarm," and well may our recent political experiences incline us to the latter! For unless we do feel "alarm" and coin that sense of alarm into aggressive and determined energy, our party's future in this state is precarious.

Merely for the purpose of inviting discussion and trying to arouse a general interest in the party's immediate future, I submit the following suggested program as possibly one which would invite interest and co-operation from the young men and women of the state:

1. Complete separation of state and local taxes.

2. Immediate enactment of the needful legislation to procure the prompt development of every horsepower in our streams.

3. Creation of a state commission to study and recommend useful state action designed to promote better relations between employer and employee, this survey to include the various methods successfully employed in industry elsewhere to bring about co-operation between capital and labor.

4. A careful survey of food production in this state, the broadening and enlarging of the functions of the state marketing bureau with the utmost of state encouragement to soundly organized co-operative enterprise among the food producers both for buying farm necessities, and selling farm products.

5. The creation of a bureau of publicity in some existing department of the state govenment which will supplement and co-ordinate all private enterprise designed to repopulate our farms and increase food production, to advertise our attractions as a summer and winter resort, and to present attractively to the business world the advantages of New Hampshire as a manufacturing region. This bureau's work should include concrete effort to get on the land as productive units some of the thousands of former soldiers in the World War which the vocational training bureau of the United States Veterans' Bureau is now training for agricultural pursuits.

This program by no means is to be regarded as complete, nor in final acceptable form. It is put forth, as I have said, to precipitate that needful and essential discussion which must precede constructive and helpful party action.

III

A Forward Looking Party

By Hon. Frank Musgrove

ALL that one might wish for the Republican party in the approaching campaign in New Hampshire could be expressed in one terse sentence: "It should be a foward looking party."

There are three fundamentals for party success, Issues, Candidates, Organization. These three fundamentals should be so thoroughly co-ordinated as to produce complete "team-work;" they should be responsive to popular needs and demands.

First as to Issues: We must avoid the

danger of living upon our record of past achievement, glorious as that record is. In politics, as in business, a past is of value only as a basis for further progress. It has been demonstrated over and over again (was demonstrated in the election of 1922) that the issues of any particular campaign mean more to those who have votes to bestow than past accomplishments mean. In the present state of political unrest it especially behooves us to give intelligent thought to issues before we enter the next campaign.

The most important issues seem naturally to group themselves under three heads, (1) Equalization and alleviation of the tax burden; (2) Utilization and development of our natural resources; (3) Labor legislation.

The people are clamoring for taxation relief. Specific means for substantial relief are difficult to find under the barriers imposed by our Constitution, especially while high costs prevail, but there are some sources of legitimate revenue which have not yet been utilized and always economies may be effected. Republicans should go into the next campaign with a carefully thought out program for such utilization of new sources of revenue as will more equitably distribute the tax burden; should give assurance that such new revenue will not mean increased appropriations; should present a definite program for retrenchment. We should oppose the creation of further commissions, oppose the undertaking of new, expensive enterprises, should urge the elimination of certain commissions now existing and the consolidation of others.

Utilization and Development of Our Natural Resources: We should contemplate generous encouragement of agriculture and the greater utilization of that wealth inherent to us in the water systems of the state.

We are only beginning to realize the importance of agriculture. The farmer, if you please, should receive every possible legislative aid. He is our only real producer. It is obvious that as year by year we see a decrease in the number of such producers the effect upon the costs of the necessities of life is definite. The Republican party should offer a definite program of aid to agriculture.

New Hampshire should take her place by the side of those states which have come to recognize the importance of their natural water system, the possibilities of creating storage basins to save the supply which annually runs to waste. It is unfortunate that the last legislature did not do something with the project which was then presented. It would be good strategy for the Republican party to get behind such an issue in the next campaign, presenting it in a manner to convince that the project may be carried out without adding materially to present state charges and pointing out the economies which would ensue by reduction in fuel costs.

Labor Issues: We should advocate further improvement in liability and compensation statutes. But of course the big labor issue will center around the question of hours of labor. The Republican party should get squarely behind the 48-hour proposition. But, the answer will be, the Democrats will again espouse that issue. So much the better. If both parties endorse it Republicans who believe in it will vote with their party in the next campaign, while those who do not so believe can do nothing else as there will be no anti-party to which they can go. There is no need for further investigation. The politician knows how he stands on this important question, the voters know what they want. The 48-hour week is coming, and it is right.

Speaking of issues, New Hampshire Republicans should remember that the next campaign will be a presidential campaign, and they should stand squarely behind the national administration. Examine the state platform of the party during any presidential campaign and it

will be noted that this endorsement has always been given.

President Harding is committed to the full enforcement of prohibition. Whatever we may think of prohibition as such, whatever our belief as to what should constitute the alcoholic content to be defined in actual operation of law under prohibition, the fundamental political issue in prohibition is that of upholding the Constitution. Upon this question the Republican party should stand foursquare.

Then we must back up the President in his advocacy of the World Court. The party cannot be divided upon this question and win. Our participation in this World Court as a possible war deterrent is the least we can reasonably do and still avoid entangling ourselves as seriously as we would by actual membership in the League of Nations as such. Opponents of the World Court talk much about the "mandates" of the last presidential election; but President Harding was elected quite as much by the votes of those who expected him to give us some reasonable participation in world obligations, minus the Wilson objections, as by those who wanted no participation at all.

Only a word as to Candidates and Organization: Both should typify a sane progressivism. It should be remembered that in recent years the most successful campaigns from a Republican standpoint have been waged around progressive issues and with candidates of progressive thought. Most of the legislation in which we take pride as a party was enacted by liberal legislatures. One would-be gubernatorial candiate openly declares that before we enter another campaign we must divorce the independent from the party. But grass widows and grass widowers seldom come back to their first love. It is better strategy to put some one at the head of the political family who will hold the family together. The independent vote will control the next election. The Republican party can hold that vote if it presents proper issues and candidates.

As to Organization: One may thoroughly approve of the real life which the party has recently shown in this regard. Now let us take in a sufficient number of liberal thinking men and women, a sufficient number from among the new voters, to become thoroughly representative. Do not remove those who have done previously effective party service, but liberalize without such removals.

Finally, to build for the future it should be stated that that party which will drop politics with an election, and in the halls of legislation vote upon measures according to their merits and without political considerations, will at once become secure in the affections of the electorate. It may sound paradoxical, but the best way to build politically is to forget politics—at the proper time.

New Hampshire is naturally a Republican state. Given liberal issues, liberal candidates, and a representative organization in the next campaign, the Republican party in this state will resume its rightful position. Then, if it will drop politics with the convening of the next General Court, Republican supremacy will be secure for years to come.

A GROWING BUSINESS

It is only a few years since a representative in the legislature from Berlin passed around at the State House some of the first cans manufactured by the Brown Company of his city of a vegetable oil substitute for lard. To-day the news comes that the Browns are buying 60,000 acres of the Florida Everglades for the raising of peanuts to furnish oil for this one branch of their business.

—Concord Monitor





POLAR

Because rain spoiled a man's fishing trip, tourists this year along the Mousilauke trail will find four miles from Plymouth a new landmark and a new adventure prepared for them. The approach to the adventure is quiet enough: a plain frame pavillion by the road, in which Mr. Collishaw, quiet, courteous, enthusiastic over his discovery, is waiting with a cordial welcome; a short walk through the woods where red squirrels scold from the trees; a winding walk over rustic bridges; so one comes to the Polar Caves.

In a sense they are not caves: they are formed by the tumbling together of a huge mass of boulders, around which, and over which, and under which the human insect can crawl with impunity. There are rock chambers as large as a room and small narrow passages through which one crawls on hands and knees. And the weirdness and mystery of the place is enhanced by the strange shapes of the rocks. A soldier, wearing a Confederate cap, stands guard on top of the cliff, a profile, small but nearly as distinct as the Old Man of the Mountains: another cliff discloses the face of a sleeping giant: strange animals confront one at the openings of caves. On the hot days of the summer the caves will undoubtedly be the refuge of many dusty tourists, for the name, Polar Caves, is well taken, one

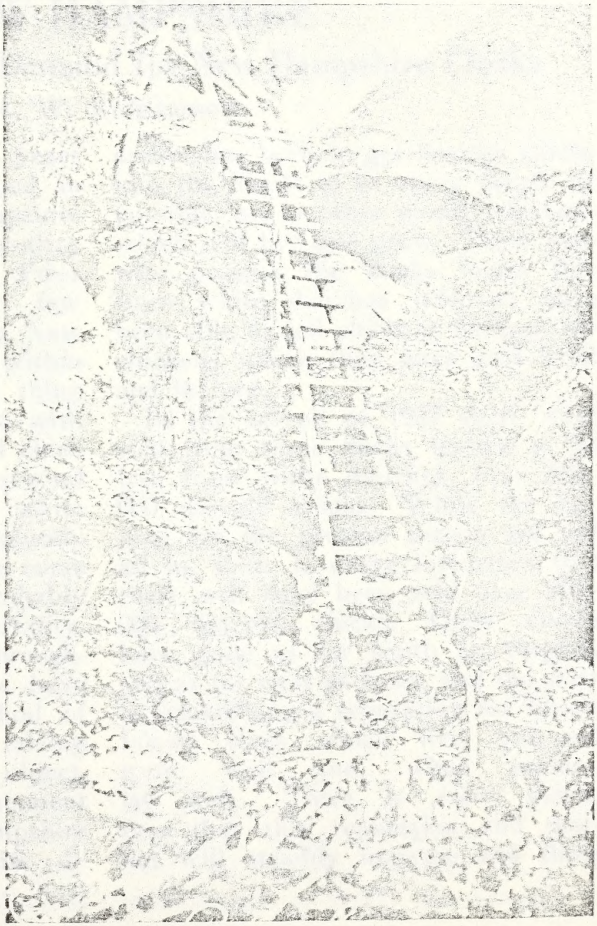


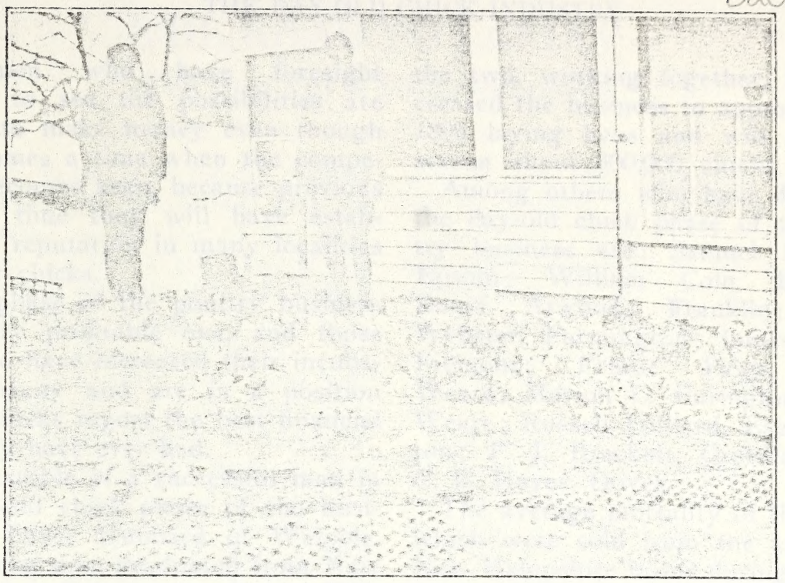
CAVES

finds ice there the year round. In June the snow in some of the chambers is knee deep.

There is nothing new about the caves of course. They have been there for centuries. The story is that they were the haunt of Indians and the refuge of smugglers in the early days. And in the more recent past, the villagers used to send the small boys of the neighborhood to the ice caves for the ice needed in freezing the Fourth of July ice cream. But the stranger in the locality, driving along the road, would never have guessed the existence of the caves; he sees only a rocky cliff with scrubby growth on its sides and young trees below it—a pleasant bit of landscape, but not such as to cause one to stop to explore. In fact, as we have already said, it took an interruption in a fishing trip, a rainy day with nothing to do, to bring these caves to the attention of their present owner.

Mr. Collishaw has a business in Exeter, and he has spent vacations in Rumney for many years. Last year he discovered the caves. They fascinated him and he had imagination enough to see that they would interest others. So he promptly bought the land and set about making the approach to the caves easy for the tourists That is the story; stop and see for yourself next time you pass that way.





Chicks from an Accredited Flock.

THE DAY-OLD CHICK INDUSTRY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Meeting the Increasing Demand for New Hampshire Chicks

By A. W. Richardson

WITHIN the last three years there has been developed in the state of New Hampshire a specialized branch of the poultry industry—the day-old chick. Prior to this time comparatively few such chickens were sold by the New Hampshire poultrymen either within or outside the state. The one thing which probably has most to do with the development of this day-old chick business is the fact that several flocks of poultry tested for white diarrhea have been found absolutely free. This disease has been the curse of the chicken industry, probably causing fifty per cent of the mortality, and has been widely spread throughout New England. Scientists have found the only practical method of controlling the plague is by raising uncontaminated stock. The object, therefore, of the Poultry Department of the University of New Hampshire in its campaign against white diarrhea has been to get healthy chicks into the hands of as many people as possible, or, in other words, chickens which will live and grow. Those men who possess the flocks found free from white diarrhea infection have been able to sell chickens because the chickens which they have sold lived and thrived.

In the season of 1922 there were sold from these flocks known to be free from white diarrhea, over 250,000 day-old chicks. While the figures for the present season are not all in, there is every indication that there will have been sold over 300,000 day-old chicks. These chicks have gone as far south as Virginia and as far west as Iowa, and the state is establishing a reputation for Rhode Island Reds which live well and grow well and, when mature, lay well. There is every indication that this reputation and market will steadily increase and those

poultrymen who have foresight enough to see the possibilities are certain to make money even though there comes a time when the competition becomes keen, because previous to that time they will have established a reputation in many localities for their chicks.

This phase of the poultry business is a very profitable one, and those men who have increased their incubation capacity and are in a position to sell chicks report the best financial year they have ever had.

An example of a successful man in the day-old chick phase of the business is Oiver Hubbard of Walpole. This young man graduated from New Hampshire College in June, 1921. Previous to this time his father had carried from 600 to 1000 laying hens each season. Young Mr. Hubbard went directly home from college to assist in the development of the poultry business. The Hubbards have now increased the number of their laying hens to 1800 per year. They have an incubation capacity of 20,000 eggs, and will in all probability sell this season over 40,000 chicks.

Another example is Dr. J. L. Piper of Northwood. Up to four years ago he was a country dentist. He started in the chicken business with approxmately 100 hens, and has developed his plant to 1500 laying hens. This season he will sell approximately 25,000 day-old chicks.

Lewis Hoyt of Goffstown, one of the most successful chicken men in the state, has been in the poultry game for thirty years; he has kept from 1200 to 1800 laying hens, but has developed the chick end of his business within the last three years. He will hatch and sell at least 40,000 chicks this season.

Almore Burns, a young man who was in the service from the first to the last of the war, returned to his fafther's farm in Goffstown, after being discharged. His father had been keeping about 800 hens; but the two, working together, have increased the business to approximately 1800 laying hens and will sell this season about 300,000 chicks.

Among others who have developed the day-old chick phase of the poultry business are: Samuel Bickford, Epsom; William Cole, Fremont; David Atwood, Franklin; Frank Webster, Farmington; James Towle, Fremont; Ernest Paige, North Weare; Marion C. Purington, North Weare; Russell Hilliard, East Kingston; T. J. Brackett, Greenland, and C. R. Hayes, Dover.

The average mortality of the chicks which were sold from the accredited New Hampshire farms during the season of 1922 was less than six per cent. Compare this with the mortality of forty per cent from shipments of 40,000 chicks into this state from outside hatcheries, and it is plain to see that the poultrymen and farmers are going to buy more and more chicks each season nearer home. There are many advantages in such purchases: first, we have an opportunity to know personally the man who produces the the chicks; second, we have an opportunity to see his growing chicks and his laying hens several times during the season and to know under what conditions his stock is grown; third, the shorter the distance that the chicks must be carried, especially early in the season, the better will be the chance that they will live; for if the chicks are a long time in transit and pass through several junction points, they are very likely to become chilled and once chilled are almost certain to die. If the people of the state who buy chicks can be persuaded to purchase nearer home, everybody—both the producer and the purchaser—will be benefited.

It is significant that orders for next season's chicks are already being placed. In fact, the men who are producing white diarrhea-free chicks were unable during the past season to hatch enough to supply the demand.

THE ROAD TO LARIAT

The Story of a Disappointment

By Grant Carpenter Manson

ZEBRA Butte is a roughly conical eminence of that striped clay, or "gumbo," so peculiar to the semi-arid regions of our West. Its so evident name was undoubtedly the product of an imagination wearied by overwork in the art of giving cognomens. Its more gentle or westerly slope looks over the hazy distances of the Mizpah Valley. At its foot Mizpah Creek, a torrent in March, a dry, sun-baked ditch in August, picks its crazy course through the valley. There are no trees, with the exception of some very old and gnarled pitch pines on the crests of the long line of hills forming the western boundary of the valley, their whimsical shapes outlined against the sky, and some patriarchal cottonwoods growing at intervals along the banks of the creek. Everywhere is the long grass and the brittle, blue-green sage brush of the Cattle Country. Over all, broods the intense peace of a vast and sparsely populated region.

One summer evening Ben Sharp came trudging across the path that leads over the summit of Zebra Butte. The valley before him lay in the tremendous glory of a Montana sunset, the sunset that brings with its flaming presence the welcome cool of evening. Twice he stopped to remove and replace laboriously the barbed wires of a fence. There were no gates. He was nearing his home.

Ben surveyed the familiar scene. He always did. His homestead appeared its best from a distance. There were the cornfields and the plot of oats (which, by the way, was doing very poorly this year), the well-worn path to the little spring at the base of a gumbo cliff, the vegetable garden, the corral, the indifferent barn, and the one-room loghouse on a rise just above the creek, dominating everything.

A wisp of thin blue smoke rose straight into the freshening air from the tin chimney. "Be glad for supper," thought Ben. Then: "Awful like to git that extry room built on this year. It'd shore tickle the old woman to pieces," he said briskly. He talked about a resplendent new addition every year, but the house still remained a one-room affair.

Ben descended the hill and entered the barn, whence he fetched a three-legged stool and a pail. He went toward the home cow, Bess, who was waiting by a fence near the creek. Bess was finicky, and had to be approached in a certain gentle manner. Ben was not always successful in managing the cow; this evening, as usual, it was only after much manoeuvering and swearing that the sharp, pleasant sound of milk flowing into a tin pail could be heard. Soon Ben's son, Johnny, came dashing from the house and watched the milking absorbedly, as though he had never seen it before.

When Ben reached the house, with his pail of warm milk, he found his wife bending over the stove. As they had nothing to burn but pitch pine, this stove was a miniature kiln, and a constant source of distress to Rose Sharp. The stifling heat of the early afternoon still lingered in the room.

Ben took a stoneware basin from a nail and washed perfunctorily on the damp wooden bench outside the door. Two large hens came clucking cautiously near his feet, ever searching the stray morsel. The odour of the supper in preparation assailed his nostrils. He said: "Better have some onions fer supper."

His wife's voice responded from the dim interior of the cabin: "They won't be none left, if you don't git to waterin' the garden soon. My peas is dryin' up, too."

Ben went to the garden and plucked

a handful of young onions from the dry, powdery soil. He placed them in a glass on the center of the table. Fresh vegetables were a luxury to be given the place of honour.

The air grew rapidly cooler, and the heat from the stove became less obnoxious. During supper, Rose divided her time between trips to the stove and little services to the baby, Dorothy. Rose was blond, and one could easily imagine that she had been pretty, though a life so far from other people had caused her to become careless of herself. She was the daughter of a farmer who lived in the wooded Paradise of the western part of the state, in a snug little valley near the city of Billings. Her mother came from Iowa, and kept house superbly with an ice-box and an oil range. As a consequence Rose felt bitterly toward her adopted environment.

The heavy meal finished, she washed the dishes, and busied herself with mending, meanwhile indulging her latent passion for fashion magazines. They were all very old issues, which she had collected from time to time. To her mind gowns and hats were a rare form of beauty—a beauty for which she starved.

Presently an unexpected visitor rode up. Rose was pleasantly agitated. It was Mrs. Ott, a large, mannish Swede, who homesteaded in an energetic manner a few miles up the valley. She greeted them in her harsh, charming voice:

"Hi! Well, I thought I'd drop in."

"Yes, do come right in and set down, Miz Ott."

Preliminaries were exchanged, the baby admired, and the weather discussed. Then Mrs. Ott said:

"D'you remember Ed Kanzer's wife up to Lariat, Miz Sharp? She run the Parus Millin'ry Store."

"Oh! shore," exclaimed Rose. Mrs. Kanzer's store made an irresistible appeal to her nature. She often dreamed of running a millinery establishment.

"Well, what d'you think?" continued Mrs. Ott, "she wants to sell the store, and she wrote me a letter only yesterday to buy it. She's a second cousin to me by my husband's side. She knows I got some money by, eh? Well, what with my new hired man an' all, I ain't got the time to run it myself. But I been thinkin' it over, an' it's a awful good buy. Money in it. Now I got a scheme. What if you should go up to Lariat and run it, eh, Miz Sharp? You all could move to town. I'll buy the store, and you don't do nothin' but let my brother run yore place, eh?"

Rose flushed. "D'you mean fer me to run the Parus Store in Lariat? My! ain't that grand! But I don't know z'I could do it, Miz Ott. But———"

Ben interrupted: "Why, Miz Ott! How did you know we'd ever even think of leavin' the ranch an' all?"

"Well, maybe I shouldn't ask you all. But somehow I didn't reckon you'd think meanly of it. 'Course there's the Linders farther on———they're kinda restless."

"'T'ain't that we mind that way," spoke Rose quickly, "is it, Ben?"

"Course 't'ain't, Miz Ott. It's a good proposition fer the woman here. An' I ain't been up to town myself fer a consider'ble space."

Mrs. Ott beamed. "Well, it's got good points, shore. You'd be able to see yore folks more often, an' I hear z'ow they got a fine noo grammar school fer the kids, an', what's more, Miz Sharp would be makin' good money."

"Jest how did you say we'd run the store, Miz Ott," asked Rose. "I'd like to git an idee."

Ben said: "Got to close up the barn. You ladies kin jabber about it." He put on an old sweater and ran to the barn dancing about awkwardly, as one unresponsive to the rhythm of life, his joy welling up in this clandestine moment. He gazed long and steadily at the sky. Clear and opaque, it was transfixed with the bright stab of myriad stars.

"Rain, darn you, and water that gar-

den!" he threatened, waving his arm aloft. "In Lariat, you don't need no rain, though," he added.

When he returned, the women were still talking and planning—to Mrs. Ott, business arrangements, to Rose, arrangements about the gates of Heaven. Soon Mrs. Ott took her departure, remarking: "I'm shore you'll find a good business with the ladies in Lariat, Miz Sharp; and it's a nice, genteel business, too. If you decide to go, all will be right pleased."

She rode off into the inscrutable night, and the sound of the hoofbeats of her horse grew faint and were heard not at all.....

Her proposition was ingenious. She had suddenly been burdened with an indolent brother. He had wanted a ranch. Mrs. Ott had wanted to extend hers. By establishing her brother on the Sharp ranch, he would not have to begin with virgin soil (though the Sharp's ranch was in poor condition), and she herself would be well on her way to acquiring an adjoining piece of land for next to nothing. In fact, it would cost her only the hundred dollars which Mrs. Kanzer had asked for her emporium.

Rose blew out the lamp, being in spite of her excitement, extremely careful to see that the wick was well extinguished. She and Ben discussed the subject volubly and rather aimlessly, as do people whom change habitually catches unprepared. The plan was a direct challenge to the fundamental weakness of the head of the Sharp family. Ben was a nomad in spirit. Rose breathlessly saw her dream coming true. The plan was a challenge to her unhappiness. Eagerly, the two Mizpah Valley homesteaders reached for the prostrate gauntlet.

"Ben, all you got to do," said Rose finally, "is to go to Miz Ott an' say 'yes.' Then you mosy up to Lariat and see Lem Hullmer; he'll give you back that job on the N. P. you had when we was married. I kin remember jest as plain as day when he fired you. He says, 'Ben, I like you first rate. If you kin ever come back to me an' prove that you been dead sober fer a year, the job is yore's again.' We came right out on this ranch then, an' you been almost always all right ever since; an' that's more than eight year ago come next May. You jest tell Lem Hullmer that, Ben Sharp, an' everything'll work out grand."

Thus it was settled.

Rose got up long before the rising sun had burnt away the damp chill of the night. She combed her hair in a large wave and scrubbed her hands to see if the rough, red appearance could be done away with. She posed before the mirror and imagined herself the suave proprietress of the Paris Millinery Store, lisping affected sentences and over-delicately mincing her words. Suddenly her husband stirred and she hurried about the business of getting her little household in order for the coming day. Once more the stove roared. A kettle of water began to bubble and give off little wisps of steam.

Dawn burst upon the valley, and with it came the first waves of the heat which was to last throughout the day. Rose heard her chickens stirring in the little enclosure beside the door, and the soft, incessant call of some turtle doves in a neighboring cottonwood. In Lariat, thought Rose, there was already pleasant activity and colorful bustle.

After breakfast, Ben saddled the gray mare, Trixie, and rode to Mrs. Ott's ranch-house. On his return, he had fifty dollars in cash with him, which Mrs. Ott had given him (not, indeed, without grave misgivings) to close the bargain with the widow Kanzer. He then left for Lariat, to see Mrs. Kanzer and Lem Hullmer. He felt free and elated. Rose hovered about him with a new injunction for each minute. She watched him till his figure grew minute and disappeared altogether.... In the evening he would return, brimming with news, once more a citizen of Lariat.....

Dinner over, the cabin was bathed in

the fierce heat of the noonday sun. At this hour, Rose usually rested as far as possible from the blistering stove. To-day she made some brown sugar candies. She ate them with an absurd elegance of gesture. She planned. She felt nervous and luxurious, and read and reread her fashion magazines. She got out a small wicker basket decorated with a bow of faded pink ribbon, and gazed at the well-thumbed post-cards within.

She was thus occupied when Mrs. Ott appeared. Rose chatted gayly. She proposed tea.

"That'd be right nice if 't'ain't too much trouble," assented Mrs. Ott, taken a bit by surprise.

"'T'ain't no bother, I'm shore, Miz Ott. Tea is sech a refreshin' drink of an afternoon, don't you think?"

Over their tea (which was black as coffee) the two women talked of the future of the store. Mrs. Ott exclaimed:

"You jest bet Ed. Kanzer's wife made ten dollars in some weeks! I know her. The only reason why she's sellin' it fer a hunder dollars is because she's got to leave fer Ioway; and she's only got a few hats left, anyways, the ladies was all so crazy after 'em."

"I'll get a few real stylish hats from Billings an' copy 'em myself," proposed Rose.

"Yes. 'Course you got to be real clever an' smooth an' all.'" She leaned toward Rose confidentially. "Some ladies has told me that you got to call 'em 'chapoze' to git the real trade!"

When Mrs. Ott left, Rose lay down. She had been dismayed at Mrs. Ott's disclosure. "Well, they ain't no cause to worry," she decided. "'Guess I kin be jest as stylish as anybody."

The long day wore on. The heat danced on the parched ground, and reflected in shimmering waves from every object. The silence of the afternoon was intense, its calm was majestic. Once a far distant bellow drifted across the open grange.

With the coming of the first faint coolness of evening, Rose set about preparing the supper. She descended into the cavernous cellar, dug into the side of a small hill, whence she brought forth some moist bacon and potatoes. She opened a fresh jar of choke-cherry jam as a welcome to Ben.

Fifteen minutes, a half hour passed. Ben did not come. Stabs of uneasiness struck her in rapid succession. She ran the whole sickening gamut from annoyance to worry—to despair. "S'pose I better feed the kids," she said, and laid the meal, by now quite cold, upon the table.

Suddenly, as if by intuition, she knew distinctly what had happened in Lariat. A wave of emotion passed over her and left her benumbed.

The cow, Bess, was lowing. Rose threw a shawl over her shoulders and went to do the milking. When she returned to the cabin she found herself expecting to see Ben there. Of course she knew he wouldn't be. She put the children to bed, and walked to a little rise behind the house. She was dressed warmly against the approaching chill of twilight. From the rise she could see the Lariat road winding, dipping, twisting down the valley. On its whole length there was no traveler.

She looked at the glittering side of Zebra Butte, its crimson hues paling in the fading light. Instinctively, in her bitter disillusionment, her first thought was of her children. Oh irony, oh immutability of Fate! Her boy might have enjoyed the advantages of schooling. He might have grown up a fine intelligent man. Dorothy might have come to maturity in Lariat! Eventually she might have gone to parties; Rose would have sat up late working on her filmy dresses, taking pains that every stitch was perfect. Rose was merely called upon for one of the sacrifices of life. She bowed in submission.

"I don't know," she spoke aloud, "but that it ain't a good deal better this way. We tried Lariat once. It ain't no place fer us. We've been temptin' Provi-

dence. I wanted that store so bad I fergot Ben's failin's. 'Course we got some bad troubles to git out of, now the money's gone. Ben kin hire out free to Miz Ott, an' I kin do somethin'. Anyhow we still got our ranch. Maybe, when we settle up with Miz Ott Ben kin build on that bedroom we've wanted so long..... I could uv run that Parus Store grand, though! Some red hangin's in the Front Street winders would have helped. I kin git nice red repp fer twenty cents a yard."

She shivered a little. Night was coming on fast. Far down the Lariat Road she could distinguish a figure on horseback, moving slowly. As it approached, she could hear that the rider was singing in a high, unsteady voice. She waited patiently.

Ben rode up, smiling vacuously. He gazed at the bright, full moon, just making its appearance behind the butte, and sang loudly in an exaggerated falsetto:

"Give me an angel fer a foe,
Fix now the place an' ti-i-i-me."

He wore a flaming red silk shirt, its full, new folds fluttering in the gentle breeze.

With difficulty, Rose assisted her husband from his horse, and led the weary animal to the barn.

THREE WOMEN WHO LEAD NEW HAMPSHIRE CLUB WORK

The New Federation Officers

AFTER a hard-fought battle, the Sheppard-Towner bill passed the New Hampshire Legislature. A bill calling for the removal of the state supervision system in connection with public schools in the state was killed: two facts which are very simple in themselves, but significant because they mean that for the first time in New Hampshire's history the organized power of the women's opinion has been successfully marshalled and their voice has been heard with no uncertain accents in the halls of the lawmakers. The first time—but not the last, for as the women's clubs through the state are tending more and more to become civic clubs instead of literary or culture clubs they naturally take more active part in state affairs. According to some, the task of steering an even course between patisanship on the one hand and ineffectualness on the other is a very grave problem. But when one meets the officers recently elected to guide the State Federation of Women's Clubs, one feels that here are women who, by sheer force of common sense and good judgment, can meet that problem and dissolve the difficulties. The officers of the Federation, representing as they do 14,000 club women of the state—14,000 of the most intelligent, most public spirited women in New Hampshire—are more than ever before important public officials in the state. The entire board is worthy of notice, but space here allows for the introduction of three only, the President, and the first and second Vice Presidents.

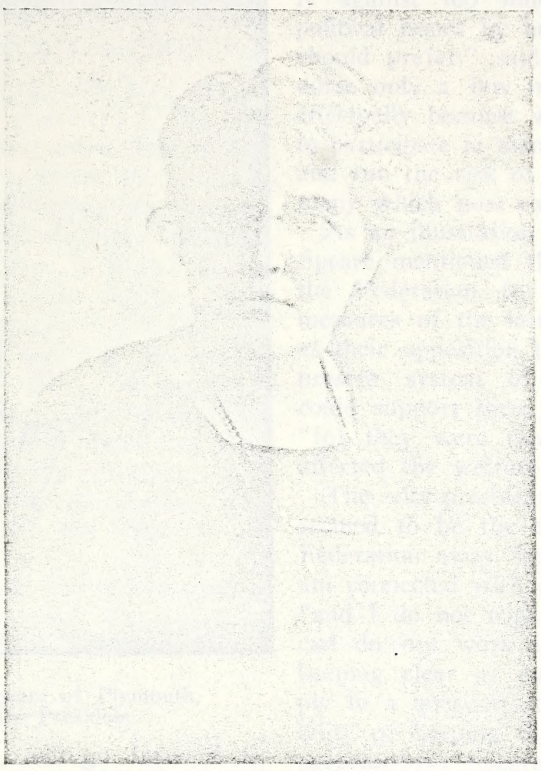
Mrs. Clara Fellows

President

"THE Federation is going to do just what it has always done: carry on legislative work for measures benefitting women and children. We have always stood for education and we are going to continue to stand for it even if it means fighting for the educational system we have helped to build. We are solidly behind any measure which benefits women and children. If the Federation relinquishes its practice of working for legislation along these

lines, it becomes a bee without a sting."

Mrs. Fellows, President of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, spoke with directness and conviction, two qualities which are characteristic and which have undoubtedly contributed to her success, not only in women's club work, but also as the head of a successful insurance business in Tilton, and even, perhaps with that Sunday School class of boys of whom she is so proud, and who evidently hold her also in affectionate regard. "If one of them gets a new bicycle, he has to come up right away before breakfast and show it to me," she says.



Mrs. Clara Fellows of Tilton, President State Federation of Women's Clubs.

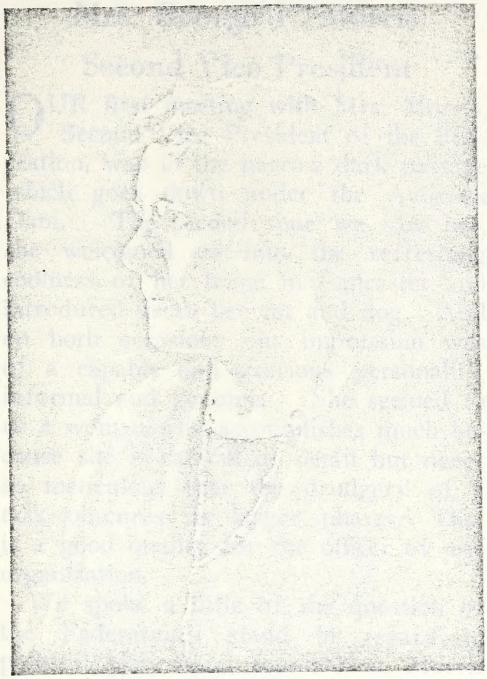
But Mrs. Fellows is not mainly concerned with the problem of the place of the Federation in political matters. That is only one phase of the work.

"Last year the clubs of the state spent $25,000 for charities and welfare work. There is scarcely a movement in New Hampshire which touches education or state development or public health which does not owe a large debt to the New Hampshire Federated Clubs. The Children's Aid and Protective Society received much help from the Federation early in its history. Now we hope that the Sherman Burroughs Fund will provide for that work so that the clubs can go forward to other pioneer fields of service. The Scholarship Fund of the Federation, ably managed by Mrs. Hill of Concord, touches another state problem. It helps New Hampshire girls to get an education, with the stipulation that the service rendered by the Federation to the girls, be passed along by the girls in service to the state. Forestry, the Audubon Society, Tuberculosis prevention work, Hospitals, Red Cross, Near East Relief—these are a few of the things the clubs are interested in."

For the future, Mrs. Fellows has many interesting plans. She hopes to work out some educational conferences for club women, conferences in which club members can receive instruction, in concentrated form, in the many matters pertaining to club work. She hopes also to organize junior clubs which will interest young girls in the work of the Federation.

" 'There are too many gray heads and too few brown'—That's a criticism which is frequently made," she said, "and we are going to try and build into the Federation the enthusiasm of young people. We need it."

We predict that this enthusiasm will be forthcoming in large measure, and that, under Mrs. Fellows' guidance, the Federation, already a factor in New



Mrs. G. E. Speare of Plymouth,
First Vice President.

Hampshire affairs, will go forward to even broader fields of usefulness.

Mrs. G. E. Speare
First Vice President

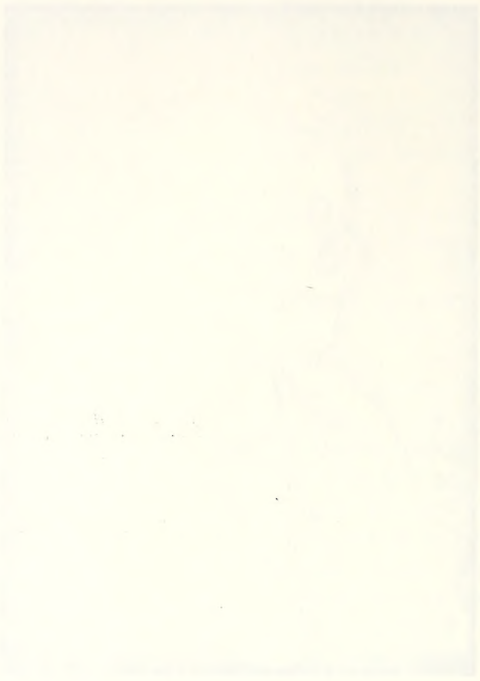
MODESTY is a rare virtue. Consequently the very evident reluctance of Mrs. G. E. Speare of Plymouth carried a rather refreshing sensation to her interviewer. The memory of a prominent legislator who protested vigorously against having his picture appear in a certain publication while he sidled eagerly toward the door to pose for said picture, came back in marked contrast to the sincere objection of Mrs. Speare which revealed itself in her manner rather than her words.

Extreme caution seemed to govern Mrs. Speare's statements concerning the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs of which she is first vice-president. That caution is evidently characteristic. for she declared her opinion very firmly against too much participation in political issues by her organization. "I should prefer," said she, "that we endorse only a few measures and do so effectually because we are united, than to participate in many political struggles and run the risk of sacrificing the harmony which now exists among us."

As an illustration of this point, Mrs. Speare mentioned the active efforts of the Federation for the child welfare measures of the last legislature as well as their opposition to the repeal of the present system of education. "We could support them unitedly," she said, "for they were measures which really affected the welfare of children."

The vice-president's greatest anxiety seemed to be the task of keeping the Federation away from partisanship. "I am connected with no party," she said, "and I do not wish to be, for I feel I can do my work more impartially by keeping clear of partisanship." In reply to a question concerning the possibility of keeping the organization non-partisan Mrs. Speare predicted very confidently that it could be done. "We have strong Republicans and equally strong Democrats," she said, "but they unite on real issues for which women should strive."

Those opponents of women's participation in political life on the ground that it injures the home should visit Mrs. Speare in hers. They would find a woman in whom a keen intellect and a penetrating glance detract nothing from a quiet charm and grace. They would doubtless meet her husband, Plymouth's popular superintendent of schools, who would make a few jocose remarks about his wife's work in the club—but the pride in his face belies his words. They would read the "New Hampshire Federation Bulletin" of which she is the founder and editor, feel the stimulation of her lively interest, and come away wondering whether they had interviewed her or she had interviewed them.



Mrs. George F. Morris

Second Vice President

OUR first meeting with Mrs. Morris, Second Vice President of the Federation, was in the narrow dark passage which goes down under the Aziscoos Dam. The second time we saw her, she welcomed us into the refreshing coolness of her home in Lancaster and introduced us to her cat and dog. And on both occasions our impression was of a capable and gracious personality, informal and genuine. She seemed to us a woman who accomplishes much because she is careful of detail but never so meticulous that the drudgery of a task obscures its larger phases. That is a good quality for the officer of any organization.

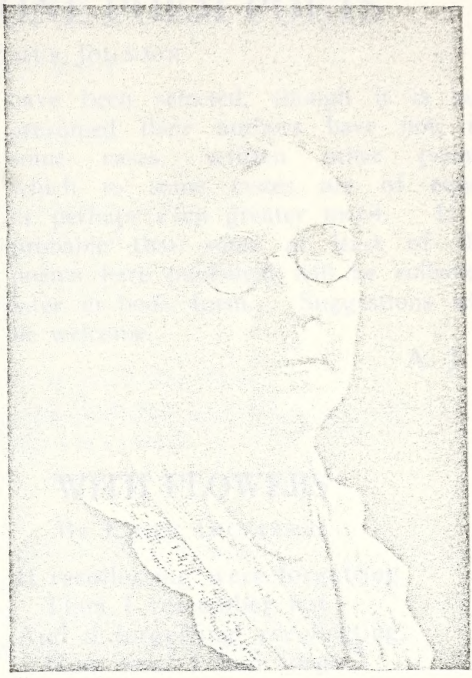
We spoke a little of the question of the Federation's stand in regard to political affairs and found Mrs. Morris in entire agreement with the other officers of the Federation.

"The representation of the clubs on the executive board is very widely distributed. We have also the district conferences and the president's conference which takes in the presidents of the clubs throughout the state. It is not difficult to get a very exact consensus of opinion on any issue without actually taking a vote of each club."

Like the other members of the board, Mrs. Morris recognized the dangers of too much participation in political affairs on the part of the Federation, but she felt that these were slight compared with the advantages which come from making it possible for the Federation to accomplish needed reforms and to work for the welfare of women and children through the channels of legislation.

Mrs. Morris is particularly interested in the possibilities of the Women's clubs as agencies for civic betterment.

"If Lancaster wants anything done, the town calls on us," she said. "The last thing we accomplished was to secure the lighting of our park. The things a club can do for a small community are numberless, and the tendency seems to be for clubs to realize this and turn their attention more and more to civic affairs. The old literary study club is being replaced by the civic club."



Mrs. George H. Morris of Lancaster, Second Vice President

The officers of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs elected at its annual meeting in May were:—President, Mrs. William B. Fellows, Tilton; First Vice President, Mrs. Guy S. Speare, Plymouth; Second Vice Ply-President, Mrs. George F. Morris, Lancaster; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Grace W. Hoskins of Lisbon; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. M. Ingalls of Tilton; Treasurer, Mrs. James H. Weston of Derry; Auditor, Mrs. Harry W. Carpenter of Milford.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, as suddenly as the thought struck him, when he and a friend of his, who long ago described it to me, were hunting for a lost poem together: "I should like to have an anthology of the one-poem poets!"—in sympathy with which fugitive wish the poems to be published under this heading from month to month have been selected, though it is not presumed their authors have not, in some cases, written other poems which to some tastes are of equal or perhaps even greater merit. It is probable that some at least of the poems here published will be collected later in book form. Suggestions will be welcome.

A. J.



WITH FLOWERS

BY EMILY DICKINSON

If recollecting were forgetting,
Then I remember not;
And if forgetting, recollecting,
How near I had forgot!

And if to miss were merry,
And if to mourn were gay,
How very blithe the fingers
That gathered these to-day.

RENOUNCEMENT

BY ALICE MEYNELL

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gather'd to thy heart.



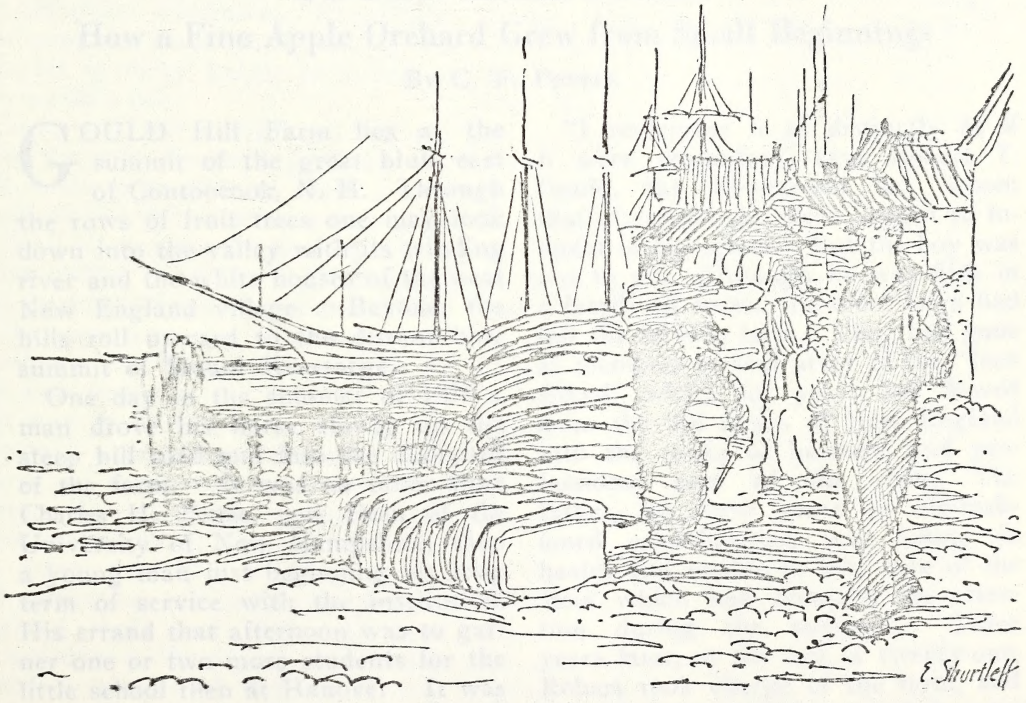
THE WHARF RAT

By Fitz-James O'Brien

The wharf is silent and black, and motionless lie the ships;
The ebb-tide sucks at the piles with its cold and slimy lips;
And down through the tortuous lane a sailor comes singing along,
And a girl in the Gallipagos isles is the burden of his song.

Behind the white cotton bales a figure is crouching low;
It listens with eager ears, as the straggling footsteps go.
It follows the singing sailor, stealing upon his track,
And when he reaches the riverside, the wharf rat's at his back.

A man is missing next day, and a paragraph tells the fact;
But the way he went, or the road he took, will never, never be tracked!
For the lips of the tide are dumb, and it keeps such secrets well,
And the fate of the singing sailor boy the wharf rat alone can tell.





Mr. Gould in a promising block of McIntosh.

GOULD HILL FARM

How a Fine Apple Orchard Grew from Small Beginnings

By G. F. Potter

GOULD Hill Farm lies at the summit of the great bluff east of Contoocook, N. H. Through the rows of fruit trees one may look down into the valley with its winding river and the white houses of the neat New England village. Beyond, the hills roll upward to the distant blue summit of Mount Kearsarge.

One day in the summer of 1879 a man drove his horse slowly up the steep hill road and into the dooryard of the farm. It was no other than Charles H. Pettee, now Dean of the University of New Hampshire, then a young man just beginning his long term of service with the institution. His errand that afternoon was to garner one or two more students for the little school then at Hanover. It was before the days when agricultural colleges were popular.

"I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday," says Robert T. Gould, the 18-year-old lad, whom that afternoon the Dean sought to interest in his school. But the boy was not to go. Although he was fifth in a family of seven, the older boys had left the hillside farm. They had gone as members of that army of the "Iron Breed" which for years has flowed from the hill farms of New England into the ranks of business and professional men of the cities. The father, for forty years an old-fashioned schoolmaster, was failing in health and unable to take care of the farm which had occupied his attention during the summers. Three years later, at the age of twenty-one, Robert took charge of the farm, and when he was twenty-seven it became his by agreement. This does not

mean that he paid off the other heirs. The care of the old folks went with the farm and the responsibility was greater than the value of the eighty acres on the hill. The others simply signed off without compensation.

In those days beef production had been one of the leading lines of industry throughout the country, but it had been overdone and become unprofitable. The young man therefore turned to dairying as a most promising line of business to make the old farm pay. From small beginnings a herd of thirty to thirty-five Guernsey cows was built up. With his own hands he made butter, which was delivered to a private trade in Concord for a period of fifteen years. Two things bespeak the quality of the work which was put into the industry. At the end of the fifteen years the original customers were still upon the list and Mr. Gould still shows a bronze medal of the World's Columbian Exposition. His product stood third among all samples of dairy butter exhibited at this world's fair.

Good, but not exceptional returns from the dairy business paid the way and made it possible to build a new home on the hill, a home constructed with all the substantial honesty which characterizes New England houses of that period. When the responsibility of the parents was no longer upon his shoulders, he brought his bride to this new home.

It was in 1901, that an almost accidental occurrence changed the course of progress at Gould Hill Farm. Here and there beside the stone walls and in rocky places unfit for other purposes, seedling apples had sprung up and, with typical New England thrift and skill, had been grafted over to Baldwins. Mr. Gould is still a master of the art of top-working. Each year uncared for and without encouragement these old trees contributed a small amount to the income of the farm, generally enough to pay the taxes. But in the spring of 1901 it happened that there came a period when the other work of the farm was done and Mr. Gould and his hired man spent a day or two in pruning these old veterans. Then they hauled out a few loads of stable manure and scattered it about the roots. A year later, responding to the first encouragement that they had ever known, the old trees produced 400 barrels of good Baldwin apples, which returned an income of $800. In 1903 they bore again and produced 300 barrels which sold for $700. The sum of $1500 was not to be despised and it seemed to have come almost as a gift.

Robert Gould was then more than forty years of age. Many a man would have hesitated to turn his hand to the planting of a large orchard, knowing that it would be many years before his trees would reach their prime. But one hundred Baldwins were set out that year and the following year one hundred Ben Davis. The Ben Davis trees for one reason or another failed to thrive and soon were replaced with more Baldwins. Two years later the borers came and well-nigh nipped the new project in the bud. They were discovered just in time, the trees properly cared for and the orchard continued to thrive. Having set his hand to the plow Mr. Gould never looked back. Steadily year by year, the plantings were increased, never by large amounts, frequently two hundred trees a season, until today 2200 trees crown the crest of the bluff.

Approximately one-half of these are of the old standard Baldwin variety which reaches perfection in this region. About 500 are of the newer favorite, McIntosh; and 400 of the earlier variety, Wealthy. Approximately 150 Gravensteins, 50 Williams Early and 30 Spy complete the list of the varieties which are planted in



The Gould homestead: A home constructed with all the substantial honesty which characterizes New England houses.

quantity, although there are representatives of many others. At a recent fair Gould Hill Farm was represented by a collection of twenty-seven different kinds of fruit. "If I were planting today," said Mr. Gould, "I would plant Williams Early, Gravenstein, Wealthy, McIntosh and Baldwin. This gives a succession of varieties with which one may utilize his picking and packing crew from August until the first of November."

As the orchard has grown, the attention given to the dairy necessarily decreased. Still Mr. Gould does not believe in having all his interests in one line of farming and a smaller herd is still kept upon the farm. Today it consists of sixteen pure-bred or high-grade Guernsey cows all tested and certified to be free from tuberculosis. Within a short period it is probable that this herd will be upon the government accredited list. The butter route was long since discontinued and for many years the product of the herd has been sold as whole milk. There are times when the rush of orchard work makes it impossible to do justice to the cows, but most of the time the two industries go well together.

Practically all of the orchards are now in sod, the system of culture which appears best adapted to the rolling hillside orchards of New Hampshire. Most of the trees were cultivated during the first three to four years after they were set out. At the present time most authorities recommend that trees in sod be fertilized generously with nitrogen either in the form of stable manure or as artificial fertilizer and this practice Mr. Gould is following conscientiously with the result that his trees are thrifty and promising.

Although at the outset there were relatively few insects and diseases to affect the fruit, spraying soon became an essential part of the fruit-growing operations. The lad who was denied a college course came to his state institution and there gathered the essentials of preparation and application of sprays. For a number of





Here are some of the original trees which started Mr. Gould in the fruit business.

years he was a regular attendant at the one-week farmers' courses at the college. His first sprayer was a barrel pump, a small machine but efficient in the hands of one who is not afraid of work. When this had become inadequate, there followed the larger type of hand-lever pump affording greater pressure and more efficiency. As more trees came into bearing, a 1½ H. P. sprayer was used and at the present time Mr. Gould has a large 4 H. P. machine of the most modern type.

As the orchard on Gould Hill Farm increased in size and importance it came to the attention of the horticulturists at the State College, who began to make a practice of visiting it from time to time. Thus Mr. Gould has had at his disposal the best advice upon the various problems which he has had to meet. He, himself, is a frequent visitor at the University campus at Durham and the contact between the institution and the farm has become closer as the years go by.

In pruning Mr. Gould has always been conservative and it is of interest to note that the best authorities of the country now hold views very similar to those to which he has constantly adhered. To prune a tree until the bearing area is very much reduced and to remove from it the foliage which is essential to growth and vigor is not now considered to be the best practice. Careful, conscientious thinning of those branches which are so thick that they exclude light from the bearing spurs has been the policy pursued at Gould Hill Farm.

From the beginning much of the fruit from this farm has found its way to the foreign markets. "R-T-G" is a brand well and favorably known in the markets of England. "Notwithstanding that 25,000 barrels of apples of foreign and domestic production were on sale, yours brought the highest price of the day," wrote a prominent Liverpool firm who have handled the apples season after season. War and post-war conditions have made it impracticable to ship in recent years, but still the buyers ask when they will again see the "R-T-G" Brand. Practically all the fruit has gone

from the farm in barrels honestly and skilfully packed. At the present time there is much interest throughout New England, especially in the territory which markets through Boston agencies, in the use of the new Boston box which is of the same capacity as the oblong western box in which Pacific Coast fruit is regularly packed. Many growers believe that the better flavored fruit of New England, if packed in a distinctive box with the skill and care equal to that used by western growers, will find an almost unlimited market. This is especially true for the earlier and dessert varieties such as Wealthy and McIntosh. This package will probably be tried for the first time this season on Gould Hill Farm and the results will be of interest.

Mr. Gould is very modest regarding the returns from his orchard project; but it need not be doubted that the apple trees have paid and paid well. Most of them are only now coming into the prime of bearing and the best days for this orchard are just ahead. Production has reached 1500 barrels per season, and much larger crops will undoubtedly be harvested in the immediate future.

The story of Gould Hill Farm is of tremendous importance. The income which this orchard has yielded thus far is a small matter compared to the value of the farm today. What heir would now sign off, without compensation, an interest in the magnificent orchard on the bluffs above Contoocook? It is of interest too because it tells how little the trees did until they were cared for and illustrates what they may do on many another New England farm if given a chance. When given proper attention they instantly responded and created a new industry more profitable than any other which could be pursued upon the hill top.

Generous, kind hearted, and modest to the extreme, Mr. Gould has never been a man to push himself forward. Various organizations, however, have recognized the value of the service which he could render. For several years he has been active in the Farm Bureau movement, both in the local organization of his own county and in the State Federation. As occasion has demanded he has traveled to various meetings of this organization, even outside of New Hampshire. In 1922 when the office of President of the State Horticultural Society became vacant through the resignation of Stanley K. Lovell of Goffstown, Mr. Gould was chosen to head this organization. About the same time the State Department of Fisheries and Game was in need of a man of mature judgment to estimate the damage to the orchards of New Hampshire, which had been done through disbudding by partridges in the winter of 1921-22. Mr. Gould was engaged for this work and gave his services to it throughout the summer of 1922. His position was one in which no man could satisfy all parties concerned, but the estimates which he made are an example of extreme honesty and fairness. The necessity of remaining at home on account of a large apple crop during the present season makes it impractical for Mr. Gould to continue the work of last season. However, as head of the State Horticultural Society he has given his labors unstintedly during the winter to make certain that the fruit growers of the state will have a just adjustment of their claims for losses which have been serious during this past season.

We must honor Robert T. Gould as a fruit grower, a generous friend and as a man whose achievements have demonstrated the possibilities of New Hampshire hills.



Five champions of the Putnam herd. These five cows lead any five cows in any herd in the state in butter fat production.

A GOLD MINE IN JERSEYS

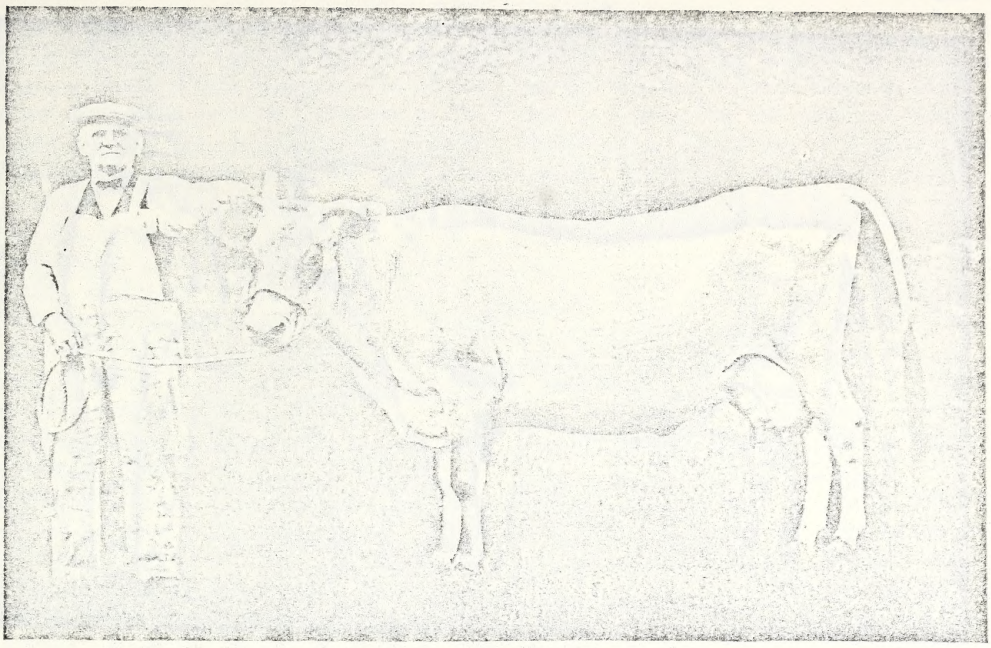
George M. Putnam's Herd of Champions

By H. Styles Bridges

ABOUT two miles from the village of Contoocook on the main road to Concord, is located the Mt. Putney Farms, the home of as fine a herd of purebred Jersey cattle as can be found in the state of New Hampshire, and without question one of the leading herds in the New England states. George M. Putnam the proprietor of these farms, is a man well known throughout the country. The farms are made up of what were formerly three farms, the original farm has been in the Putnam family since 1863, being purchased at that time by Mr. Putnam's father. This farm is a historic spot, being on the site of the old Putney Tavern on the stage route between Vermont and Boston, in the days before railroads came into fashion. The farms comprise over two hundred and fifty acres of which seventy-five acres are tillage. The buildings are typical of what may be found on many New Hampshire farms.

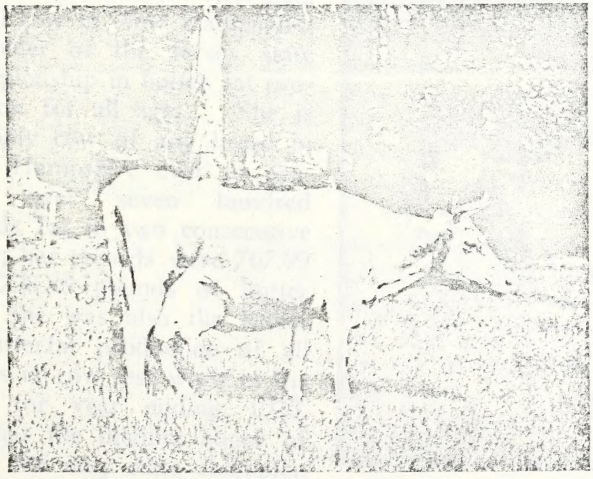
The history of purebred livestock on Mt. Putney farms dates back some twenty-five or thirty years to a time when the dairy cattle on this farm were grades and were not producing and returning the revenue they should. Mr. Putnam realized this fact and decided to start anew with purebreds. He made a start with Devons, but in a few years disposed of them, and, after some deliberation and thought, chose Jerseys, because to his mind they were the most economical producers of butter fat. His record in late years has amply justified this early judgment.

Mr. Putnam began the breeding of purebred Jerseys in 1904, at that time purchasing four heifer calves from one of the best Jersey herds in New England, following this the next year, with a purchase of a purebred bull, strong in St. Lambert blood, from one of the leading herds in New York. His second sire was from the famous Dreamwold herd of Thomas W. Lawson. This bull was



"Colonel Lee's Janet" state champion Jersey cow for all ages in milk production. Taken after finishing year's test. Held by George M. Putnam, Proprietor.

a double grandson of Flying Fox, and a grandson of Fygis, the first prize cow at the St. Louis World Fair. The blood of this bull nicked finely with that of the daughters of the first sire, and it is the result of this cross that is largely responsible for the many enviable records now held by animals in the Mt. Putney herd. His third sire used in the development of the present herd was one that combined the blood of the previous herd sires, and that of the now famous Owl Interest family. The present herd, built up from the foundation females, purchased in 1904 and 1905, and three herd sires purchased at later intervals, is one of the very best in the country. The herd comprises about ninety animals, and holds the majority of the state championship for the Jersey breed. Cows in this herd hold the Jersey cow butter fat championships of all ages, the mature Jersey cow butter fat championship, the mature Jersey cow milk championship, and also the Jersey cow milk championship for all ages, the senior four-year old Jersey cow butter fat championship, the Jersey cow senior two-year old butter fat championship. Members of this herd won the first two gold medals ever awarded New Hampshire Jer-



"Pretty Maid's Inez"





"Clever Little Lady"—state Champion Jersey cow for all ages in butterfat production. Taken after finishing test. Held by Edward Clay, herdsman.

seys, and at present the herd is credited with two gold medals and another gold medal already qualified for, and one silver medal. The herd herd also has the distinct honor of having the only cow in the state, Dream's Miss Jane, that holds both a gold and silver medal. Clever Litttle Lady, one of the greatest cows of the breed and the first gold medal cow in New Hampshire, is holder of the Jersey state championship in butter fat production for all ages. She is the only cow of any breed in New Hampshire ever to produce over seven hundred pounds fat in two consecutive years; her records were 767.99 and 728.89 pounds of butter fat. She was also the leader in butterfat production of all breeds in cow test work in the state for year ending 1923. She has the distinct honor of being the only state champion cow that has a daughter who is holder of a state championship.

Colonel Lee's Janet, another very remarkable cow has just finished a record of 14,412 pounds milk and 704.27 pounds butterfat, taking the Jersey State championship in milk production from one of the cows in the herd of Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass. She

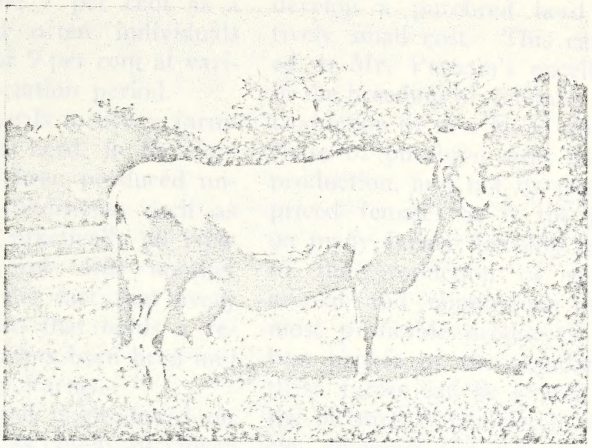


"Oxford Owl's Clever Lucy"—State Champion Jersey Senior two year-old.



has qualified for a gold medal.

Oxford Owl's Clever Lucy, a daughter of Clever Little Lady, is one of the most promising younger members of the herd holding the state butterfat championship as a senior two-year old, with a record of 7,312 pounds of milk, and 472.66 pounds of butter fat and whose average test for the year was 6.46%.



"Dream's Miss Jane." The only Jersey cow in New Hampshire to have won both a gold and a silver medal.

Five cows in this herd: Clever Little Lady, Dream's Miss Jane, Pretty Maid's Inez, Colonel Lee's Janet, and June Molly Figgis, hold the state record for butterfat production for any five cows in any herd in the state. Their records are as follows:

	Milk	Butterfat
June Molly Figgis	11,404	545.16
Pretty Maid's Inez	10,401	576
Colonel Lee's Janet	14,412	704.27
Clever Little Lady	12,456	767.99
Dream's Miss Jane	12,752	718.76

Mr. Putnam states that he has always borne three things in mind in building up this truly wonderful herd. They are production, size, and dairy conformation, and no one who views this herd and sees the records made can doubt this, for practically every animal is a living proof of the principle he has followed.

Mr. Putnam, besides his farm duties, takes a great interest in public affairs, and is considered one of the most prominent agricultural leaders of the country. He is rendering a great service to the agricultural world, and holds many positions of trust and honor, serving as president of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation, member of the executive committee of the American Farm Bureau Federation, member of sub-committee American Farm Bureau Federation in charge of its principal project, co-operative marketing, president Merrimack Farmers' Exchange, president of the Concord Dairy Company, director of the New England Milk Producers, Association, and treasurer of the Granite State Dairymen's Association.

Mr. Putnam has been fortunate during the past few years in having as a herdsman, a very competent man in Edward H. Clay. Mr. Clay's skill as a feeder and caretaker has much to do with the fine record of the Putnam herd.

One of the things that has helped Mr. Putnam in the selection of his stock and in the building up of his present herd, is, that since 1904, each milking from every cow has been weighed as regular as clock-work, tests made for butter fat monthly, and feed records computed.

The present herd is a combination of Owl Interest, St. Lambert, Oxford Lad, and Flying Fox blood and to which Mr. Putnam will introduce still more Owl Interest blood, because he feels that the ordinary farmer, dependent upon production for profits, can best secure it in the blood of this famous family. To carry out this idea, he recently purchased, at the Sibley Farms, the foundation head of Owl Interest Jerseys, a young bull to be the future herd sire of Mt. Putney Farms. This young sire is an excellent individual showing fine conformation, being backed

by animals of great production.

Very few herds in this country, have records that rank better as far as butterfat tests are concerned than the Putnam herd. The average test runs around 5.5; many of the individual animals testing between 6 and 7 per cent as a yearly average, and often individuals run up as high as 8 or 9 per cent at various times in their lactation period.

One thing that appeals to every farmer familiar with this herd, is the fact that all records have been produced under ordinary farm conditions, such as can be duplicated on practically all New Hampshire farms, and still another point of interest is the fact that every individual in this herd that holds a record or championship has been bred and reared on Mt. Putney Farms.

All the roughage fed is produced on the farm. This consists chiefly of clover and mixed hay, corn silage and some root crops. Potatoes and other cash crops are raised as a side line.

The dairy products are marketed in the near-by city of Concord, and are sold to the Concord Dairy Company, the Farmers' co-operative dairy that has recently been formed in that city, and of which Mr. Putnam is president.

The surplus young stock is readily disposed of, for out-of-state as well as New Hampshire Jersey breeders look with favor on this herd, and are eager to introduce this blood into their own herds. Young bulls from this herd head many of the best Jersey herds of the state, and everywhere Mt. Putney Jerseys reside will be found records in the economical production of butterfat.

The Putnam herd is a fine example of how a farmer of ordinary means can develop a purebred herd at comparatively small cost. This can be attributed to Mr. Putnam's excellent judgment in the breeding of Jerseys; and by the introduction of new blood through the purchase of purebred sires backed by high production, and not by purchasing high-priced females as is the plan followed on many farms; keeping careful records of the production of each individual animal and eliminating all except the most profitable producers. One of the best proofs of the standard reached at these farms can be gained from one of the pictures in connection with this article, showing the five cows who have produced, under ordinary farm conditions, 61,425 pounds of milk, and 3,312.18 pounds of butterfat in one year. The animals of the herd all show excellent dairy conformation and quality and are exceptionally large for animals of this breed, and to go with this, they are all producers.

Every lover of good stock, and especially Jersey enthusiasts, should make a trip to Mt. Putney farms, for right here in New Hampshire on this hillside farm, we find one of New England's finest herds of dairy cattle and a real gold mine in Jerseys.

"THREE SENTINELS OF THE NORTH"

Mr. William Sidney Rossiter president of the Rumford Press and Associate Editor of the Granite Monthly, has an article in the July ATLANTIC MONTHLY, which should be widely read in New Hampshire. Its title, "Three Sentinels of the North," refers to the three North New England states. Mr. Rossiter points out the decadence of these states and its reasons. Then, with businesslike precision he outlines a constructive remedy. The foundation of this remedy is in the love of hill folk for their hills.

"There's no escaping the fact that the man born in a land where he looks off at the sunrise or sunset across wide-sweeping hills and valleys, or watches the clouds break on the mountain-tops, is different from the dweller on the plains; and wherever you place him, he never forgets the old place."

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOOL

Old Crow

BY ALICE BROWN

The Macmillan Co.

PERHAPS the first thing to say about "Old Crow" is that it is a thoughtful book. It deals with characters who by the depth and quality of their thinking force us to face their problems and think too. The author presents to us John Raven, a man about forty-five years old, home again in Boston after service overseas with the Ambulance Corps. Raven expected to find the high ideals, the visions, and the dreams of the World War made permanent through the supreme sacrifice of millions. We all know what he did find and have felt with him regret for the lost idealism, but his disappointment was more destructive to his peace of mind than ours because of his unusual sensitiveness to the suffering of others, which all his life has dominated his actions. In the case of Anne for instance, who, although she is dead before the story begins, continues to influence the lives of those who knew her as forcefully as when living, Raven, since he could not return her love, did all in his power to please her and save her further suffering.

Raven's reaction to the war takes the form of a complete dissolution of his religious beliefs. The world seems to him a cruel place filled with fear. Everything is an indictment against God who allows suffering, who made men unmerciful to one another, and with men and animals alike pitted the strong against the weak. Only Nan, Anne's niece, who served with Raven in France, who loved him as a child and continues to love him as a woman, can understand his mental turmoil and his decision to retire from life by going to Wake Hill his childhood home. One of the gleams of fun in the book is the way in which Raven's decision is interpreted by Amelia his sister and her son, Dick. They believe him to be suffering from shell shock and assume a patient watchfulness and forbearance which is as amusing to the reader as it is exasperating to Raven. Another smile, with which however admiration is mingled, comes when we meet Charlotte and Jerry, the caretakers of Raven's farm, who through their stability and love help Raven out of his painful maze.

But Raven, retiring from life to escape its suffering, found what he considered the most awful of all indictments against God, Tira. Tira was a woman so beautiful that she must always be the prey of men, so good that she could only find suffering in her beauty and in the insane jealousy it incited in her husband. Our horror for Tenney is mingled with pity for a man whose self-control is inadequate to restrain his emotions, in whom understanding and trust form no part in the love he bears his wife. From his over-powering jealousy Tira desperately tries to protect her baby, far dearer to her than her own life.

On a nearby hilltop is a hut built for a home by Raven's uncle, who was thought crazy and called Old Crow, partly in ridicule, partly in love, by the people he devoted his life to helping. The climax and greatest strength of the book lie in the journal of Old Crow which he wrote for "the boy," little Raven, to explain to him when he grew up why he had left the world, what he had found out about God and eternal life,—in short, to pass on to Raven the asurance he had found that "God is. He lives, and is sorry." Raven finds that, just as Old Crow, through drunken Billy Jones, found the truth, so he

in the hut through service to Tira, Tenney, and Eugene Martin can at last reconcile the world and God.

Through all the story of Raven's difficulties the lives of the other characters are skillfully woven contributing to his life and developing individually until they all emphasize the point made by Old Crow that God is found through service to others.

If the complications of post-war conditions, the restless uncertainty and doubt with which the world seethes, has stirred you, you will be helped as Raven was by Old Crow's sweet philosophy. If your faith has remained firm, you will find in "Old Crow" new courage and inspiration to answer those who constantly attack your beliefs, disturbing your peace because of your inability to answer their doubts satisfactorily to yourself and to the inner feelings we have which are very much stronger than reason.

THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

About the Best Mountains

"YES, it's a good mountain," said the north-country man, as he looked appraisingly at the rough old mountain giant who is the leading social lion of the summer coteries at Marlboro, Jaffrey, Dublin and vicinity. "Yes, it's a good mountain. But we've got a Monadnock up our way—just over the Vermont line it is—that's a sight better mountain."

"You mean higher?" we asked.

"No, better."

"More beautifully shaped?"

"Just better."

And, although we smiled at the indefiniteness of his comparison, we understood. Who does not know that some mountains are better than others? And their relative value doesn't depend on height or contour, either. It's a subtle thing, to be sensed, not explained.

It took the solemn statements of a Secretary of the United States Navy and his Assistant Secretary to settle one question of the relative claims of two New Hampshire mountains.

Back in 1864, the rebel crusier *Alabama* was sunk by the Union ship *Kearsarge*. The victor ship was named for a New Hampshire mountain. But there are two Kearsarges and both Merrimack County and Carroll County claimed that their mountain was the one which brought luck to the U. S. navy. Which county was right? The controversy smouldered for a long time, but came to debate at last on the floor of the New Hampshire Legislature. A proposition to change the name of the Carroll County Kearsarge brought a protest on the ground that the battleship had been named for the mountain and the people were proud of the fact. At this Merrimack County arose and disputed the claim. Not Carroll but Merrimack had the right to glory in that victory.

The upshot of the matter was that the Hon. Gideon Welles, ex-secretary of the Navy, was called upon to settle the dispute. He recalled that the naming of the sloop-of-war *Kearsarge* had been in the hands of his assistant secretary, Mr. G. V. Fox. Mr. Fox was approached and his opinion, handed down with judicial pomp, definitely supported the claims of the Carroll County, Kearsarge.

"Taking everything into consideration," he said, "it is unquestionably the finest mountain in New Hampshire."

Why? When Mr. Fox was a small boy his father took him to North Conway for a visit of several days. They climbed Mount Kearsarge together, and that was the boy's first mountain experience. Of course there could be no "better mountain" for him after that.

To our knowledge that's the only time two New Hampshire mountains have figured in politics. But we see no reason why the political parties should not make more use than they do of the natural partisanship engendered by the relative merits of mountains. Once in a while one meets indifference similar to that of the farmer who refused to get excited over the beauty of the sunset—

"That's just one o' them red 'n' yaller sunsets. We have 'em right along up here."

But for the most part you touch a responsive chord when you praise a man's pet mountain. Can you imagine a resident of Jaffrey voting against a party whose platform declared that Monadnock was the best mountain in the state? Does it not fire your imagination to think of the Republican cohorts marching to the polls cheering, "Cardigan, Cardigan, Rah, Rah, Rah," to be met by the Democrats vigorously shouting for "Cho—Cho—Cho-Cho-co-ru-a?"

In some quarters of one party at least the hope is being expressed that the issues of the next campaign shall deal with internal rather than international affairs. An issue based on the relative merits of mountains ought to fill the requirements. —H. F. M.

Announcements

The GRANITE MONTHLY takes pleasure in announcing that Mr. Norris H. Cotton of Warren has joined the staff of the magazine as circulation and advertising manager. Mr. Cotton was a member of the Legislature this winter and, although one of the youngest members of the House, his work created much favorable comment.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

In This Issue

How shall we win the next election? is a question which is exercising the minds of both parties already. Three Republicans answer the question for the Republican party. "More party loyalty," says GEORGE H. MOSES, Senior Senator from New Hampshire; "Young blood," says MAJOR FRANK KNOX, Editor of the Manchester Union; "A forward looking policy," says HON. FRANK MUSGROVE, proprietor of the Dartmouth Press and publisher of the Hanover Gazette. Which one is right?

GRANT CARPENTER MANSON is a Williams College man who knows at first hand the country about which he writes in "The Road to Lariat," his home being in Michigan.

MISS ELIZABETH SHURTLEFF, of Concord, whose drawings are to be a regular feature of the pages devoted to the "One Poem Poet Anthology," studied art at the Boston Art Museum School and at The New York Art League. After completing her course she worked for some time in a costuming studio in New York.

Teaching classes and managing the University poultry farm have not kept PROF. A. W. RICHARDSON from making a definite personal contact with hundreds of poultrymen throughout the state. Most of them know him fondly as "Red"—partly because of his partiality to the Rhode Island breed and partly because of the color of his hair.

Coming to New Hampshire three years ago from Wisconsin, PROF. G. F. POTTER, head of the University Horticultural Department, at once stepped into a position of leadership in the orchard industry of the state. Although a young man, he is already winning national recognition for important research work in this field.

CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Page of Clippings

The Value of a Straw Vote

Straw votes for President are now on. A straw vote is as easy and just as reliable as is a guess what weather conditions will be a year hence. A person can bring about a straw vote in favor of any individual or policy if he only sends his questionnaires to the right parties. As a rule the result of straw votes is pretty sure to indicate the state of mind of the promoter.

—*Somersworth Free Press*

Who Against Harding?

A Boston newspaper man, in town this week, wanted to know who was New Hampshire's candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination; what was thought here of the Henry Ford candidacy; how many friends besides Gordon Woodbury has William G. McAdoo in New Hampshire; does the strong commendation of Governor Al Smith's course by National Committeeman Murchie offset the very "dry" position taken by State Chairman Jackson?

A Concord man recently returned from a trip to the Pacific Coast, who made it a point to read as many local newspapers as possible along the way, found some reference to the Henry Ford candidacy in every one of them; most of the comments unfavorable to the candidacy, but giving it free advertising nevertheless.

Democrats say that the interest taken in the matter of the presidential nominee of their party indicates a general belief that whoever he may be he will be successful at the polls in November, 1924. Republicans, most of them, reply that the reason why less talk is heard as to their candidate is because it is practically certain that President Harding will be renominated and re-elected.

But when New Hampshire holds the first presidential primary of 1924 we look for a large amount of interest in it all over the country on the part of both Democrats and Republicans. At any rate it will give us a chance to see whether or no as New Hampshire goes, so goes the nation.

—*Concord Monitor*

The Canaan Fire

Canaan has general sympathy in the grievous loss it sustained last Saturday by a fire which swept its main village, consuming railroad station, the town's chief manufactory, hotel, churches, and scores of other buildings. Generous aid was quickly forthcoming. To the direct property loss, approximately half a million, must be added that from suspended business and the expected profits from summer visitors. Another loss of no slight magnitude is that of the beautiful trees which lined the streets. They cannot soon be replaced. The Canaan fire has its lesson for every community, and that is that every precaution should be taken against the outbreak of fire.

—*Exeter News Letter*

Those who are of the opinion that with the close of the war the Red Cross became an unnecessary organization should take notice of the relief it gave to stricken Canaan. The New England division, American Red Cross, has presented Canaan with a check for $5,000; and the rehabilitation committee will assist the families to re-establish themselves. The check was payable to the Lebanon chapter, as the first installment of such sum as may be necessary to carry out the relief work. Mrs. R. W. Husband of Hanover, division field representative and chairman of the Hanover branch

of the Red Cross; Arthur H. Hough, treasurer of the Lebanon chapter, and Mrs. J. B. Wallace of the Canaan branch, have been appointed a committee to have charge of administrating the fund. Canaan also receives over a thousand dollars from Concord. It is expected that the $10,000 will be available through the Red Cross by the end of this week.

—Bristol Enterprise

The Gypsy Moths

Now here comes a correspondent in the News and Critic and stirs us all up with the prediction of a poor blueberry crop this summer. The gypsy moths, he says, are playing havoc with the blueberry bushes, as well as with the apple trees. Darn the gypsy moths. This is the worst blow they've dealt us yet.

—Rochester Courier

Who Pays the Fine?

Some rather queer things are being told about the few laws passed at the last session of the state legislature. It looks as if some one put something over on the members. For instance the law against changing time was supposed to be strengthened by adding a fine of $500 for every clock publicly exposed which was set according to daylight saving. The fine is to be assessed against the city, and when paid, goes back to the city. Therefore, if the city employs its own officers to serve the papers, its own solicitor to prosecute the case, and tries it in its own municipal court, we fail to see how the city is greatly punished, whether there be one or a hundred clocks exposed. Another law, which no one this way appears to know anything about, will greatly increase the number of town poor and decrease the number that can be charged to the county. The printed laws have not yet been announced, but it is rumored that other interesting things will be found when they are published.

Franklin Journal Transcript

Hours of Labor

The ever-existent question of hours of labor has attained fresh prominence throughout the country by the declaration of Elbert H. Gary that the employment of steel mill workers in twelve hour shifts will continue. Against this decision immediate and vigorous protest is made by the Federation of Churches on the gound of the moral and spiritual degradation, as well as the cruel physical exhaustion, which such hours of labor entail.

Charles Rumford Walker of Concord stated the issue in the most succinct manner possible when, in his book, "Steel," he quoted one of his fellow-workers as declaring in regard to this twelve hour shift and its accompanying high wages, "To hell with the money. No can live."

The steel industry in America is of very great importance. It is a large factor in the industry and prosperity of our nation. But no industry is great enough or important enough or essential enough to justify murder. And that is what the twelve hour shift in the steel mills amounts to.

Judge Gary is an able man. Perhaps if he knew both sides of this question as thoroughly as he knows one side he might change his decision as to the necessity and advisability of the twelve hour shift. He is too old a man to try the twelve hour shift himself. But possibly there is some young man in whom he is deeply and personally interested who would go through it as Charles Walker did. If such an experiment could be conducted we believe that at its end Judge Gary would say in regard to his profits and his workers "To hell with the money. Let them live."

—Concord Monitor

OUR EDITORIAL BOARD

Prominent Men Who Will Help Shape the Policy of the Granite Monthly

The

GRANITE MONTHLY

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TO make the GRANITE MONTHLY a magazine truly representative of the varied life of New Hampshire is the single aim of its publishers. In working out this policy the small group upon whom falls the task of planning and preparing the magazine have felt the need of counsel from the men and women who stand out as leaders of New Hampshire affairs. This counsel we have asked, and the response to our request has been generous beyond our hopes. We are very glad to introduce our new board of Associate Editors, who will help us determine the policy of the magazine and work with us in making the GRANITE MONTHLY an increasing power for the best good of New Hampshire. The names of all the Associate Editors are too familiar to need more than a brief word of introduction.

Two college presidents head the list: President Ralph D. Hetzel of New Hampshire University, and President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth. Then come two lawyers of prominence: John McLane of Manchester, son of ex-Governor McLane, and one of New Hampshire's Rhodes Scholars, and Elwin L. Page of Concord, who during some months of last year acted as editor of this magazine. Harlan Pearson of the Concord Monitor, is known to all Granite Monthly readers as one-time editor of the magazine; we count ourselves fortunate that his advice is still to be a factor in shaping its policy.

The President of the Farm Bureau, George M. Putnam, who is introduced at length on another page in this issue, stands out as a leader in New Hampshire agricultural affairs. William S. Rossiter, President of the Rumford Press, has been instrumental in making Concord, N. H., the largest center of magazine publishing in New England; he is also president of the American Statistical Association and has this month contributed to the ATLANTIC MONTHLY a study of Northern New England, which is scholarly and penetrating. Eaton Sargent of Nashua is president of the New Hampshire Manufacturers Association; his own business in the White Mountain Freezer Company, situated in Nashua. John G. Winant, formerly Vice Rector of St. Paul's School and member of several Legislative sessions in both House and Senate, is a young man whose influence is making itself felt throughout the state.

With the help of these men, representing New Hampshire's industry and farming, her professional and academic life, we feel sure that the GRANITE MONTHLY is going forward to a very bright and promising future.

—*The Editor*

A PREFACE FOR ANY BOOK

By Carl Holliday

A thousand times these things were said
Ere they were written here.
When slaves to Cleopatra read
From tablets baked, she doubtless heard
Old tales of lovers, or some word
Of battles gory and their dead.
But what of that? Think you she'd sneer,
"A thousand times these things were said
Ere they were written here?"

A thousand times these things were said
Ere they were written here.
When Plato sat with bowed head
In columned Athens long ago
And, with his finger lifted—so,
Explained the parchment as he read,
Did he remark with cynic leer,
"A thousand times these things were said
Ere they were written here?"

A thousand times these things were said
Ere they were written here.
Aye, so they were, and ere time's sped
Will oft be told by other bards.
But what of that? The playing cards
Of this old game called Life, when spread,
Show forms unchanged—yet how we peer!
A thousand times these things were said
Ere they were written here.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

OLIVER J. PELREN

Probably no man in New Hampshire had a wider acquaintance among the traveling public in New Hampshire than Oliver J. Pelren, manager of the Eagle and Phenix Hotels in Concord, who died June 4, after an illness of some months.

Born in Concord in 1856, Mr. Pelren began his hotel career very early, starting as bell-boy in the Phenix hotel when he was fourteen years of age. In 1890 he became manager of the Eagle and Phenix hotels. During those days made famous by Winston Churchill's books, when the politics of New Hampshire were managed from a room in the Eagle, Mr. Pelren naturally became a prominent figure in state affairs and the stories which he told of those old campaigns were many and fascinating. For the most part he preferred his position on the sidelines to any active part in political affairs, but he did serve as a representative in the legislature of 1899.

For many years Mr. Pelren served as president of the New Hampshire Hotelman's Association. He was a member of the Wonolancet and Snowshoe Clubs in Concord, the Derryfield Club in Manchester and of the Councord Council, Knights of Columbus, and a charter member of the local lodge of Elks.

He is survived by a son, Harry J. Pelren, and a grandson.

EDWARD E. BROWN

Edward E. Brown, for many years manager of the Durgin Silver Company, died June 3 at his home in Concord. Mr. Brown was born in Concord and educated in the Concord schools and in Colby Academy.

He was employed for a few years by the Boston and Maine, but began his work for the William B. Durgin Company in 1898. When he was forced to retire because of failing health two years ago he held the position of manager and member of the board of directors.

Mr. Brown is survived by his second wife, Mrs. Josephine Shine Brown, and by the two sons of his first wife, Robert Webster Brown and Richard Webster Brown.

DR. HARRY W. ORR

On the eve of his 69th birthday anniversary, Dr. Harry W. Orr, a member of the Old Time Telegraphers, and for twenty-five years connected with the Associated Press and International News Service, died May 21 at his farm in Marlow. Before Dr. Orr took up newspaper telegraph work, he practiced dentistry in western Pennsylvania. He was a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College. His widow and one son survive him.

MISS ARIANA S. DUDLEY

Miss Ariana S. Dudley died in Concord May 31 at the age of 72 years. She was born in Brentwood and had been a Concord resident for thirty-five years. She was one of the earliest graduates of Robinson Female Seminary of Exeter. She is survived by one brother, S. S. Dudley of Brentwood.

JOHN W. SPINNEY

John Wallace Spinney, who has conducted a blacksmith shop in Dover for more than thirty years, died at his home on June first at the age of sixty-three years. He was born in Nova Scotia and came to Dover forty years ago. He was a member of Dover Lodge of Elks; Mt. Pleasant Lodge of Odd Fellows; Wonolancet Tribe Red Men; Dover Grange and Purity Lodge Rebekahs. He leaves a wife, one son and two daughters.

GEORGE S. LOCKE

On June 1, George Sheldon Locke, a lifelong resident of Penacook, died in that town at the age of 61 years. Mr. Locke organized the Fisherville Saw Company. He was a member of Horace Chase Lodge A. F. & A. M., Trinity Royal Arch Chapter, and Mt. Horeb Commandery, K. T. His widow and a sister survive him.

GEORGE McDUFFEE

On June 3, Rochester lost by death one of her most valued citizens, a man who had been for many years prominent in business and public affairs, George McDuffee.

Mr. McDuffee was born in Rochester, January 9, 1845, the eighth son of John and Joanna Hanson McDuffee. He was educated in the Rochester schools and New Hampton Literary Institute. In 1879 he formed a partnership with John Hanscom and for many years they conducted a grain, lumber and grocery business. This business was the oldest in Rochester and continued for over fifty years.

Mr. McDuffee was prominent in Masonic affairs; a member of Humane Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; Temple Chapter, R. A. M.; Orient Council Royal and Select Masters; James Farrington Chapter, O. E. S.; and Palestine Commandery, K. T. He was first treasurer of the Knights Templar.

For many years he was director of the Rochester National Bank, an institution founded by his father. He was affiliated with the Congregational Church.

He leaves a widow and one son.

CLINTON S. MASSECK

Clinton S. Masseck died at his summer residence at the Weirs, June 2, at the age of sixty years. Although a native of Lowell, Mass., most of Mr. Masseck's life was spent in New Hampshire and for more than thirty years he was interested in the Weirs. For the last seventeen years he has conducted the Weirs Gift Shop. He was fond of travel and had traveled widely. He leaves a widow, one son, and three sisters.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HISTORY

of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire

The exhaustive work entitled, "History of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire," two volumes of over eight hundred pages each, from the settlement of the town in 1777 to 1917, by the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, D. D.; and nearly completed at the time of his death, has been published by his estate and is now on sale, price $16.00 for two volumes, post paid.

The work has been in preparation for more than thirty years. It gives comprehensive genealogies and family histories of all who have lived in Sullivan and descendents since the settlement of the town; vital statistics, educational, cemetery, church and town records, transfers of real estate and a map delineating ranges and old roads, with residents carefully numbered, taken from actual surveys made for this work, its accuracy being unusual in a history.

At the time of the author's death in 1917, there were 1388 pages already in print and much of the manuscript for its completion already carefully prepared. The finishing and indexing has been done by Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, a lady of much experience in genealogical work; the printing by the Sentinel Publishing Company of Keene, the binding by Robert Burlen & Son, Boston, Mass., and the work copyrighted (Sept. 22, 1921) by the estate of Dr. Seward by J. Fred Whitcomb, executor of his will.

The History is bound in dark green, full record buckram, No. 42, stamped title, in gold, on shelf back and cover with blind line on front cover. The size of the volumes are 6 by 9 inches, 2 inches thick, and they contain 6 illustrations and 40 plates.

Volume I is historical and devoted to family histories, telling in an entertaining manner from whence each settler came to Sullivan and their abodes and other facts concerning them and valuable records in minute detail.

Volume II is entirely devoted to family histories, carefully prepared and containing a vast amount of useful information for the historian, genealogist and Sullivan's sons and daughters and their descendents, now living in all parts of the country, the genealogies, in many instances, tracing the family back to the emigrant ancestor.

The index to the second volume alone comprises 110 pages of three columns each, containing over twenty thousand names. Reviewed by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record and the Boston Transcript.

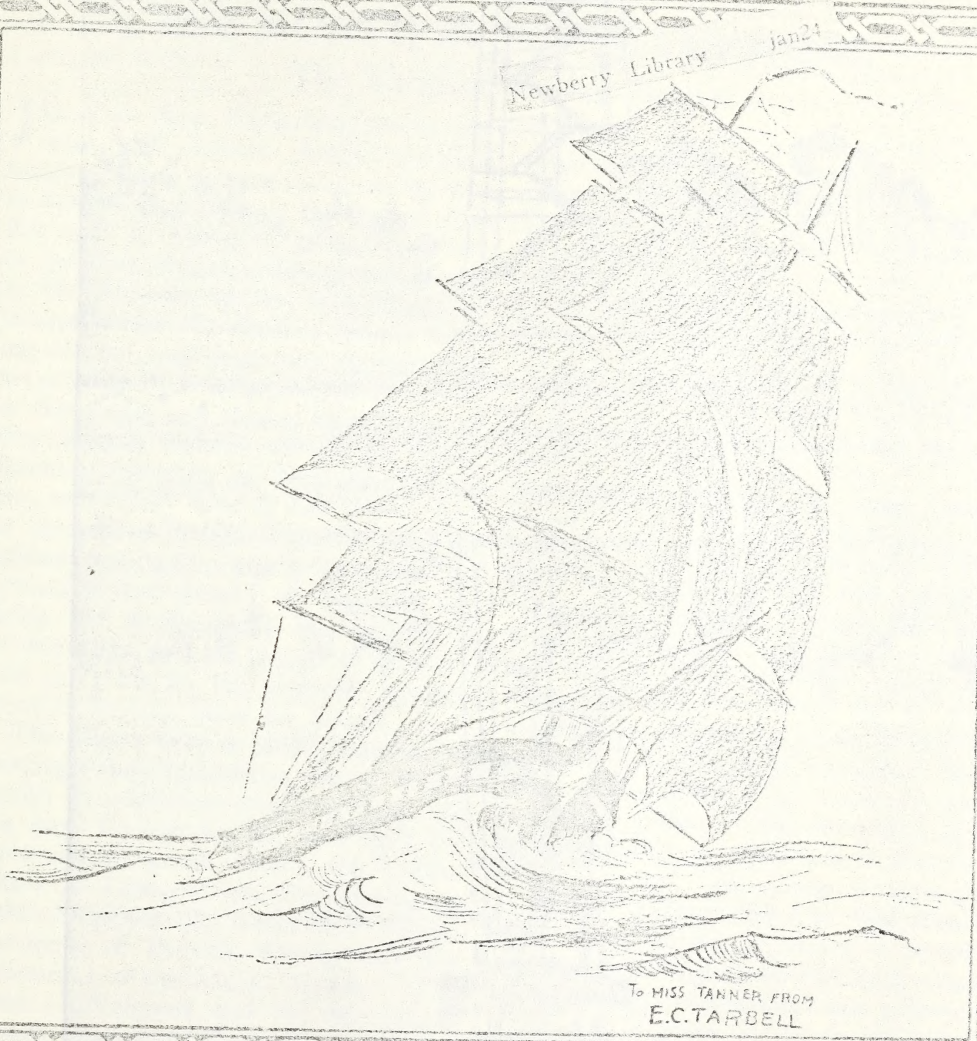
Sales to State Libraries, Genealogical Societies and individuals have brought to Mr. Whitcomb, the executor, unsolicited letters of appreciation of this great work. Send orders to

J. FRED WHITCOMB, Ex'r.
45 Central Square, Keene, N H.

August, 1923

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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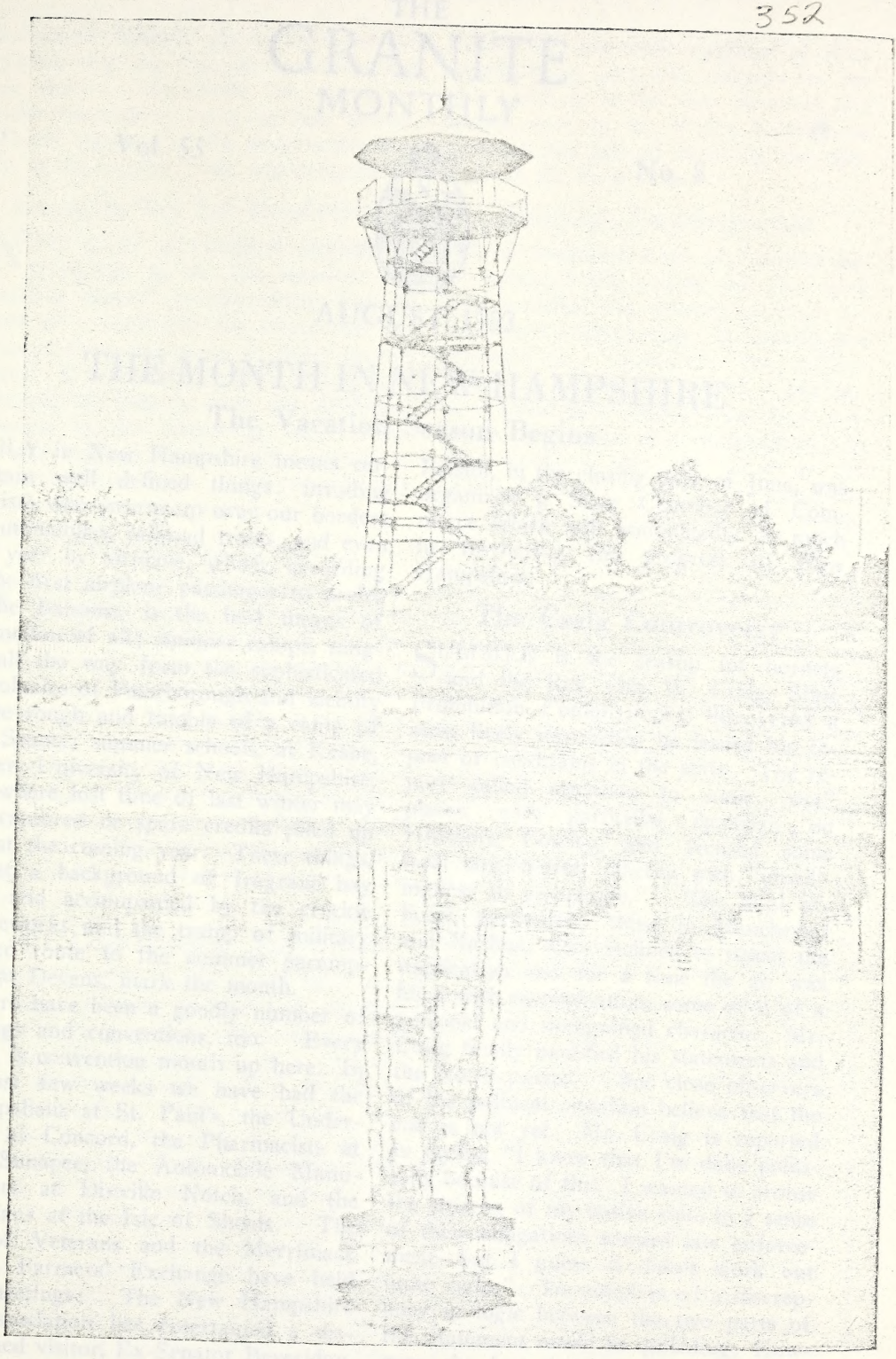
PORTSMOUTH'S TERCENTENARY POSTER

In This Issue—WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR RAILROADS?

20 cents per copy

$2.00 per year





THE OBSERVATORY ON GARRISON HILL.

Near this spot, the highest point in Dover, the first event of the celebration will take place.

THE
GRANITE
MONTHLY

Vol. 55 No. 8

AUGUST 1923

THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Vacation Season Begins

JULY in New Hampshire means certain well defined things: invading tourists who swarm up over our borders in automobiles, railroad trains, and even this year by airplane, which, according to the first airplane passenger to arrive at the Balsams, is the best means of locomotion of all; summer camps, ranging all the way from the sophisticated art colonies of Peterborough and vicinity to the rough and tumble of a camp of Boy Scouts; summer schools, at Keene, Exeter, University of New Hampshire, etc., where lost time of last winter may be recaptured or spare credits piled up against the coming year. These things, against a background of fragrant hay fields and accompanied by the crackle of fireworks and the tramp of military feet en route to the summer encampment at Devens, mark the month.

There have been a goodly number of meetings and conventions, too. Every month is convention month up here. In the past few weeks we have had the Episcopalians at St. Paul's, the Undertakers at Concord, the Pharmacists at Lake Sunapee, the Automobile Manufacturers at Dixville Notch, and the Unitarians at the Isle of Shoals. The Sons of Veterans and the Merrimack County Farmers' Exchange have held state meetings. The New Hampshire Bar Association has entertained a distinguished visitor, Ex-Senator Beveridge, who spoke also in Manchester. And at Bristol, in the closing days of June, was organized a State Chamber of Commerce which will undoubtedly do much in furthering the progress of New Hampshire.

The Craig Controversy

SUMMER is the season for hornets and the Rev. Ora W. Craig, State Prohibition Commissioner, discovered a most lively nest when he issued his report of conditions in the state. The report called attention to some "wet" places, with particular emphasis on Hillsboro County, and accused some local enforcement officers with "unwillingness to co-operate." The local officers, particularly those in Manchester and Nashua, were inclined to resent the implication and for a time the air was filled with recrimination, some of it of a personal and undignified character. Mr. Craig finally modified his statements and the storm passed. But close observers of the political situation believe that the end is not yet. Mr. Craig is reported as saying, "I know that I'm done politically because of this. I wanted to arouse the citizens of my native state to a sense of their obligations toward law enforcement—but I guess it didn't work out quite right." To complain of a discrepancy in logic between the two parts of this statement would be quibbling. However, the fact that a new candidate for the mayoralty of Manchester has just

announced himself gives force to the opinion that the Commissioner has lost out there. Meanwhile the survey of New Hampshire made by the federal officers reports that the state is the driest in the country, with one exception.

Keyes to Try for Re-election

NOT much of political importance transpires in the hot weather, but Senator Keyes' announcement that he will be a candidate for re-election answered the questionings of many curious ones. Whether the Senator would have chosen this time to make his candidacy known if the disturbing Mrs. Poindexter had not taken it upon herself to announce that Mrs. Keyes was to run in his place is not certain.

"The Gypsy Moth"

A new method of fighting gypsy moths was tried out at Henniker early in the month and the results of the experiment are awaited with interest. A government dirigible, flying over the infested areas of that vicinity in the early mornings, sprayed the trees with a poison powder. Although engine trouble and holes in the gas bag forced an early end to the experiment, sufficient work was done so that it may be ascertained whether the new method of fighting the pest is to be successful.

Code Commission Appointed

THE Governor and Council have been busy in spite of the hot weather. Their most important action, undoubtedly, was the appointment of a commission to revise and codify the New Hampshire laws. This commission consists of Judge Robert J. Peaslee of the supreme court, Judge Christopher H. Wells of Somersworth, and Clerk Arthur E. Kenison of the Carroll County superior court. Major Arthur H. Chase will act as Secretary of the Commission, and in order to accept this position he has resigned from his office as State Librarian, Miss Alice Pray, for many years his assistant, succeeding him. The Council has also made a number of other appointments, awarded contracts for the new buildings at the State Hospital, and turned over to E. Wyatt Kimball of Concord the job of restoring the portraits in the State House.

Business Developments

THE Rumford Press of Concord announced this month that they have been awarded the printing contract for the *Youth's Companion*. In Laconia, the proposal to consolidate five hosiery mills is creating much interest. It is understood that a New York syndicate is behind the proposition. At East Milford, the new plant of the White Mountain Freezer Company, replacing the one burned last fall, is complete. Claremont is to have a new industry, to be known as the New Hampshire Mop Wringer Corporation. Work on the dam at Bristol is progressing rapidly, and at Marlboro authority has just been granted to the Ashuelot Gas and Electric Company to build a dam on the Minnewawa brook. These are a few of the month's business developments.

The new hospital at Peterborough opened on the last day of June, the appropriation by the town of Claremont of $60,000 for a new school building, the proposed building in Rochester of a new Episcopal church, these also speak of an alert and progressive New Hampshire.

The

GRANITE MONTHLY

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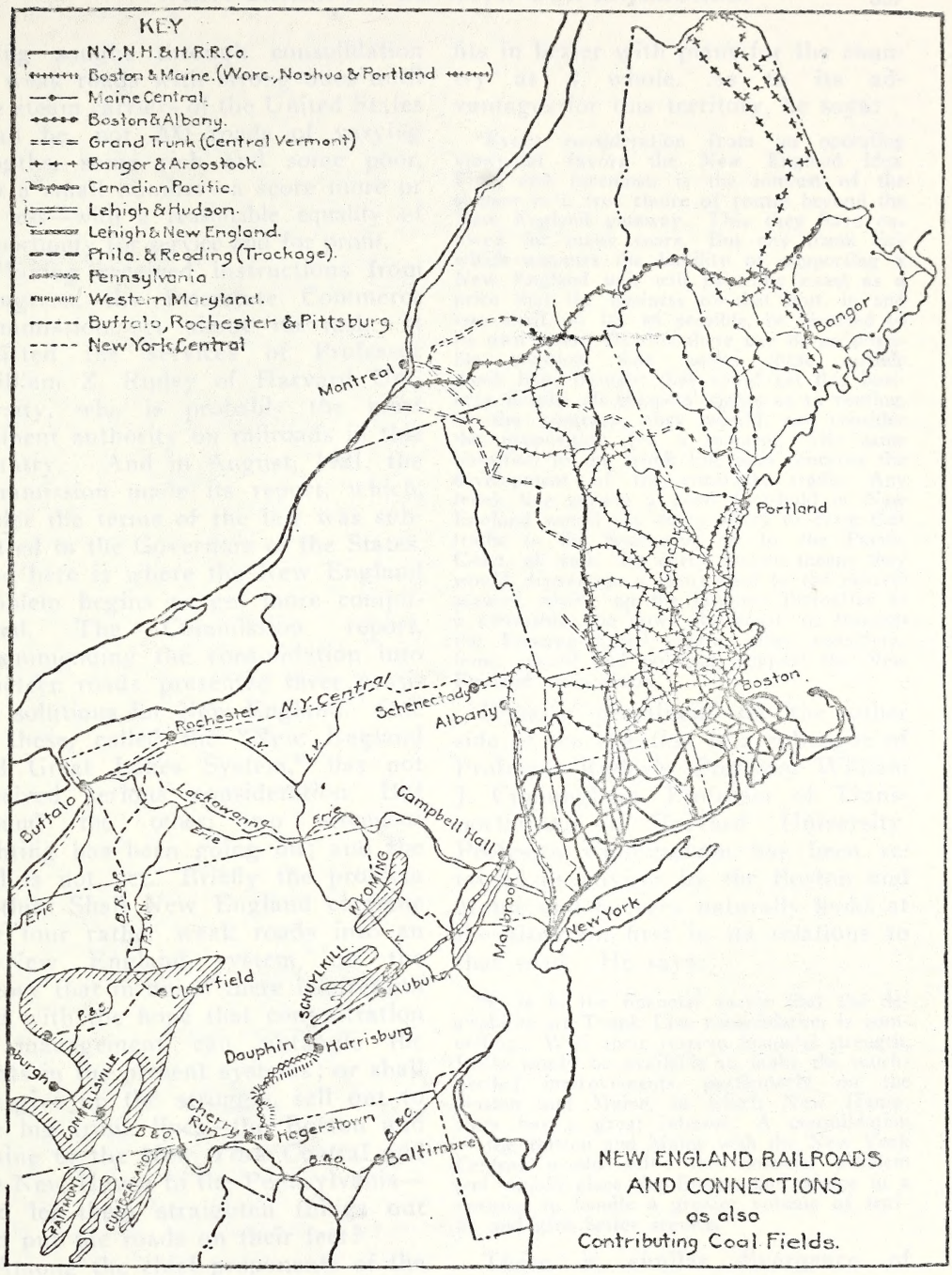
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR RAILROADS?

Shall We Consolidate or Sell Out?

UP at Poland Springs last month the Governors of the New England States, with the exception of Governor Brown of New Hampshire, listened to the report of the joint commission which, under their direction, has, during the past twelve months, been studying and analyzing the New England Railroad problem. That report has already created an enormous amount of discussion, both in the newspapers and among business men throughout New England. Another meeting of the Governors in August will further consider the report. The Interstate Commerce Commission will hold hearings upon it during the week of Sept. 24. And out of it all will come, it is hoped, a constructive plan which will put an end to our present outstanding transportation difficulties.

Much of the Storrow report is too technical for the lay reader. But the main problem of the New England railroads comes so close to each citizen of New England that it is well worth while to study the broad principles which underlie the report. New England is, of all the sections of the United States, the most dependent upon railroads, the most completely at the mercy of freight rates. Into these states comes raw material brought over the railroads from all points of the country; out of these states go quantities of manufactured articles which must, in turn, be distributed over the railroads to all parts of the country. Business prosperity and effective railroads go hand in hand up here. And, sadly enough, there are few portions of the country where the railroads are less stable, less effectual, less adequate. New England has four railroads of her own. Only one, the Bangor and Aroostook, is operating at a profit. The Maine Central and the Boston and Maine are going along precariously. The New York, New Haven and Hartford, is practically bankrupt. How can these roads be put on their feet? How can they be made assets to New England, instead of liabilities and heavy weights around the neck of her business prosperity? These are in the main the problems confronting the Storrow Commission.

But one must go back a little to understand how the Storrow Commission happened to come into existence, and to know why their report recommending the grouping of New England lines under one management is more than just Utopian theorizing. One must go back, in fact, to the Transportation Act of 1920. To a public accustomed to legislation restraining large combinations of capital and to strong opposition to many railroad mergers proposed in past years, the Transportation Act of 1920 is avowedly a reversal of policy. It directed that the Interstate Commerce Commission "prepare and adopt a plan for the consolidation of the railway properties of the continental United States into a limited number of systems." The significance of the Act is that, for the first time Congress realized that it is possible, in pursuing its policy of protecting the public from exorbitant freight rates, to impose such onerous conditions on certain branches of the United States railroad service that they could not possibly render the adequate service which the public rightly demands. Next came the perception that so long as the railroads of the country were of such differing lengths and strengths the determination of fair rates was impossible. A rate on which a large, well-equipped road could operate at a profit would not even meet the expenses of a poorer and weaker road. And the solution of this dilemma is



The New England Roads

The importance of New England's railroads in her industrial welfare cannot be over-estimated. Here are shown her roads and their connections, the routes over which raw material comes to us and our finished products are delivered to their consumers.

Reprinted by permission from The Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission.



being sought through consolidation of weak roads with strong ones until the steam carriers of the United States shall be, not 200 roads of varying lengths, some rich and some poor, but a small number—a score more or or less—with a reasonable equality of opportunity for service and for profit.

Having received instructions from Congress, the Interstate Commerce Commission set about its task. It enlisted the services of Professor William Z. Ripley of Harvard University, who is probably the most eminent authority on railroads in this country. And in August, 1921, the Commission made its report, which, under the terms of the law was submitted to the Governors of the States. And here is where the New England problem begins to get more complicated. The Commission report, recommending the consolidation into nineteen roads, presented three possible solutions for New England. One of these, called the "New England and Great Lakes System," has not received serious consideration. But around the other two strenuous fighting has been going on; and the end is not yet. Briefly the problem is this: Shall New England combine her four rather weak roads into an all-New England system, on the theory that in union there is strength and with the hope that concentration of management can untangle the knots in the present systems; or shall we give up the struggle, sell out to the big trunk lines—the Boston and Maine to the New York Central and the New Haven to the Pennsylvania—and let them straighten things out and put the roads on their feet?

Among the chief proponents of the New England system is Professor William Z. Ripley. This fact is especially significant in view of Professor Ripley's connection with the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is his opinion that this plan is not only better for New England, but that it fits in better with plans for the country as a whole. As to its advantages for this territory, he says:

"Every consideration from an operating viewpoint favors the New England idea. First and foremost, is the interest of the shipper in a free choice of routes beyond the New England gateway. This they have enjoyed for many years. But any trunk line which assumes the liability of supporting a New England unit will naturally exact as a price that the business of that unit, in and out, shall, so far as possible, be diverted to its own rails. Of this there can be no possible question. And unless these outside trunk lines thought they could get this business, despite all shippers' rights as to routing, to the contrary, they would not consider the proposition for a moment. The same objection to the trunk line plan concerns the development of the coastwise traffic. Any trunk line getting a good foot-hold in New England would use every effort to draw that traffic to the Southwest or to the Pacific Coast, all rail. By every known means they would discourage a short haul to the nearest seaport, giving up the business thereafter to a steamship line down the coast, or through the Panama Canal. Many other considerations, special and political, support the New England proposition."

Equally prominent on the other side of the question is a colleague of Professor Ripley's, Professor William J. Cunningham, Professor of Transportation of Harvard University. Professor Cunningham has been retained as adviser by the Boston and Maine and he very naturally looks at the situation first in its relations to that road. He says:

"It is in the financial factor that the desirability of Trunk Line consolidation is compelling. With their reserve financial strength, funds would be available to make the much-needed improvements, particularly on the Boston and Maine, in which New Hampshire has a great interest. A consolidation of the Boston and Maine with the New York Central would solve the financial problem and should place the Boston and Maine in a position to handle a greater volume of traffic and give better service."

There is similar divergence of opinion among the railroad heads, as shown in their testimony before the hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission. As we have already indicated, the Boston and Maine favors the trunk line merger. In taking this position, President Hustis makes it

clear that he takes into consideration his duty to his stock-holders. A very potent argument in his mind is his belief that he can bring to the stock-holders better returns by selling his road to the New York Central. The president of the New Haven road was not so sure he wanted to be interfered with at all. But if some sort of combination must come he believed that the only feasible plan was the all-New England system. At a meeting of the New England Bankers Association in June, the Vice-President of the road declared that there is money enough in the New England states to support New England's transportation systems and ability enough to run them: the only question is—Will money bet on brains? The fact that the opinion of the New Haven was increasingly in favor of the all-New England system is manifested by the formal vote of its directors favoring this plan soon after the Storrow report. It should be borne in mind that the New Haven road is in the most precarious position of all the New England roads and the most in need of immediate assistance. The president of the Maine Central took no position, declaring himself willing to cooperate in whatever plan the Interstate Commerce Commission might select. And President Todd of the Bangor and Aroostook, while expressing a very natural preference for being let alone —a preference natural because his is the only New England road which is earning its way at present— favors the New England plan. President Todd, formerly second in command in the New Haven road, is in many ways the ablest of our New England railroad presidents and his support of the all-New England plan carries much weight.

It was this divergence of opinion brought about by the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission which led to the appointment of the Storrow Commission, by the Governors of the New England states in the summer of 1922. This commission was composed of five members from each state and was headed by James J. Storrow of Massachusetts. The New Hampshire members were: Lester F. Thurber, chairman; Benjamin W. Couch, Clarence E. Carr, Arthur H. Hale, and Professor James P. Richardson. The scope and thoroughness of the Commission's investigations cannot readily be grasped by one unacquainted with the technicalities of the subject and the manner in which a study of railroads involves, before it is completed, an industrial survey of the business of the district. For ten months the committee has been at work; and at the end of that time made its contribution to the solution of the railroad problem of New England in a 300 page report copiously illustrated with maps and diagrams.

And the gist of that report is "New England should be allowed to run its own railroads." The Commission sums up the matter as follows:

"The Committee is satisfied that such a compact railroad system as that represented in the proposed New England consolidation would involve a minimum of the evils, and, with conditions as they are in New England, would produce a maximum of the benefits possible to result from consolidation under the provisions of the Transportation Act of 1920.

"But the Committee believes that such consolidation is neither advisable not equitably possible until each of the two major New England systems shall first have been rehabilitated and shall have shown the financial and operating results it is capable of producing under normal conditions and with restored credit."

"New England would like to wear its own breeches," says the report: "We submit that it should be allowed to do so, unless a clear case can be made out why one leg should be handed over to the Pennsylvania road or the Baltimore and Ohio, and the other to the New York Central." "It is in the interest of every one in New England, whether a shipper, a traveler or a security holder in one of these roads, that we should get together and set our two major systems in order at once."

One very significant sentence reads:

"If New England industries are ever forced

into a position where they chiefly depend on standard trunk line rates, they are bound to suffer, but if New England can hold its own knife and fork and feed herself to a balanced ration of standard rates, differential rates and water rates, we see no reason why we should not maintain full bodily vigor and continue to meet changing conditions by new adjustments of our industries and enterprises."

The arguments which have already been touched upon in Professor Ripley's statement are all set forth at length in the report. The preservation of existing gateways; the insuring of continuation of competition in through traffic into and out of New England; the continuance of favorable differential rates via of the Canadian roads; the avoidance of absentee-landlordism—all these would be better served by the New England system. The report lays special stress, too, on the possibilities of port development. According to the findings of the commission, by using water transportation New England can lay down shoes, automobile tires, pianos and cotton piece goods on the Pacific coast at a lower rate than Chicago can by rail. That is good news to a territory dependent on its manufacturing and inclined of late to pessimism about it. New England should certainly pause before making any arrangement which would probably turn her face from the sea. As an appendage to the trunk lines, New England roads are handicapped by distance from her markets and her sources of supply. As a compact unit, having the added advantage of easy access to water routes and to Canadian lines, these same roads have an enviable position for bargaining with the trunk lines.

But the Joint New England Commission realized that the crux of the argument lies in the financial phases of the matter; that the opponents of the New England plan willingly admit most of the foregoing arguments and bob up smilingly with the statement—"All very fine in theory, but it can't be done. Combining four weak roads will never make a strong one." They are hard headed business men, these opponents. The Commission's report, therefore, presents, with its recommendation that New England run its own roads, a plan for so rehabilitating these roads that they can be made to bring in a reasonable return to their stockholders and provide adequate service to the public. The plan involves aid from the federal government in the shape of reduced interest rates on loans; aid from the bond-holders through the extension of the date of maturity on certain bonds falling due before 1935; and aid from the respective states by a remission of taxes, to be made if the earnings of the roads fall below a certain point in a given year. In exchange for the aid from the states, the commission proposes to give the state predominance in railroad control, by providing for a trusteeship of ten years during which time the affairs of the roads shall be under the control of representatives of the six New England States, appointed by the several Governors.

It is of course this part of the Commission's report which is drawing most fire just at present. The trusteeship is assailed at once as savoring of state socialism, and the other provisions are also being received with a storm of criticism. The *Manchester Union* is shocked by the whole idea:

"This newspaper is unreservedly opposed to those recommendations of the committee dealing with rehabilitation which involve remission of taxes by states, counties and towns where interest on fixed charges is not earned, the guarantee of interest on new securities by the respective states, and the substitution of state-controlled for privately controlled management. All this carries the strong, and to us utterly distasteful, flavor of state socialism, and is damned by the sorry results of every other essay into that field made in the past."

but this is by no means the only point of view expressed. In fact it is worthy of note that the New Hampshire committee, while not wholly assenting to the Commission's report, did not base their dissent on the re-

habilitation plans. In fact their statement reads:

"We believe that the two major New England railroads can obtain substantial rehabilitation by the plan described in the report, but we believe that, if consolidation must then follow, they should be with the trunk lines."

And there are many New Hampshire business men, harassed by freight delays and ineffective service, who will echo the sentiment of a very prominent Boston business man who says:

"If it is wise for Massachusetts to expend $25,000,000 per year on the highways, which autos and trucks use with inadequate returns to the state, why is it unreasonable for the state to extend credit to the railroads, which every one admits are absolutely essential to the industrial prosperity of the community?"

This, then, is the situation: The Storrow commission has made its report, and out of the report and the discussion created by it will come eventually a consolidation plan. What will happen, then? As matters stand now it is up to the railroads; they may or may not accept the plan offered. It is probable, however, that before the plan is formulated Congress will have "put teeth into the transportation act" by making adoption of the Interstate Commerce Commission's final plan compulsory. The President of the United States favors such action. In his Kansas City speech he said in this connection:

"It is being seriously proposed that the next step be to further amplify the provisions for consolidation so as to stimulate the consummation. It is my expectation that legislation to this end will be brought before Congress at the next session. Through its adoption we should take the longest step which is now feasible on the way to a solution of our difficult problems of railroad transportation.

One word more. New Hampshire's railroad experiences have not always been pleasant. It is perhaps only human nature that the much-abused public should adopt a "burned child" attitude of suspicious dissent from any plan for railroad consolidation which may cost anything. And yet, when Mr. Hobart Pillsbury writes in the Boston Herald:

"The Storrow report did not arouse any excitement in New Hampshire.....General public opinion favors sitting tight for a while. Schemes for consolidation are not favored, nor is the plan to have the state lend its credit to rehabilitate,"

one cannot believe that he voices the best and most enlightened opinion of the state. One's thoughts go to the closing words of the committe's report:

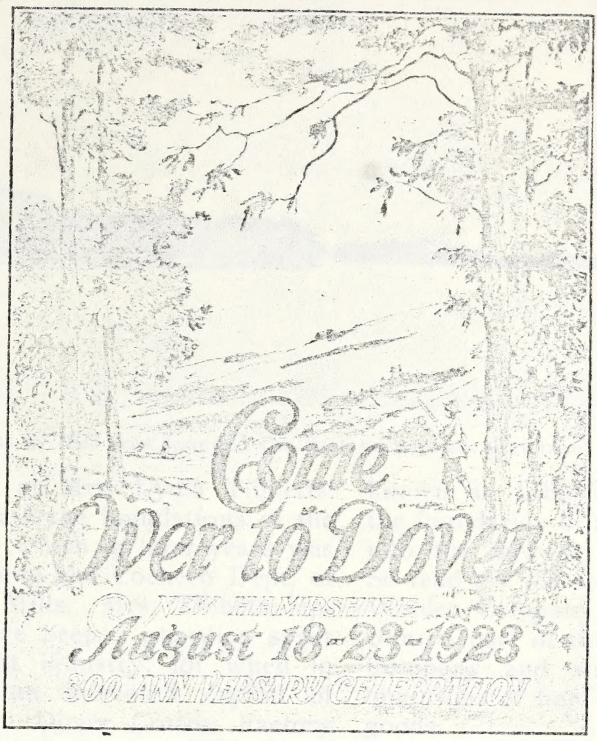
"At least we hope what we have done will spur New England on to save herself, and will prevent her from sitting quiescently on her doorstep waiting for chance aid from the outside."

According to Mr. Pillsbury, New Hampshire's attitude is well described in those words. If he is right in his statements, then those critics who accuse New Hampshire of fatalistic inertia, are also right.

The Storrow Commission has put the discussion of the New England Railroad problem on a very high plane. "Rehabilitation through cooperation" is the keynote of all their recommendations. Common sacrifice for the common good is the principle back of the plan which they have formulated. On such fundamentals however widely we may differ on the details of reconstruction, we can all agree. Here is the common ground on which we may meet and come to a final solution of our problem. It is essential that this be kept firmly in mind through all discussions of the problem. New England must solve her railroad problem or she faces industrial death. Indifference, selfishness, "knocking"—these can never result in a constructive policy. But, if, following the lead of the Storrow Commission, the energies and resources of the New England public are bent toward the discovering of the solution which will bring the greatest good to the greatest number —the problem is as good as solved already.

"New England has shown courage and resourcefulness in the past. We believe New England is ready to do so again."

This is the challenge of the Storrow Commission.



An Invitation to a Birthday Party: Dover's Tercentenary Poster.

HOW DOVER GREW

The Development of her Factories

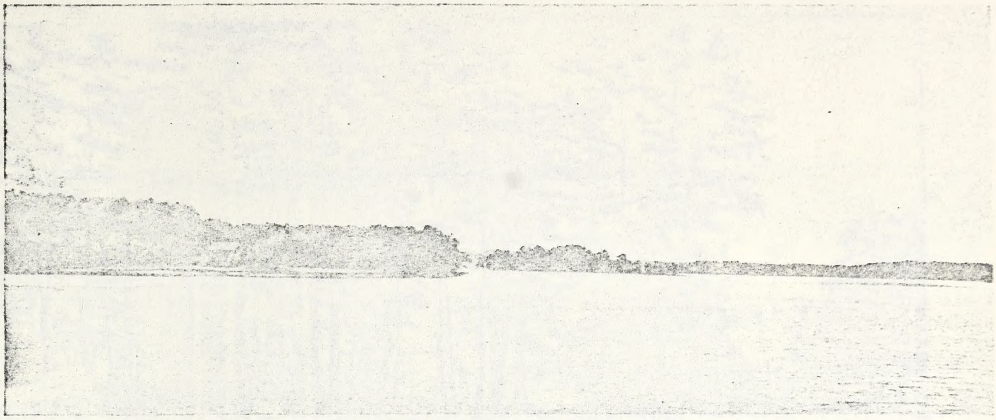
"THE commerce of Dover consists chiefly of lumber. The material is daily diminishing, and in a short time will probably fail. Whether a substitute can be found by the inhabitants, I am ignorant." Thus, with a trace of pessimism as to the future progress of the town, Dr. Dwight presents his analysis of Dover in 1796,—a town which has prospered but whose prosperity, if one may judge from plainly written signs, is a thing of the past.

It is quite evident that the Reverend gentleman had never examined the town records to find a significant item under the date of 1643: "George Webb was presented by the Court 'for living idle like a swine.'" Such intolerance of idleness is a guarantee of enterprise whether or not the forests become exhausted. And indeed, the Doctor had scarcely turned his back upon the town when portentous events began to transpire.

In 1798, a young man by name Jeremiah Stickney began a new enterprise in Dover, the manufacture of cotton and woolen hand cards. Until the manufacture of cards by machinery superseded the old process of setting in the teeth by hand, he kept his little factory running, largely through the employment of children. He gave up his business in 1822, but lived to see the cotton and woolen business in Dover, to which his mill contributed, reach surprising proportions.

The cotton industry started first. In 1813, with a capital of $50,000 the "Dover Cotton Factory" was incorporated. At five o'clock on January 19 in that year the proprietors of the





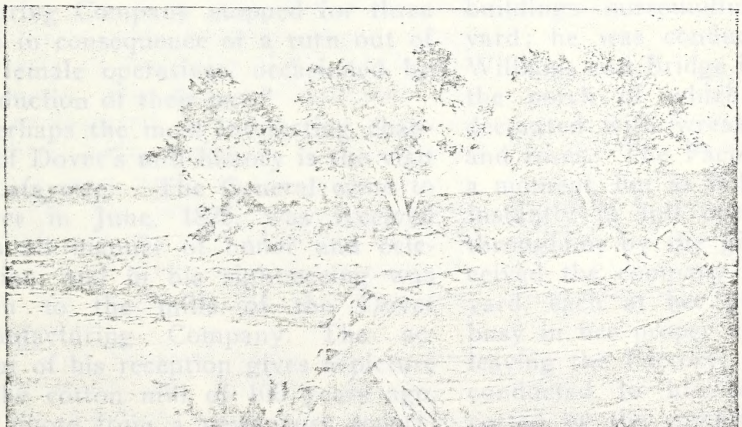
On this spot in 1623 was founded the first permanent settlement in New Hampshire.

factory met at Mrs. Lydia Tibbetts' house and laid the foundations of the organization which in later years was to develop into the Cocheco Dept. of the Pacific Mills. Mrs. Tibbetts appears to have been a guardian spirit of the infant industry, for when in 1821, with an increased capital of $500,000, the Dover Cotton Factory laid the foundation stone of Mill No. 2 at the Lower Falls, it is recorded that "the brethren afterwards partook of a collation at the house of Mrs. Tibbetts, and spent the evening in characteristic harmony."

It was ten years before the woolen business began. In 1824, "Mr. Alfred I. Sawyer commenced the business of cloth dressing at the place formerly known as Libby's mills, which was the foundation of and has since grown into the Sawyer Woolen Company." So read the old records. The Sawyer Woolen Company in its turn has become a part of the American Woolen Company and still turns out large quantities of fine woolen and worsted goods.

In 1823 the Dover Cotton Factory changed its name to Dover Manufacturing Company, once more increased its capital to $1,000,000 and built Mill No. 3. Five years later, in a time of business depression, the business changed both name and management, becoming the Cocheco Company.

That this business prospered is evidenced by a note from a Boston paper of 1829: "the last weekly Dover Packet from New Hampshire, brought nearly as many cotton and woolen goods to this market as were brought by the packet ship Dover, and more than were brought by the packet New England from Liverpool. Cotton goods which were



Two warlike Dover citizens met at this point to fight a duel, thought better of the idea and went home without drawing their swords, but the place is called Bloody Point.



This spot will figure largely in Dover's celebration. It is Guppey Park and on August 22 a great Community Picnic will take place here.

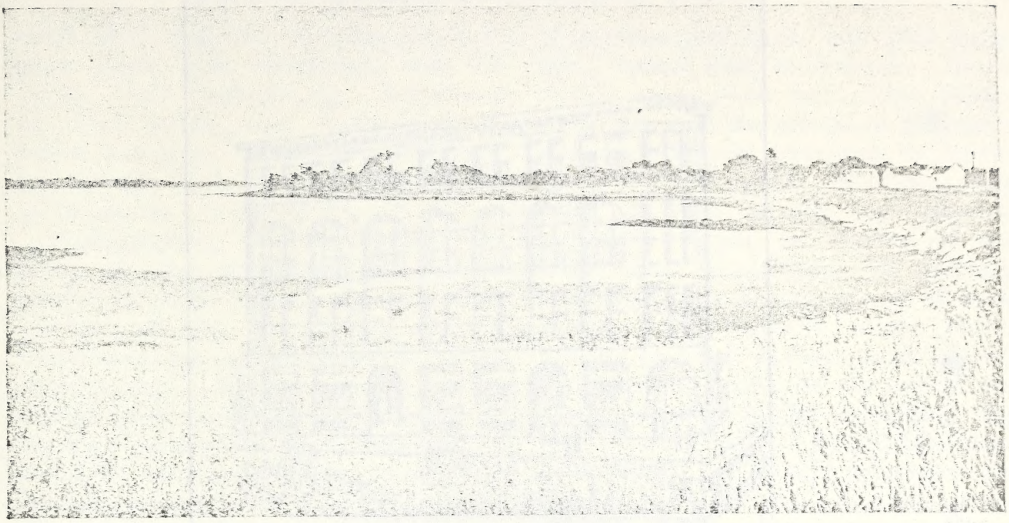
once purchased in England for 38 cents, and thought remarkably cheap, were not better cottons than can now be purchased here at 20 cents."

That the business was not without the troubles and vexations which modern mills are heir to is indicated by a brief note in the town records of 1834: "March 4.—Mills of Cocheo Manufacturing Company stopped for three days in consequence of a turn out of the female operatives, occasioned by a reduction of their pay."

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of Dover's mill history is the visit of Lafayette. The General came to Dover in June, 1825, was received with all manner of honor and celebration, and in his sight-seeing was taken to the mills of the Dover Manufacturing Company. The account of his reception gives a picture of the cotton mill of 100 years ago. We quote from a newspaper report:

"On arriving opposite the Cotton Factories the carriages were halted, the Great Gate of the Factory yard was thrown open, discovering a double line of females employed in the Factory, to the number of nearly 200, tastefully and handsomely dressed in white with blue sashes. The General, on entering the Factory yard, was repeatedly cheered with the huzzas of hundreds from the tops of the buildings surrounding the Factory yard; he was conducted by Messrs. Williams and Bridge into the Factory, the porch of which was tastefully decorated with wreaths of evergreen and roses. The Factory was still for a moment, but as if by magic it was instantly in full operation, attended throughout by the girls who had received the company on entering the yard, each at her proper place and busy in her proper employment. On leaving the Factory, the General was conducted to his carriage and escorted by the committee of arrangements and marshalls of Dover to the line of the state of Maine."





Pomeroy's Cove, where the early settlers landed.

The account goes on to tell of the appreciativeness of the distinguished visitor. Evidently the tastefulness of attire and decorations made its impression on the General. He declared that the mills were "much more perfect than any he had witnessed" and that the quality of goods was "far superior to any he had seen in the country."

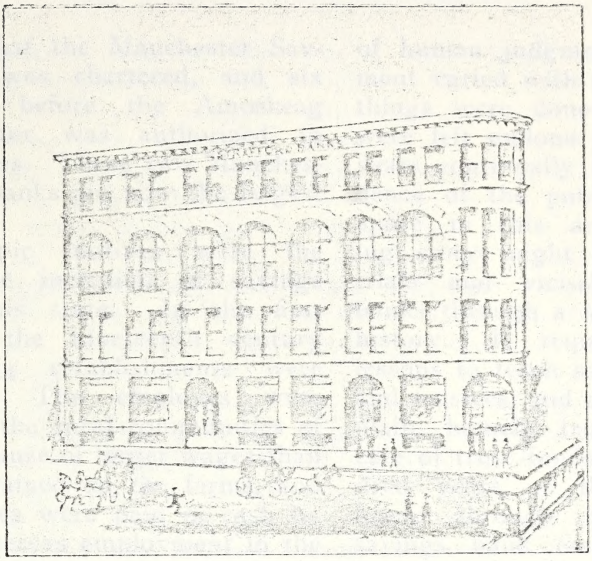
And the account closes with a paragraph which, though having little bearing on Lafayette and his visit, is nevertheless interesting as a bit of Dover mill history:

"It was a subject of regret that he could not have examined more particularly the machine shop, where nearly all the parts of the whole machinery for the establishment are manufactured from the raw material, where some valuable improvements have been made in the mode of preparing the important parts of the machinery, as well as highly valuable alterations made upon those generally in use in the larger manufacturing concerns."

Three hundred years ago, a tiny settlement of English merchants. Two hundred years ago, a village struggling in the midst of Indian wars, in days of such danger that schools had to be closed for fear of Indian raids, yet a village going pluckily forward in enterprises of bridge building and the laying out of roads. One hundred years ago, a town standing at the very beginning of a business enterprise which was to change its whole life and character. Today, one of the most important manufacturing towns in New Hampshire. That is Dover. And her celebration of her three hundredth birthday brings from all parts of New Hampshire and from the world outside the hearty congratulations one gives for work well done.

NOTE

It is with great pleasure that we add this month to our editorial board, announced in the July issue, the name of Raymond B. Stevens of Landaff. Mr. Stevens is a prominent figure in public life, a member of the national House of Representatives not many years ago, a member of the New Hampshire Legislature at the last session, and a man whose name figures largely in conjectures and prophecies of the coming campaign.



One hundred years old:
The Strafford Savings Bank of Dover.

THE SAVINGS BANK CENTENNIAL

The One Hundredth Birthday of Two New Hampshire Banks

By James O. Lyford

THIS year is the Centennial of New Hampshire Savings Banks. The legislature of 1823 granted two savings bank charters, one for the Portsmouth Savings Bank, at Portsmouth, and the other for the Strafford Savings Bank, at Dover. This was seven years after the first savings bank was chartered in this country. Four years earlier, in 1819, an attempt was made by the citizens of Portsmouth to obtain a charter. A bill was introduced in the house and passed that body, but it was defeated in the senate. There is nothing in the records of the legislature or in the newspapers of that year that shows why the bill failed to receive the approval of the senate; but in 1823, when the charter for the Portsmouth Savings Bank was passing through its various stages in the house, a leading member remarked that as the principles of the bill were new and required some consideration he would move that it be referred to the judiciary committee. That committee promptly made a favorable report. It was probably conservatism in dealing with a novel proposition that postponed for four years the starting of savings banks in New Hampshire. The charter for the Portsmouth Savings Bank was signed by the governor June 26, 1823, and that for the Strafford Savings Bank, July 1, 1823. The Portsmouth Savings Bank received its first deposit August 20, 1823, and the Strafford Savings Bank, February 28, 1824. These savings banks have had an uninterrupted existence ever since they opened their doors.

From 1823 to 1838 six additional savings banks were chartered, only two of which are now in operation,—the New Hampshire Savings Bank at Concord, which opened in 1830, and the Laconia Savings Bank at Laconia, which began business in 1831. The third savings bank chartered failed in 1841, and for a few years the legislature refused to grant applications for charters. It was not



until 1846 that the Manchester Savings Bank was chartered, and six years later before the Amoskeag of Manchester was authorized to begin business. These two Manchester savings banks are now the largest in the state.

Philanthropic motives were the basis of the inception of savings banks in this state. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century manufacturing establishments were multiplying. The employes were drawn from the rural communities of the state because of larger wages than could be obtained on the farms, and because wages were paid in cash by the mills, whereas employment in the rural communities was largely a matter of barter, or payment in the products of the farm. There were periods of adversity in manufacturing which threw the mill operatives out of employment. Improvidence in spending during the prosperity of the mills brought as a sequel suffering to the operatives in times of industrial depression. This is set forth in the petition for the charter of the Strafford Savings Bank, in which it was alleged that nearly one-fifth of the population of Dover and the surrounding manufacturing towns were likely to become public charges. The establishment of savings banks was the means used to teach the people habits of thrift and to make them independent when adversity came. Well have they served the purpose of their creation.

The savings bank was an institution of slow growth for many years. It had to win the confidence of the people. There was no experience elsewhere for its officers to draw upon. The fundamental principle of the savings bank was that it should be a safe depository for the savings of the wage earner, and that the savings should be so invested that there would be no loss of deposits and a reasonable interest gain. What are safe investments is always a question of human judgment, and this judgment varied with individuals. Many things were done and other things were left undone which in the early years continually impaired the confidence of the public. If there were space in this article, an interesting story might be written of the trials and vicissitudes of savings banks through a long period of their history. It required many object lessons to teach savings bank officers and trustees, and even the public, the plain, homely truths regarding the care of trust funds. In the first hundred years of their existence the losses through the dishonesty of savings bank employes were comparatively small, and the instances infrequent; but mistakes were made which were incident to experimenting in an untried field. Yet the fact that the first two savings banks have stood the test for a century, that two others are approaching one hundred years of uninterrupted existence, and that over half of the whole number have an age exceeding fifty years, speaks well for the integrity and business sagacity of a large majority of savings bank officials.

For the first half century of their existence the management of savings banks was almost wholly philanthropic. The treasurer was the only paid official; and the trustees, who served without pay, were generally parsimonious in the compensation they allowed him. The treasurer was not only responsible for the funds of the institution, but in numerous cases in the early years he supplied the bank with quarters at his home or place of business. As late as my first service as bank commissioner, beginning in 1887, there were several savings banks that were adjuncts to country stores, and in two cases were located in the houses in which the treasurers resided. The store safe, possibly fire proof but not burglar proof, was the only security vault for the books and assets of the bank.

Such bank treasurers received for their services and responsibility and the quarters they furnished a munificent stipend running from one hundred to three hundred dollars a year.

The trustees were usually successful business men whose names gave the bank credit in the community. Very few of them gave much attention to the affairs of the bank they were chosen to supervise. If the treasurer were an enterprising man, he very soon dictated the policy of the bank. The responsibility that goes with an election as trustee or director of a bank was not brought home to these officials until near the close of the nineteenth century. It was comparatively late in their history before the legislature awoke to the importance of savings banks and the marvelous growth of their deposits. It required the panic of 1893, with its numerous closing of savings banks to arouse the law makers to the necessity for legislation regulating their management and prescribing their investments. Prior to that time, little savings bank legislation was enacted except to provide severe penalties for acts of dishonesty by bank officials.

There were commercial banks, or banks of discount, in this state long before savings banks were started. As early as 1814 these banks were required to make returns of their condition to the Governor and Council, who submitted these reports to the legislature. A few years later a committee of the legislature was required to visit the banks and examine them. In 1837 the first act creating the office of bank commissioner was passed and approved by Governor Isaac Hill. The bank commissioners were not required to examine savings banks until 1841. This was the year when the first savings bank failed. There were then eight savings banks in the state, but their aggregate deposits were less than one million dollars. Yet a million dollars in the early forties was a very large sum of money.

Three bank commissioners were provided for by the act of 1837, with terms of one year. This abbreviated term of service continued until 1881, when the number of commissioners was reduced to two and their appointments were made for two years. Until 1881 the commissioners were paid for their examinations by the banks, at the rate at first of two dollars per day and ten cents a mile for travel. Subsequently the per diem was increased to three dollars, and in 1885 to five dollars. Salaries were first established in 1889. There was little continuity of service of the bank commissioners until after 1889. Several served but one year, a number had but two years' service or the one re-appointment that came from the governor who originally selected them, a limited few three years, and only one reached five years of service during the first fifty years of the existence of the bank commission. Some resigned after a year or two of service, and three men declined the appointment. The subsequent career of some of the bank commissioners is evidence, however, that the governor and council endeavored to select men of ability.

Jonathan Harvey, of Sutton, one of the first appointees to this position, was afterwards a congressman from New Hampshire for three terms. Amos Tuck of Exeter, one of the pioneers in the promotion of the Free Soil and the Republican parties, was in congress from 1847 to 1853, and afterwards Naval Officer of Customs at Boston. Titus Brown of Francestown, represented the state in Congress two terms. John S. Wells, John G. Sinclair, and Henry O. Kent, were candidates of the Democratic party for governor in later years; and a number of others were subsequently active and prominent in state affairs.

That these commissioners for the first half century of the bank com-

mission did not accomplish more was not their fault. Successive legislatures were indifferent to their recommendations. They were improperly paid by requiring them to collect for their services from the banks they examined; and their compensation was inadequate for the service rendered. When I first came to the commission, in 1887, it was fifty years after the bank commission was created. During all that time the commission never had an office in the state house or elsewhere, nor was provision made for one until 1885. There was not a scrap of paper on file anywhere to show what the commissioners had done during that period outside of the published reports; and the bank commission had not even a set of these reports. The examination papers of the commissioners had been regarded as the personal property of the commissioners, and were either lost or destroyed. Yet there were 66 savings banks at that time, with aggregate deposits of $50,000,000. My first work after my appointment was to hire and furnish an office and secure a hand-press with which to copy letters. For four years I was my own amanuensis, wrote in long-hand all letters of the commissioners and copied them by the use of this press. Then for two years the commissioners paid the salary of a stenographer before one was provided by the state.

At the time of my first appointment in 1887, officers of savings banks looked upon the bank commissioners as a necessary evil to be patiently endured during the time that they were making examinations. Nor is this strange when it is considered that the commissioners were practically without authority, except to close a bank that could not meet its obligations. Having little continuity of service, they could establish no policy in their examinations. Investments were practically unrestricted. There was no law to regulate the management of savings banks. Bank officials looked askance at the suggestions of the commissioners, and their recommendations to the legislature were unheeded.

In 1889 a bank commission of three members, appointed so that the term of only one member expired during a given state administration, was created. From this time dates the effective work of this commission. The legislature began to give heed to their recommendations. Bank officials saw the value of their co-operation and soon welcomed their examinations. The public realized that the savings institutions of the state are New Hampshire's greatest asset, and that their supervision exceeded in importance that of any other state activity. Since 1915, the savings institutions of the state have had an association, meeting semi-annually for the consideration and discussion of subjects pertaining to the management and investments of these institutions. It is an open forum to which the bank commissioners and experts from other states are invited. Trustees and directors of the savings institutions now comprehend the responsibility resting upon them, and in the main have personal knowledge of the work of the treasurer and his subordinates. All this change in the relations of the commissioners with bank officials and with the legislature is not solely the work of the commission. It has been promoted by the progressive bankers of the state, who came to realize that any weakness of one savings bank was a peril to others; and that in so large an industry there must be legislation and supervision to regulate the management and the investments of these institutions.

To the close of the Civil War, the savings deposits were not a large factor in the interests of the state. In

1865, there were 29 savings banks, with 42,572 depositors out of a state population of 326,000 and not quite $8,000,000 deposits. This represented 42 years of growth. At the end of the next decade there were 68 savings banks, 96,938 depositors, and $30,000,000 deposits. Adding another ten years and we find the same number of banks, with 121,216 depositors, and $43,000,000 deposits. The next eight years were years of continued growth, the number of savings institutions having increased to 83, the number of depositors to 184,210, and the volume of deposits to nearly $78,000,000. Then occurred the panic of 1893. It was especially disastrous to New Hampshire savings banks, due to the fact that the banks were without restrictions as to their investments and management until two years later. The next six years were years of recovery, and the deposits dropped to less than $62,000,000, and this amount included the deposits of several banks in liquidation.

Then the tide turned as confidence was restored; and with the exception of one year during the world war, every year has shown an increase of deposits. From 1900 to the present year the deposits have grown from $62,000,000 to $162,000,000. This in a period of 23 years, which is in the recollection of the greater part of the people now living, is phenomenal. The depositors in our savings institutions include more than half the population of the state. If the total deposits were divided among the inhabitants of the state, each man, woman and child would receive $350. A few comparisons will emphasize this growth.

This volume of deposits is more than three times the taxable value of the railroads of the state, more than twice the value of all its manufacturing plants, half the value of all the lands and buildings of the state, and one-forth of the value of all the property of New Hampshire as assessed for taxation.

These deposits are for the most part the accumulations of wage earners, clerks, farmers and people of small income, the average deposit being about $500.

Such, in brief, is the story of the savings institutions of New Hampshire and their growth in one hundred years. For the last twenty years no savings bank of the state has failed. In fact, only one savings institution has suspended payments for thirty years that was not primarily involved in the panic of 1893; and this institution in liquidation paid its depositors one hundred cents on the dollar. No other state has so clean a record. Perhaps nothing has contributed so much to this situation as the co-operation of bank officials with the bank commissioners, a co-operation that has been constantly growing more sympathetic and cordial for thirty years. Another factor which has been contributory to the success of all has been the absence for the most part of unfriendly rivalry of savings banks covering the same field of depositors. With very few exceptions the savings banks of the state have united for two years in joint advertising of the benefits derived from their use by the people. In the two instances that have occurred in the last two decades of unfounded alarm of savings bank depositors of any one institution, neighboring banks have come promptly to the rescue by taking over securities of the imperilled bank and furnishing it with cash. With such a spirit prevailing among the officers of the savings institutions, and between them and the officials who are supervising them, there is much to be expected of their future usefulness to their depositors and to the business welfare of the state.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

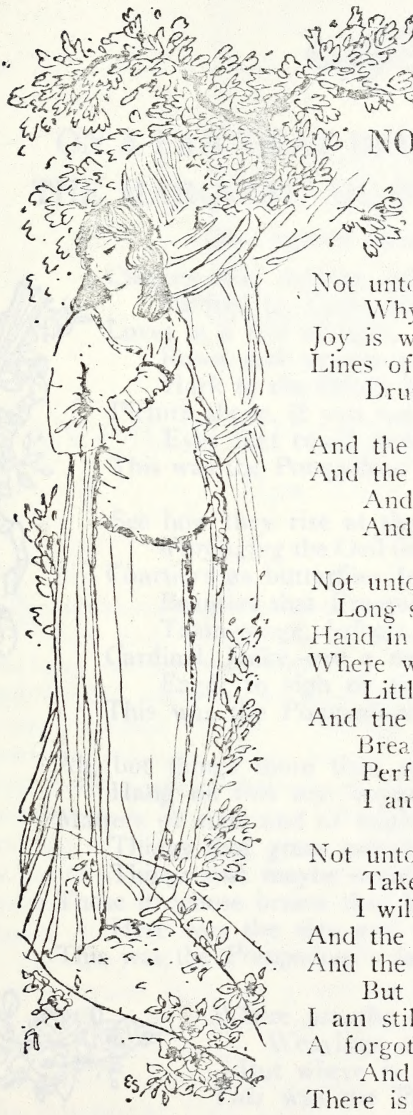
Compiled by Arthur Johnson
Illustrated by Elizabeth Shurtleff

LIGHT

By Francis W. Bourdillon

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its love is done.



NOT UNTO THE FOREST

By Margaret Widdemer

(Remembrance)

Not unto the forest—not unto the forest, O my lover!
Why do you lead me to the forest?
Joy is where the temples are
Lines of dancers swinging far
Drums and lyres and viols in the town
(It is dark in the forest)
And the flapping leaves will blind me
And the clinging vines will bind me
And the thorny rose-boughs tear my saffron gown—
And I fear the forest.

Not unto the forest—not unto the forest, O my lover!
Long since one led me to the forest . . . .
Hand in hand we wandered mute
Where was neither lyre nor flute
Little stars were bright above the dusk
And the thickets of wild rose
Breathed across our lips locked close
Perfumings of spikenard and musk . . . .
I am tired of the forest.

Not unto the forest—not unto the forest, O my lover!
Take me from the silence of the forest!
I will love you by the light
And the beat of drums at night
And the echoing of laughter in my ears,
But here in the forest
I am still, remembering
A forgotten, useless thing,
And my eyelids are locked down for fear of tears . .
There is memory in the forest.

PANDORA'S SONG

By William Vaughn Moody

Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear,
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.

From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow,
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the gray, disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying!

ON A FAN THAT BELONGED TO THE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR

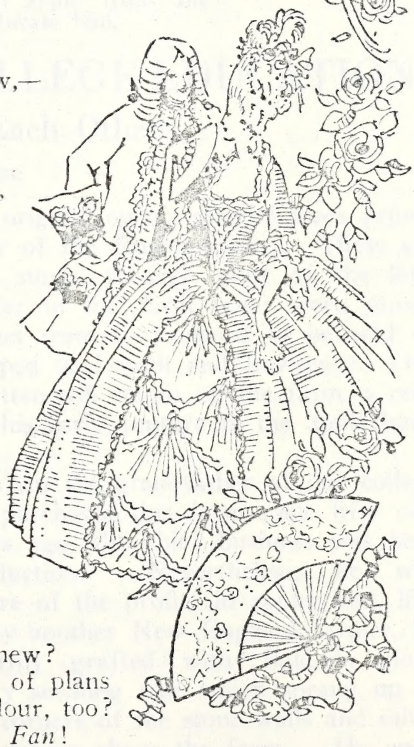
By Austin Dobson



Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue;
Hark to the dainty frou-frou!
Picture above, if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight,
Thronging the Œil de Boeuf thru,
Courtiers as butterflies bright,
Beauties that Fragonard drew,
Talon-rouge, balbala, queue,
Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,
Eager to sigh or to sue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah, but things more than polite
Hang on this toy, voyez-vous!
Matters of state and of might,
Things that great ministers do;
Things that maybe overthrew
Those in whose brains they began;
Here was the sign and the cue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!



Envoy

Where are the secrets it knew?
Weavings of plots and of plans
—But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's *Fan*!





The small boy picks the first apple from the orchard which is to educate him.

AN ORCHARD AND A COLLEGE EDUCATION

How They Helped Each Other

By G. F. Potter

A few weeks ago in the College Gymnasium in Durham, 140 young men and women passed over the platform before their admiring parents and friends and received their diplomas from President Hetzel. Among these graduates was one whose college course was made possible through an unusual endowment by his parents. The college training of this young man is dedicated to the development of New Hampshire's resources and the story is so interesting that I think it is worth telling.

The story of how this man came to college traces back to a hill farm in West Hopkinton, settled more than 150 years ago, and one of the first farms in that section of New Hampshire to enter the commercial fruit industry. There the original owner planted trees principally of the Russet variety. These apples stored through most of the long winter in the farm cellar were drawn by ox team to Concord to be sold or shipped to Lowell and Lawrence. One old tree still stands on the farm, a relic of this early venture in the apple business.

When the grandfather of our college lad purchased this farm some fifty odd years ago, the chief business was beef production. Nevertheless, he was aware of the profits in apples and, like many another New England farmer, he thriftily grafted with Baldwin cions every seedling tree which sprang up in the corners of the stone walls and other odd places about the farm. He went



farther than this and farther than most of his neighbors, in that he made a practice of fertilizing some piece of ground heavily to make it into a productive garden and then planting fruit trees in the garden. As the trees grew and required all the space, the process was repeated on another piece of ground. Thus when the farm passed into the hands of his son, and his son in turn looked down upon a one-year-old baby boy, there were possibly two hundred trees on the farm in fence corners and in little lots where the gardens had been. It was with the resolve that this newest son might go to college if he chose that Levi French set one hundred and fifty apple trees on a piece of what might be called worn out pasture land. They were of the Baldwin variety. When with his father Levi French had engaged in the business of buying fruit,—often purchasing a neighbor's crop on the tree, picking and packing it and sending it to market,—the best fruit and the greatest profits had always come from orchards in which the Baldwin predominated. Hence when he came to make a planting for his boy, the trees were all of this variety upon which he could count for high class fruit.

It may be said with literal accuracy that the boy and the trees grew up together and that each helped the other to develop. There were times when the sod around the trunks had to be dug away with a large old-fashioned grub hoe, and "Al" remembers still how heavy that tool could get at the end of a day. He remembers, too, how sacks were placed around some of the trees which were backward in order to hold moisture and keep down the grass around the trunks, and how as he cultivated those trees the teeth of the cultivator sometimes stuck in the burlap with disastrous results.

The orchard was started in the days when there were relatively few orchard pests, and spraying was practically an unknown art. But before the project had gone very far, it was threatened by an attack of plant lice. A journey was made to a distant neighbor from whom a formula could be obtained for the old-fashioned kerosene emulsion. Before the days of commercial tobacco extracts, this material was the standard control for sucking insects. Carefully mixed according to the formula and applied with a cattle sprayer, it did the work and the trees were freed of their pests. The business of spraying could not long be conducted upon this scale, however, and it was not long before father and son found themselves in attendance at a demonstration at the village of Hopkinton where one of the professors from the college at Durham was teaching the use of spraying machinery. At first the demonstration did not bid fair to be a success. The man on the pump handle struggled violently while the college man holding the nozzle constantly exhorted him to give "more pressure." The long whiskered pessimist on the edge of the crowd grumbled that this was what you would expect from a college "perfesser" but on investigation it was found that a part of the pump had been lost in shipment. After a hurried visit to the nearest plumber, a new valve was improvised and soon the mist like spray was covering the trees in the proper way. The apple worm, or codling moth, was then the most important pest, and the sprays applied consisted principally of poisons such as lead arsenate. The demonstration proved successful; for a considerable amount of spraying with this material was done in the vicinity that year. The following season Mr. French and one of his neighbors purchased a similar barrel pump, which was used to keep the apples in the new orchard clean until replaced by a power sprayer.

While the orchard and "Al" French grew together, progress on the college career was going forward at the same time. Some of my friends tell me of meeting a small boy with a dinner pail almost as large as himself, trudging down from the hills to school. In due season he passed to the Hopkinton High



Grafted trees in the corners of the stone walls at the French farm.

School at Contoocook, journeying there by train, getting home on some winter nights when the snow was deep, as late as midnight, but always keeping the goal of college in sight.

In 1917, on the occasion of a football game between New Hampshire State and the boys from the Massachusetts Agricultural College, "Al" came down with a number of his schoolmates and caught his first glimpse of the institution. In 1919 he came to stay.

The orchard too was ready to do its share. The fruit which had previously sold to local buyers was now marketed to better advantage, sometimes on the foreign markets and sometimes on the late winter market of Boston after cold storage for a considerable period. It was good fruit, as the returns from the commission firms of Liverpool and Boston attest. The checks which came back were sufficient to accomplish the object for which the trees were set. Funds from other sources were necessary, it is true,—for instance the proceeds from college news items written up for the newspapers of the state,—but in the main it has been the orchard that has borne the burden.

In college his record is one which few students will surpass. Alfred French was elected to the agricultural honorary fraternity for scholastic merit at the first election after he had been long enough in college to meet the standards of the organization. When the fraternity of Phi Kappa Phi was organized to admit from the entire institution a dozen or fourteen of the most talented students, Alfred French's name again was in the first list of initiates from his class.

Now the college course is over and the work for which it has been a preparation has commenced. To a man with a record of this sort more than one opportunity is sure to present itself. A few weeks ago there came to my desk a request from a great university of the far west calling for talented students to take up positions as assistants while continuing their college training with a view to entering the professional field in agriculture. There were not many whom I could recommend for work of this type but "Al" French was one and I called



"Al" French and his father in the orchard which provided his education.

him in. During his junior year he had made an analysis of the net returns on the farm. It had revealed an income which a young man in professional work could hardly hope to equal. I think, too, that the task of bringing a productive and paying industry to New Hampshire's hills seems worth while to him. At any rate there was scarcely a moment's hesitation before he answered: "I guess that the job of raising apples in New Hampshire is good enough for me." Thus, when the ceremonies of Commencement were over, "Al" French turned home to take back the best that science can give him for the care of the four or five hundred trees now on the old home farm. We expect that before long more promising orchard land in his neighborhood will be planted to trees. We may be glad that the opportunity which New Hampshire presents in this industry is one which will attract educated and trained young men of more than usual ability.

Program for Portsmouth's 300th Anniversary

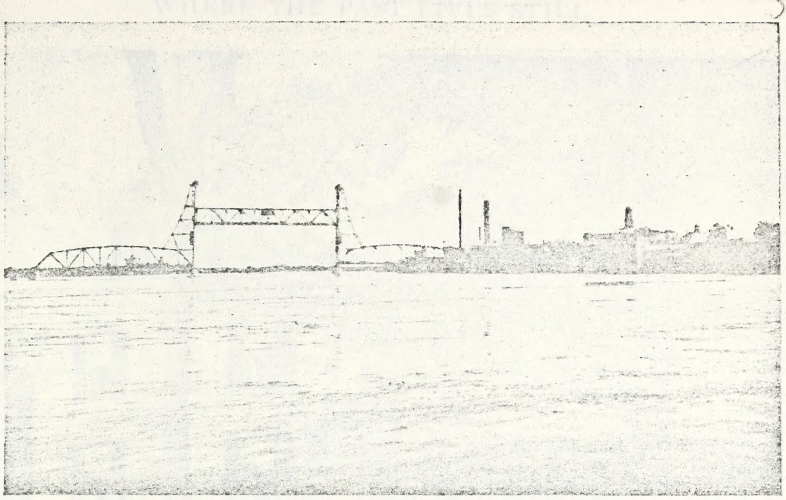
Sunday, August 19—*Morning*: Appropriate services in all churches; *Afternoon*: Sacred Concert at The Pines; *Evening*: Historical Address at the Portsmouth Theater.

Monday, August 20—*Morning*: Historical address and band concert at the playgrounds; *Afternoon*: Grand Tercentenary Parade; *Evening*: Military Band Concert at the Pines. Grand illumination of The Pines for first time. Fireworks display at Pines showing episodes of state's history.

Tuesday, August 21—*Morning and Afternoon*: Baseball, Marathon races, golf and river races, band concerts; *Evening*: Grand opening of the pageant at The Pines.

Wednesday, August 22—*Morning*: Drill and dress parade by United States Marines at the playgrounds. Music by massed bands. *Afternoon*: Afternoon performance of the pageant; *Evening*: Second evening performance of the pageant.

Thursday, August 23—*Morning*: Final morning band concert; *Afternoon*: Dedication of Memorial Bridge; *Evening*: Final appearance of pageant with grand finale features. Finale fireworks display.



Portsmouth's New Memorial Bridge: a modern note in a city of the past.

WHERE THE PAST LIVES STILL

A Town of Memories

EVERY New England town has historic landmarks. One comes upon them usually in the heart of a brand new district sitting aloof from the life about them with the air of an old grandmother placidly watching the young life of the household in which she is a loved but inactive member.

But Portsmouth is not like that. In the long elm-shaded streets the spirit of the past walks with familiar tread; it is the present which intrudes upon the attention as something not quite in keeping with the whole. It is the new Memorial Bridge which is an anachronism, not the old packing-box houses with their beautiful doorways, carved with the artistry of a bygone day. Even the people who throng the streets, and the motorists who come in such numbers each summer day, are less real, less vividly alive than the personalities who, in days past, came and went along the Portsmouth ways. The Wentworths, proud aristocrats representing the royal control of New Hampshire; Governor John Langdon, first President of the United States Senate, who administered to Washington and Adams the oath of office as President and Vice-President of the new republic; Tobias Lear, private secretary to Washington in those early days; John Paul Jones, gallant adventurer, who waited in Portsmouth while they fitted out the *Ranger*; Daniel Webster, as he was when a young lawyer, he brought his bride to the house on Vaughn Street: all these have left their impress upon the town as though they were its leading citizens of the present.

Now and then one reads of a bereaved family which keeps for the one who has gone a place at table always set, a room in readiness, as though some day the lost one might come back. Had Victoria's Prince Consort happened back to earth, he would have found his dinner clothes in readiness and the water for his bath all drawn. Portsmouth keeps similar vigil. Into the house on State Street which he left when the *Ranger* sailed, John Paul Jones might step today without feeling of strangeness. The canny Scot, Macpheadris, after nearly two hundred years might cross the threshold of the fine house he built at the corner of Chapel and Daniel Streets, and



"Into the house which he left when the *Ranger* sailed John Paul Jones might step without a feeling of strangeness."

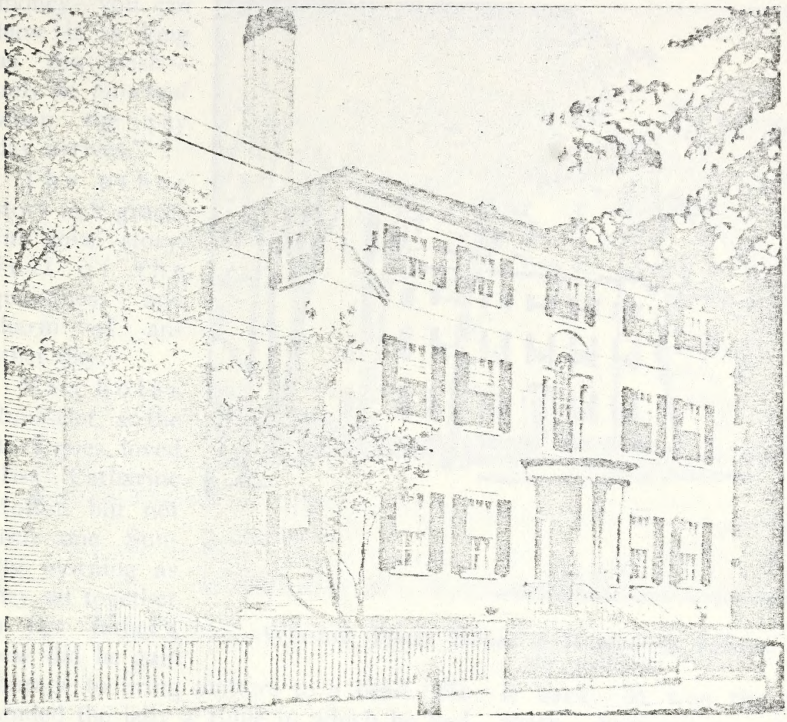
find still on the walls those portraits of Indians with whom he traded and those other mural decorations representing historical and Biblical scenes which, covered by several coatings of paper, had been lost until a chance scraping of the walls disclosed them again. Or that later owner, by whose name the house is familiarly known today, Hon. Jonathan Warner, should he revisit his old home, would find old scenes vividly recalled: that stain on the carpet—Lafayette spilled his wine there; that lightning rod—it recalls a visit from Franklin himself, a visit in which the scientist complained that he had difficulty in persuading people to use his new invention on their houses. "You can put one on mine if you like," said his host; and the rod is there today.

Standing in the beautiful hallway of the Colonial Dames House on Market Street, one has an irresistible feeling that the English gentleman and ship-master, Captain John Moffat, stands at one's shoulder, pointing out the wood carvings of Grinling Gibbons, telling with just a touch of homesickness of the old English home of which the American house is a reproduction, leading one through the terraced garden with its glory of phlox and larkspur into the counting house from which, looking out across the water, one almost expects to see Captain Moffat's ship starting on its journey with masts from Kittery Point for England.

But it is not only the great ones whose presence one feels in Portsmouth, not only Governors of Provinces, and statesmen and soldiers whose names are known far beyond the limits of Portsmouth and even of New Hampshire. There is more humanness perhaps in the traditions which have to do with Portsmouth's plain people.

Yet it is very difficult to say, in connection with this town, just who may be classified as plain citizens. It is recorded, for instance, that a negro steward, engaged by Captain Charles





The Marvin House: The doorway and the window above are of exceptional grace and beauty.

Coffin for a voyage to Russia, so attracted the attention and the admiration of the Russian emperor that he became a royal butler and when he returned to Portsmouth some years later he came resplendent in gold lace for the purpose of taking his dusky wife back to Russia to enjoy with him the glory of court life. Even the humblest in Portsmouth appear to possess an aristocracy which marks them.

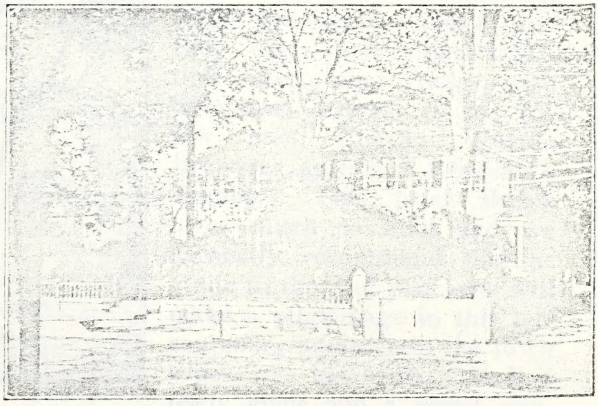
There are two quiet human stories which are eloquent of the atmosphere of Portsmouth. One is of two old-school gentlemen. Captain Thomas Manning was a gentleman of some wealth and to accommodate a friend, he loaned to Abel Harris a sum of money. The time agreed upon for payment was a few days past when Captain Manning met Mr. Harris on the street.

"Harris," said Manning abruptly, "come down and settle your note."

Angered by the tone of the remark, Harris answered with equal abruptness. The Captain grew red and furious and threatened to bring suit. The two friends stalked away from each other each with an air of deeply wounded dignity. A few rods and the edge had gone off their injury. Harris turned and called to Manning,

"I'll come half way," was the reply; and with measured step the friends approached each other again. They met and Harris promised to pay his debt within the day. He appeared punctually with the money. He found Manning waiting. He presented the payment and his creditor solemnly handed it back again:

"Mr. Harris, I don't want this



The Langdon House: Benjamin Franklin's lightning rod still protects it.



money—you can have it as long as you wish—only be *punctual* when the pay day arrives."

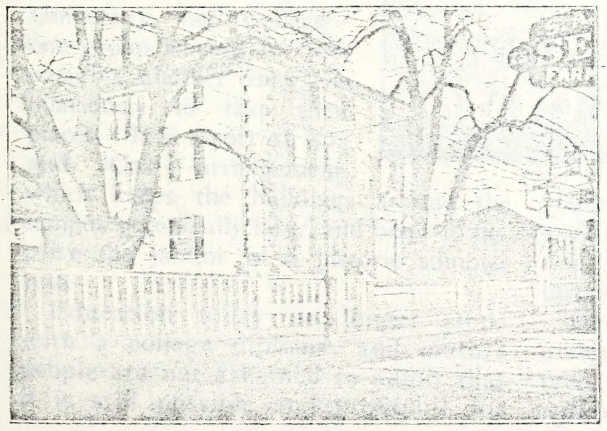
The other story is a graceful love story, full of the quaintness and charm of another day.

Nicholas Rousselet, so the story goes, loved Miss Catharine Moffat, but not until one Sunday morning as they sat together in her father's pew did he gain courage to bring matters to a head. He handed the lady a Bible in which he had maked the first and fifth verses of the second epistle of John: "Unto the elect lady.....And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." And Miss Catharine, sitting demurely at his side, fluttered the leaves of the book, marked another passage and handed it back. It was the first chapter of Ruth, beginning with verse 16—"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

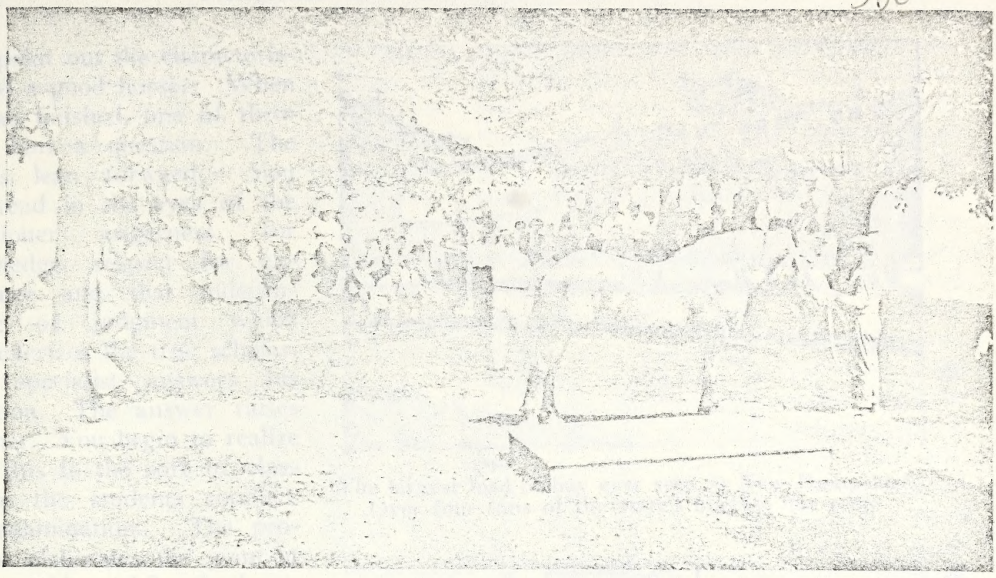


Winslow Pierce House in Haymarket Square. A beautiful old mansion.

Such are the personalities from out the three hundred years of Portsmouth's history which dominate her life even today. And in mentioning them one must not forget the one to whom in part they owe their immortality, that entertaining gossip, with boundless interest in his fellow men, Charles Warren Brewster, author of Brewster's Rambles. This brief sketch owes much to him, and we earnestly recommend him as guide to those of you, who will make a pilgrimage in this tercentenary summer to the town which was his home. He is a ready guide and a genial companion.



The Moffatt Ladd House: Now in the possession of the Colonial Dames.



"Here are benches under cool maples. A group of men.....are listening to an expert point out the characteristics of a good horse.

FARMERS' AND HOME-MAKERS' WEEK

A Vacation at School

By Henry Bailey Stevens

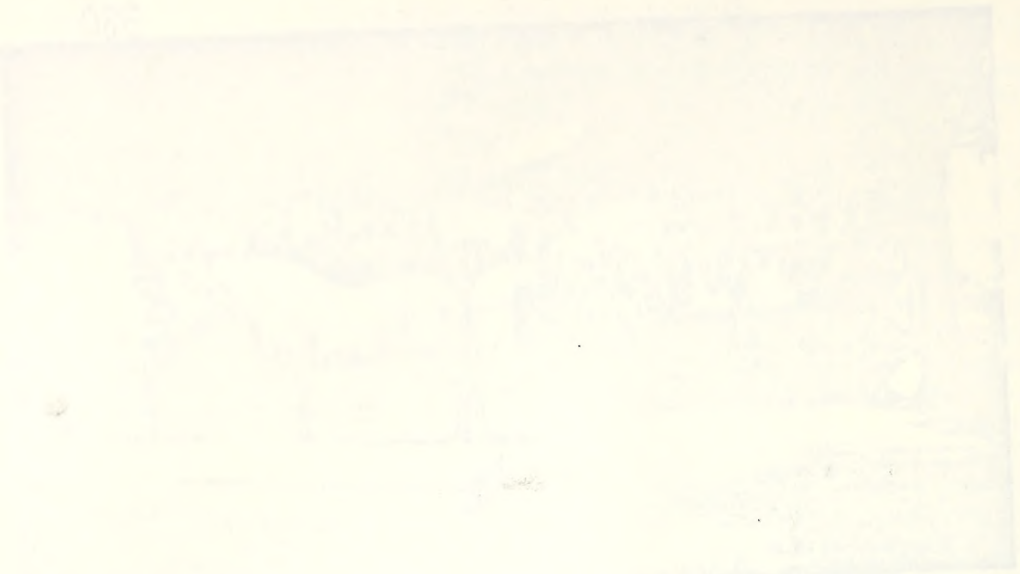
VACATIONS, like nearly everything else, depend upon your point of view. If you are a student, for example, you may take your recreation by sojourning on a farm; but if you are a farmer, you may find it in going back to school. For several summers it has been possible to watch this process at New Hampshire University, nee College—one group leaving for new pastures, another coming in hilariously to take their places. It is a sort of Box and Cox arrangement, which keeps the buildings around the campus perennially busy, and helps to deprive the janitor of a historic summer rest.



Education today no longer stops with a college diploma, and mature people are not ashamed to admit that it is still possible and profitable for them to learn. This is the significance of the Alumni Lectures at Dartmouth and of the new Summer School at Durham. It is a point that has long been recognized by farmers, who have such a variety of occupations to master that they have no difficulty in keeping an attentive mind.

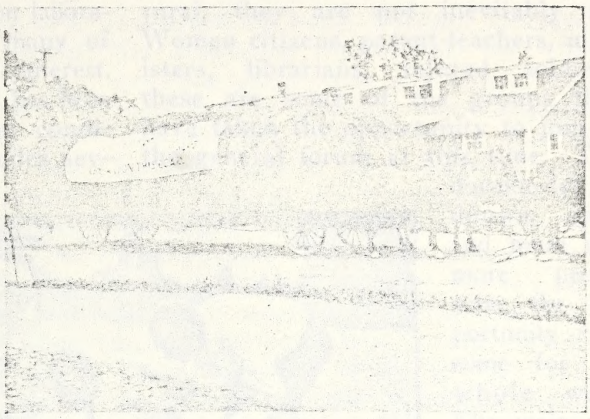
Farmers' and Home-Makers' Week at Durham has become an annual institution during the third week of August. It is unique in combining many of the advantages of a college lecture course, a country fair, an efficiency exhibition and a village picnic, and in aiming at instruction without formality and without interfering with the joy of life.

Here, to illustrate, are cool benches underneath tall maples. A group of men, some in shirt sleeves, some without hats, are listening to an ex-



pert point out the characteristics of a good horse. When he has finished, one of them asks him a question. The others lean forward. You can read in the eyes of the questioner eagerness for knowledge, respect for experience and that independence of judgment which characterizes the true scholar. The specialist answers his question. The answer raises another. You begin to realize that this is the sort of class where the students conduct the examination. The professor elaborates the point at issue. Meanwhile, the horse lazily switches his tail, and you can sit back, half dreamily and feel green things growing. Apparently the questioners are statisfied. For some time after the close of the more formal discussion they talk with each other. The man from East Swanzey gets acquainted with the man from New Boston. That is one of the best features of meetings like these; they make you feel that your neighborhood is larger than you had supposed, that it includes the whole state of New Hampshire.

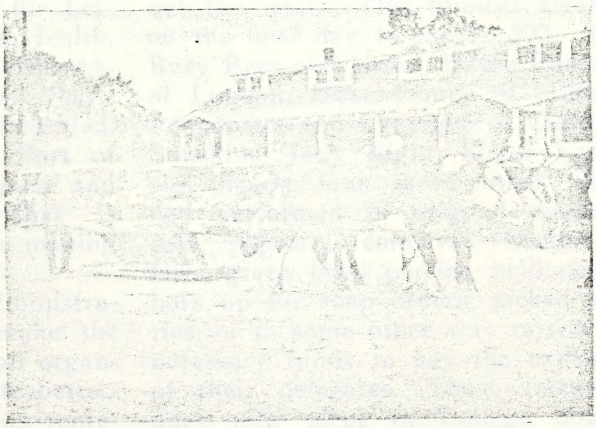
Over there several people have started out to the poultry plant. Another group who missed the special horticultural meetings of the day before are on their way to the University orchards. The experimental work comes in for close consideration—the series of soil rejuvenation plots, the corn variety test, the potato disease investigations, the orchard showing various types of pruning, the garden



The largest load of hay ever seen in New Hampshire. Over four tons of the state's biggest hay crop.

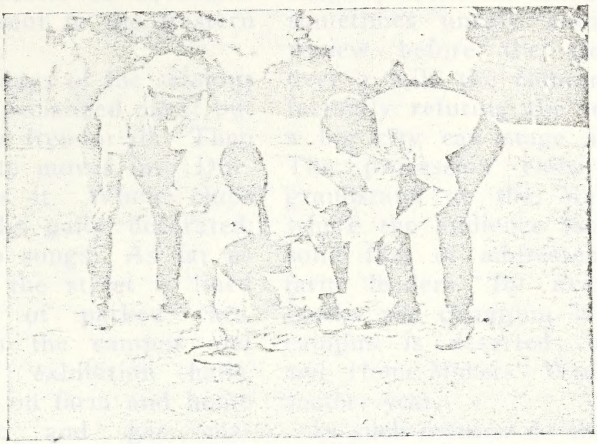


Merrimack County girls in parade.



A relic of ancient days—the original Daniel Webster plow.

fertility experiment, the nutrition laboratory, and the other projects, many of which have attracted national interest. At the dairy barn is a herd that has been built up under ordinary farm conditions to a point where it includes several state champions. The stock barn shows promising beef cattle, sheep and horses. There are the piggery, with its enormous Berkshires, and the sheep barn, where breeding experiments, conducted along Mendelian lines, are said to be the best devised of any of their kind in the world.



The week is not all work. Here are students busily engaged in pitching horseshoes.

While these attractions are interesting most of the men and a few of the women, another group, composed entirely of women, is holding a meeting in a lecture room at Thompson Hall. A public health nurse is telling how a change in diet has overcome malnutrition in several of the families in her community. All of the various agencies working for better health—the State Board of Health, the Red Cross, the Tuberculosis Association, the State Board of Charities and Corrections—are represented. You feel the concentrated effort of organized groups to solve a great and intangible problem, and—what is better—you feel that they are making tangible headway.

It is the desire of the administration of the University to make the campus a meeting-place for all organizations interested in the state betterment; and while the interests represented at Farmers' and Home-Makers' Week are for the most part rural, they are not inevitably so. Women citizens, parent-teachers, ministers, librarians, injured soldiers, these are some of the groups that have taken the opportunity to join in the general forum at this time. The dormitories are thrown open, and more and more people seize the opportunity to come for the whole week. The main sessions have usually been held by poultry growers, livestock owners, orchardists, beekeepers, potato growers, women's club members, health agencies and home demonstration workers.

Perhaps the most picturesque group has not been composed of adults at all, however, but of boys' and girls' club members. Last year 150 youngsters came as delegates from clubs all over the state to the annual Junior Extension Camp and Short Course, which is held throughout the week. This number swelled on the final day to nearly 500. The Busy Bees of Alstead, Hasty Pudding of Loudon, Hoecanoonuc of Milford, Pequawket and Chataque of Conway, Sunshine, Jolly Eight, Sugar Valley and nearly four score other clubs had performed in original circuses, sold popcorn, contrived booths at fairs, given lawn parties, held neighbors up for soap orders, picked berries, or in some other way raised the necessary funds to pay the expenses of their delegates. These fortunate ones now slept in College dormitories, ate in the College Commons, walked in the College woods, and



held a track meet on the College athletic field. This was the sauce, while the main fare consisted of talks by specialists and leaders on phases of garden work, canning, clothing, potatoes, and other club projects, and demonstration contests to determine the teams to be sent to the Eastern States Exposition.

The first three days of the sessions are more or less specialized ones; but the final day is a free-for-all. Then it is that the state moves into Durham and swamps it. Whole clubs come in on trucks gaily decorated, singing their club songs. As far as the eye can see, the street is lined with the noses of parked cars. Groups picnic on the campus and swarm into the exhibition halls, where new points on farm and home practices, electric and gas machines, specimens of pests and diseases, handy implements and other attractions hang or revolve. At one o'clock in the afternoon comes the roll of a drum. A band appears and heads the annual Farm and Home Parade. Behind it decorated floats, contrived by Farm Bureaus, Granges, the Marketing Association, the fruit growers, poultrymen and others, long lines of club members that occasionally overflow with a cheer, novelty features such as huge crawling bugs that represent the Enemy, proud and sometimes unruly animals, pass in review before the Governor. For over a mile the column extends, effectually refuting the idea that only a big city can stage a real parade. The procession ends at the new grandstand at the Memorial Field, where the audience tastes the more solid fare of addresses by national farm leaders. By five o'clock the trucks are chugging homeward; the campus is deserted; and Farmers' and Home-Makers' Week is over till another year.

In such manner do the farm people of the state play the part of the student for a week each August. Who shall say that—considering the amount of time involved—this is not as real and vital a part of the educational program as though a college degree were at stake?

A NEW HAMPSHIRE CRUSADER

NEW Hampshire has never failed to be in the forefront of every movement for the moral uplift of man. We can turn back the pages of her history with pride and read of her sturdy sons who were preaching abolition while Wm. Lloyd Garrison was being dragged through the streets of Boston, and condemning intoxicating beverages before the W. C. T. U. was known. Those who heard Representative Sibley's fervid pleas for his eight-hour-sleep bill and the later pronouncements of Ora Craig regarding enforcement of the liquor law, have no fear that our glorious record will not be maintained. It is doubtful, however, if any one realizes that a new movement is being launched in this state which may soon be of nation-wide significance.

The movement referred to is Commissioner John F. Griffin's crusade against the practice of promiscuous osculation upon the public highways.

Prior to the opening of the present motoring season Mr. Griffin gave no indication of being more romantic than any other Commissioner of Motor Vehicles. He resided in state in his huge apartment at the State House, wallowing in number plates and statistics. Perhaps last winter the reek and powder of battle-scarred Manchester, where his home is situated, stirred a martial note in his soul, for it is said, he came to Concord a changed man. The first evidences of the change manifested themselves in certain week end tours which he took to various parts of the state,—notably Portsmouth and the sea-

shore. His march to the sea resembled Sherman's in that he left terror and destruction in his wake. The wails of the wounded filled the newspapers. No lovelorn youth who allowed his languishing gaze to wander toward the fair one at his side, or worse yet, tried driving with one hand, escaped the Commissioner's eagle eye. It is rumored that even parked cars whose occupants felt that the love light within made up for the lack of dimmers without, found themselves in the iron grip of the law.

Having heard this crusade discussed in various parts of the state and having listened to some of the groans of the maimed, a representative of the GRANITE MONTHLY hastened to interview Mr. Griffin in his office. The interview was rather disappointing as he seemed to have become the prosaic man of affairs once more. However, a glint in his eye and a certain tightening of his square jaw as he spoke of the necessity of law enforcement and referred somewhat maliciously to "bobbed haired flappers" gave one a little thrill and proved that here was a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, who, though calm in his office, might be an avenging tornado upon the road.

The state of New Hampshire may rest assured that its highways will be made safe if Mr. Griffin can do it. The possibilities of the situation are most interesting. Doubless the issue involved will figure in the next campaign. Those accustomed to political phraseology will not be surprised to read in the platform of the Republican party under whose regime Mr. Griffin was appointed, "We view with grave concern the increase of promiscuous osculation and petting and point with pride to the fearless efforts of Commissioner Griffin to suppress this menace to the prosperity of our great state." It would surely not be strange if the Democrats upheld the "personal liberty" of young people.

But, joking aside, the Commissioner is doing a good work and deserves the co-operation of every New Hampshire citizen. When each day's newspaper carries headlines of fatal accidents on our highways, the office of Highway Commissioner takes on added importance among public offices. It is gratifying to find a man who takes his duties seriously as does Mr. Griffin.—N. H. C.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ESSAY CONTEST

Prize Announcements

BY ERWIN F. KEENE

AS I understand it, the object of this contest was two-fold: first, to demonstrate the development of the faculty of observation; second to show New Hampshire people that their sons and daughters could record their observations with accuracy, simplicity, and in good readable English.

Mrs. Harriman, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. May most kindly consented to read and judge the manuscripts, and their selection of prize winners and of two more for honorable mention is a credit to the students and to the magazine, and a vindication of the faith which prompted the offer of the prizes.

The very titles of most of the manuscripts are alluring, but only the very best could be regarded as prize material by the committee of expert writers and teachers. Judging from the few essays I have seen, it is a foregone conclusion that some of these young people will in time distinguish themselves in one or more branches of the noble art of writing.

Winston Emery of Keene High School, who won chief prize with his nature study, "An Hour in the Woods," shows those remarkable powers of observation which are most highly devel-

oped in lovers of nature. Mr. Emery will astonish no one if he elects to become a poet, forester, biologist, or naturalist. Some one said that "five out of seven of us are wasted in unsuitable occupations," and it is mainly because the so-called failures do not take up a life work into which they can throw themselves with enthusiasm.

If Mr. Emery has not already read these authors, we suggest a study of the writings of W. H. Hudson, William Beebe, Thoreau, John Muir and Burroughs; they will talk to him in the language of his own heart, for his world is their world, and they and he worship at the same shrine.

Second prize: "What High School Has Done For Me," by Catherine E. Paige of Weare High School.

In these days we rightly lay great stress on the human document, as diary or autobiography, or as revealed in letters and 'fugitive' writings. Cellini, Pepys, and Evelyn are now familiar to many high school students and to thousands of men and women at colleges; Amiel and 'Barbellion' (as Bruce F. Cummings styled himself), Marie Bashkirtseff, the letters of Shelley and R. L. S. are quarried for the garnets or diamonds of self-revelation which former commentators may have overlooked. W. H. Hudson, in his last book, while confessing his debt to Shakespeare, records his love for Chaucer: "But where is Shakespeare all this time?" he says, after looking in vain through the Bard's works for a hint of his own personality; "I find him not..... Chaucer revealed himself in every one of his creations, in every line he wrote .....the sense of brotherhood is, however, more to me than artistry, even of the godlike aloofness of Shakespeare."

Miss Paige reveals herself with a satisfaction to the reader that is pleasing and wholesome. The life on a farm, the burgeoning intellect at grammar school, the healthy growth at high school under wise guidance and invaluable tuition, and now the sure promise of full flowering at college and in later life. If we often wonder why devoted teachers give their lives for the advancement of the race, and at a salary which hand-workers would scorn—the answer is here.

In "The Feeling of an Immigrant" by Louise Mantegani of Robinson Seminary, we read with reverence another tribute to the noble women and men who teach our youth. A little Italian girl, speaking no English, on her first day at school she felt the hostility of race for race, and worshipped her teachers with the love "of the moth for the star," and was rewarded by receiving all those teachers had to give, then and later, through school and in the seminary. Her essay exhibits a correct feeling for punctuation and for paragraphing, and the choice of words and arrangement of ideas is admirable. Knowing as I do several Italian immigrants in various parts of the United States, their fine citizenship, industry, and the respect in which their American-born friends hold them, I can assure Miss Mantegani that she will not be alone in her class when she goes out into the world. One of the silliest catchwords of this century is "The Melting Pot." With such teachers as New Hampshire has in gracious abundance, the melting pot may be dropped down the nearest quarry—to crack or cool or rust in decent forgetfulness.

Miss Muriel L. Seymour wrote on "Our Trip to 'The Old Man of the Mountain.'" Her article is timely, the subject is attractively treated, and she writes with discernment and that lack of self-consciousness which is so pleasing among our modern young people. A certain artlessness enhances the art of the best writers—as anyone can find out for himself if he tries to write like John Bunyan, for example—and Miss Sey-

mour takes us up and over Profile Mountain with her simple and unposed descriptions, then plants us where we can regard the profile of The Old Man, and quotes about it one of the finest things which Daniel Webster—that other giant—ever said, and which we hope the GRANITE MONTHLY will reprint.

FIRST PRIZE

An Hour in the Woods

BY WINSTON EMERY

Keene High School

THE brown dust sifted lazily between his bare toes as he walked along the narrow country road, now and then whistling a snatch of an old time song. He was too lifeless to whistle a song that would require more energy for it was a spring afternoon. He wasn't more than fifteen years of age. He had a thatch of brown hair, large expressive eyes of the same color and a face thickly populated with freckles. He was average build for a boy his age, but his tattered grey shirt and his khaki pants were a little shy of being large enough.

He neared a thickly wooded area and as he came up to it his step grew more springy and his face lit up with anticipation. He turned into an old patch that led into the woods. No twigs snapped under his feet. Surely he seemed a part of the forest as he glided along through the trees. The countless insects set up a humming as he entered the woods. The very trees seemed to bow before him. Here was a boy who was a part of nature.

He stopped and looked undecidedly at a small plant with deeply cut leaves and a blossom that resembled a round ball of fuzz. Quickly he sank to his knees and his long fingers expertly followed the one root of the so-called "ground nut plant." The root extended into the ground for some half a foot and then his fingers found the sought-for prize and brought it forth. It was a small brown nut about the size of a marble. He dug several of these and put them in his pocket after which he continued on his way.

A whir-r-r-r-r-r-r of wings greeted him as Mrs. Partridge flew a ways and then lit and ran invitingly in front of him. He smiled wisely and went to the spot where the bird flew up. There came two sharp clucks from Mother Partridge and numerous greyish brown balls of fuzz were hidden from view in the leaves and ferns. He smiled again; this time an affectionate smile that only one of the woods can understand. He stooped and reached under a leaf that stirred slightly and pulled forth a baby partridge. It was like a baby turkey only many times smaller. He pressed it against his cheek and the chick seemed to understand for he peeped a little. Regrettingly he released it and watched it scamper away. A baby partridge a day old is impossible to catch. Another thing is, the male partridge is not allowed near the nest by the Mother Partridge. He started back to the path. A late mayflower looked longingly up at him as much as to say, "Where are all my brother and sister mayflowers?" It looked lonely and perhaps a little wistful there alone. A bluejay shrieked at him,—the pirate of the woods! A beautiful grey squirrel sauced the jay immediately and frisked down the trunk of the old oak, chattering all of the while at nothing. Then he scampered over to the boy who stooped and picked him up. They were great companions, were these two. As soon as the squirrel was loosed he dove into the boy's pocket and brought forth a nut, chattering triumphantly and daring any other woodfolk to do the same.

Two pine siskins sat side by side on an old branch cooing to each other lovingly for it was the mating season for the woodfolk. A hermit thrush trilled out a clear, mellow and tremulous song. It sounded as though he was afraid that some other bird would find how to make such a beautiful sound. A song sparrow took up the cry and poured forth one nearly as beautiful. He sat high on a branch and his dusky throat trembled a bit as he sang his happy frightened song of love and joy.

The boy started forward again but he had not gone far when a handsome female goldfinch coated with feathers of soft yellow and brown, hesitatingly sang a sobbing, broken cry of despair. Its little throat quivered with emotion for beside it on the ground lay its gorgeously colored mate. Never again would the woods hear its joyful cry! Never again would it croon songs of love to its mate, and never again would it feed insects into the hungry, waiting mouths of the clamoring young ones! The female bird put her head close to the male's and then with a catching sobbing cry departed. The boy cried softly and then buried it in the leaves. He noticed beside it a large blood red trillium. Even the flower seemed sad for it drooped towards the dead body of the bird. An evening breeze stole whisperingly through the pine, crooning a soft cheer up song to the mother bird. Even the bluejay and the squirrel were still during that moment of reverence that the woodfolk give in respect of the dead. A cotton tail rabbit broke the silence by thumping along under the small pine. Before the boy knew it dusk fell and the dark leaved evergreen trees made the woods shadowy and still. Nothing stirred. It was the point where the day woodfolk had gone to sleep and before the nightfolk have wakened. A lone white birch stood out against the hemlocks like a white rose on the dress of a nun. The insects of the night were waking. There

came a patter of feet; a rustle in the leaves. A whippoorwill started its rythmic song. All of this any one may see by spending one little hour in the woods. Nature favors none and what she will show to one she will show another.

SECOND PRIZE

What High School Has Done For Me

BY CATHERINE E. PAIGE

Weare High School

NATURALLY, you wonder who "me" is. "Me" is a girl in her last year of High School, who realizes, partially, at least, what the high school has done for her.

The first year of the Weare High School there were twenty pupils enrolled. One of them was "me." This high school had only the bare necessities to start with, but it flourished, because of the perseverance of the teachers and pupils.

I, as well as the majority of the pupils, live on a farm. I could not sew or cook, was bashful, and was, in fact, a typical country girl, just graduated from grammar school.

At Weare High School, I learned to make my own dresses, to plan meals wisely, and to make myself generally useful at home. The budget kept at school in the Household Management Course taught me to keep a budget of my own and, also, to help my father in his accounts.

Grammar school pupils usually carry the habit of depending upon the teacher, on to high school. I was no exception and often felt abused when the teachers made me use my brains and think things out for myself. One of the studies in the second year was geometry. I shirked at first, because I thought that the lessons were too hard. One day, a theorem was given to me to prove, but I had not studied the lesson and completely failed. That night, I took my geometry home and studied on the next day's lesson. Soon I became interested in working out the problems. It was then that I realized that my brains were made to use in studying, instead of inventing ways to get the teachers to help me.

In Weare High School, I learned to meet people, from my mingling with the other students. The debates in which I took part, no doubt, will be of great importance in my future life, for they will teach me to talk easily and to say what is necessary without "going all around Robin Hood's Barn." The course in English taught me to think and talk correctly. This is most important as one goes through life.

The incidents of three years have impressed on my mind the necessity of honesty, truthfulness, efficiency; and last, but not least, the meaning of school spirit.

School spirit should be in the heart of every pupil. It is not always called "school spirit," but whatever name it goes under, whether loyalty or patriotism, it means the same.

After much thought on the subject, I have decided that college is my aim. There are many chances to work in the different shops near my home, but by the time I was ready to decide, something made me want a higher education. College became the inevitable and New Hampshire State was the place.

The Home Economics Course showed me how to do housework properly so that soon it became a pleasure instead of a hated task. I took great delight in doing work as it ought to be done, learning that, "Do what you do, well," is a most reliable motto.

Another important thing which I have learned is to look for the more serious things in life, and to develop a liking for the deeper thoughts of great men and women. Literature has opened before me a new world; and all books are now a source of inspiration to me. Even novels are read for the style of the author instead of the mere story part of it. Literature has taken me to foreign countries and introduced me so that I do not feel like a stranger.

The fundamentals of education are laid in grammar school, but they are expanded and firmly rooted in high school. There the pupil forms habits which last the rest of his life. The firmer the foundation, the stronger the building. It is for all of us to do our best and take advantage of the many opportunities which high school offers.

HONORABLE MENTION

The Feeling of An Immigrant

LOUISE MANTEGANI

Robinson Seminary

IT is now nearly eleven years since I first saw the Custom House at Boston. I was then only a little immigrant of about eight years of age. When I walked down the gang-plank, and set foot on American soil, a thrill of joy elated my whole being. At last, after much preparation and a seemingly eternal voyage, I had arrived in the wonderful land which Father had written of. We went to a department store to buy our first American clothes. I was filled with pride and happiness, but even then my keen senses perceived that some people were not over-joyed at seeing us. One may ask how a child of eight could ever have noticed such little things, but one must remember that an Italian child of eight is much older than an American child of the same. Even as I noticed the chilling glances that passers-by gave us, I attributed them to our strange appearance in foreign garb, to our non-acquaintance

with American ways and to the indifference of city people.

We came to Exeter, and made our home here. When I had learned but a few words I entered the public schools. I shall always remember my first day at school. As I entered the room, all the children turned around and regarded me as a very queer child. I was introduced to the teacher, and she assigned me to a seat in the front row. I watched the teacher's every movement, and I am afraid the children watched me most of the time, as they seemed very absent-minded when they were called on to recite. At recess the children forgot me. Only one little girl edged timidly up to me and made signs that she was friendly. I was very shy, therefore, for a long time I made but few acquaintances. My real friends were my teachers whom I worshipped from afar. I was eager to learn, and they did all they could to teach me both the language and the customs of my adopted country.

As I passed from one grade to another, I began to realize that those first chilling glances which I had felt, were the by-waters of the strong current of national feeling which exists in America. To gain practice in my new language, I read the papers. There I found many evidences of that strong current of national feeling. Sometimes I heard that even court cases were decided on nationality. This fact grieved me; but whenever any one spoke of it, I would always find excuses for it. I do not want people to be embittered by that strong under current, for I began to feel that such a feeling exists all over the earth, wherever two nationalities mix.

From the public schools I entered the Seminary. Here again I was thrown among strangers. I was awe stricken as I marched up stairs for the first morning exercises, and watched all the other girls march in. I never had thought there were so many girls in the town. As I also watched the teachers take their places on the platform, I wondered if I should have to have all of them in one day. As I listened to Mr. Bisbee's speech, one sentence of it remained in my mind. "It makes no difference to me who your parents are, what they do, or what you wear. It's what you do and make of yourselves that I am interested in." I breathed a great sigh of relief; for, here, at last, I had found a place where hated current of national feeling is almost exempt. As he finished his short but impressive speech, I was sure that I should like the school. I made up my mind to do my best and to be graduated from it, no matter how hard the work proved to be.

I have advanced from one class to another, and at the beginning of each year the same impressive speech has been made by Mr. Bisbee. Each time a thrill of joy has passed through me; and I have wondered how many of these first graders have been impressed as I was. At last I have reached the Senior Class, the goal I have set my heart on. To be sure I have not gone through the ordeal without difficulty; for many a stumbling block has stood in my way, and often I have been almost discouraged.

During my five years at the Seminary, I have come to know that the feeling between nationalties has always existed, but only the thoughtless and ignorant would harp on such a delicate subject. This wonderful land cannot be blamed for the conditions which exist within it. It is the duty of each individual to do his bit to rectify them.

I am sure that with my training and education, I can help foreigners to become good citizens. In what better way can I show my gratitude to America?

HONORABLE MENTION

Our Trip to the "Old Man of the Mountain"

BY MURIEL LYDIA SEYMOUR

Whitefield High School

IT was early dawn when we started on our trip to visit "The Old Man of the Mountain." Our party consisted of four girls and three boys, with Rev. Guy Roberts of Whitefield as our guide.

Arriving at the Profile House, we parked our cars and after a short rest, made ready for our climb up Profile Mountain.

The day was warm, but a cooling breeze made the first part of the climb very enjoyable. At the base of the mountain, we noticed that the trees were extra tall and as the foliage was exceedingly dense, the sun did not shine directly on us, for which we were truly grateful.

As we slowly made our way up the winding path, which led to the summit of the mountain, we found that the ascent was gradually becoming steeper and steeper. In these steeper places small streams of water trickled over the rocks, making them so slippery that it was almost impossible for anyone to pass without help.

At last we came to a less steep path, where the sun burst forth upon us warming our bones, which had, in spite of the difficult climb, become chilled by the dampness of the woods.

In answer to our inquiries, Mr. Roberts told us that we were near the top of the mountain and drew our attention to the fact, that the trees were becoming scarce and stunted in growth. He explained that the severe winters and the heavy winds tended to check the growth of the trees and made them very brittle, which we found to be true when we tried to break the branches.

After another climb we reached a flat rock, the summit of the mountain, from which we could see the surrounding country. On the north and south of us, valley after valley and hill after hill stretched out, and on the east of us Lafayette mountain

overshadowed the valley beneath, revealing it's deep ravines and gulches. Behind us we saw the dense woods, through which we had just come. The beauty of the scenery was truly a wonder in itself.

Leaving this rock, we started down the opposite side of the mountain toward the top of the head. The guide preceeded, and we followed him closely, as there were no paths or landmarks of any kind to show us the way. The trees and small scrubs had now entirely disappeared, and only bare rock faced us. These rocks were very steep and sloping, so we slid rather than walked for about one hundred feet, until we came to smoother ground, where we once more gained our feet.

When the guide had hunted over a vast area of land, he found a large pointed rock, which directed the way to the exact rock forming the head of "the Old Man." He allowed us for the first time a real rest from our climb.

During our rest Mr. Roberts told us the story of the Profile. These are the facts he told us as we sat there:

The Profile was first discovered by white men in 1805. For quite a few years it was not visited except by those who lived near, but since the highway and the railroad have been built through Franconia, multitudes have viewed with admiration 'the Great Stone Face' and have gone their way satisfied to see it in its sublime grandeur as outlined against the sky, and have carried away a never-to-be-forgotten picture of it.

The Profile is formed on a shoulder of what was called Cannon Mountain, and juts out into space some twelve hundred feet above Profile Lake. It is made up of five layers of granite, one exactly above the other. Of these, one forms the chin, another the upper lip, a third the nose, and the remaining two form the forehead. In height, the Profile is ninety feet from the bottom of the chin to the top of the forehead.

Some forty years ago certain members of the Appalachian Mountain Club located these Profile forming ledges; and in doing so discovered that one of the large rocks, which forms the prominent part of the forehead was in danger of falling off. The discovery was written up and printed in several publications at the time, and a further examination was made by the proprietor of the Profile House, with the decision that owing to the size of the rock, nothing could be done to 'save the face' of "The Old Man of The Mountain." Here the matter was dropped and in the main forgotten.

At this time, Mr. Roberts was interrupted by a hungry one of our group, who felt it his duty to suggest that we should eat our lunch. While eating our guide continued his story as follows:—

"When for the first time, I gazed spellbound upon this marvel I wondered how, when the Profile was slowly moving toward its doom, men could stand calmly by and let such a disaster go on.

"I investigated the matter and a little later mentioned it to the Proprietor of the Profile House, who again reviewed and investigated the former discovery. But the matter was left as before, in spite of the expressed conviction that 'it was only a question of time before the Profile would face its destruction.'

"Several years came and passed before the possibility of carrying out the plan of saving the Profile presented itself. But finally it came.

"Mr. E. H. Geddes, manager of the C. H. Hardwick Company's granite quarries in Quincy, Mass.; being a personal acquaintance of mine, examined the head with me, and after we had taken measurements and made models in brass, a means was found by which the Profile could be saved.

"With the help of the state, the slipping rock making up the forehead was fastened to the ledge from which it had been pushed by the melting of snow and ice, by means of Lewis-blocks and turn-buckles. These were so fastened that they formed a kind of hinge for the rock to swing on, as it often does in a heavy storm. In this way New Hampshire's most wonderful attraction has been saved to posterity."

By this time, we had finished our lunch, and Mr. Roberts made ready to paint the rods and buckles which held the rock to the ledge. He explained that the buckles had to be painted every year to prevent them from rusting. Each one in the party helped to paint portions of the rods and we were elated by the fact, that we had had the honor of painting the "hairpins" of "The Old Man" as Mr. Roberts called them.

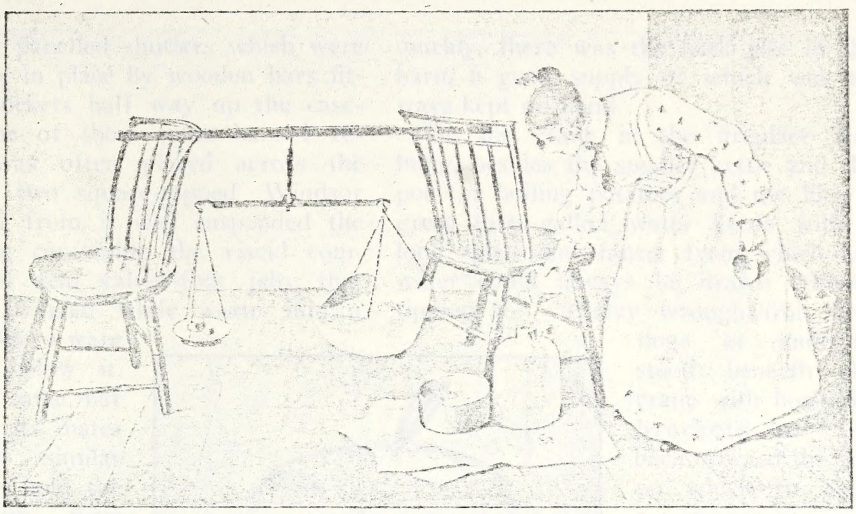
After taking several snapshots of the various views, we reluctantly turned our backs and retraced our steps back over the route we had come. It took us but a few minutes to go down the mountain, and soon after reaching our cars, we were on our way to see the wonder we had been told about while on the summit.

We arrived at the site where we could view the features of "The Old Man," and while looking for the first time upon Nature's curiosity, The Profile, this passage which Daniel Webster once said, and which I had once learned, came to my mind.

"Men hang out their signs indicative of their respective trades; shoe-makers hang out a gigantic shoe, jewelers a monster watch, and the dentist hangs out a gold tooth; but up in the Mountains of New Hampshire, God Almighty has hung out a sign to show that there He makes men."

We hurried our departure as it was becoming late afternoon, and were soon on our way home. Our party was very quiet during the trip back, first maybe because we were tired and secondly because our minds may have been questioning the same as Laura S. Grey did in her verse:—

"Is he watching for the morning
When these hills shall pass away?
Is he waiting for the dawning
Of the Grand Eternal Day?"



BEAM SCALES—Weighing the Thanksgiving Gifts

A KITCHEN OF 1825 IN A THRIVING NEW ENGLAND TOWN

The Heart of Our Ancestors' House

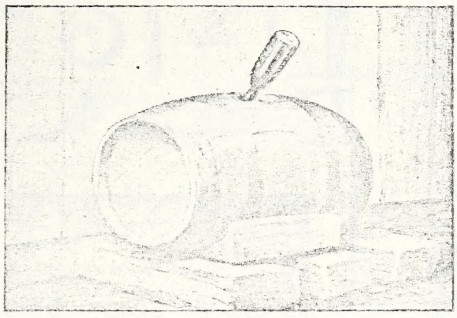
BY ELINOR STEARNS

Reprinted by Permission from Old-Time New England.

IN the basement of one of those old brick houses built nearly a century ago in one of our fast-growing seaport towns was the old kitchen, as I remember it, low studded and dark except in days of bright sunshine. The vast kitchen of colonial days, with its broad beams fringed with pendant ears of corn and dried meat, its spinning-wheel, loom and reels, still held the place of home-factory in the country, but in the city it was no longer possible to be independent and self-sustaining. There the kitchen ceilings were plastered to hide the beams, walls were painted, the breadth of the fireplace reduced and no longer could city children see the stars through the wide mouth of the chimney. While coal had not replaced wood, nor gas and petroleum succeeded lard and whale-oil lamps, in my younger days, still our kitchen would have been considered a model of progress to the country cousin of that period. The pendant hams had been relegated to a smoke-room connected with the chimney in one of the attic chambers, where inside a brick and soapstone closet, with a door opening like an oven, meat was hung on rows of hooks to be cured or smoked in preparation for the long New England winter. But such was the stride of progress that by 1850 many of our neighbors had dispensed with fireplace cooking and considered our methods of a previous generation primitive and clumsy. In truth, our practice was something between that of eighteenth century days and the beginnings of an ingenious saving of labor of the middle of the nineteenth century.

In my youthful days the well-equipped, comfortable kitchen was the heart of the house and when the lamps were lighted and the barred shutters closed and a great wood fire sent out its flickering glow, the room became irresistible to every member of a generous-sized family. The kitchen was some twenty feet square with windows recessed in the deep walls of the house and secured against cold and intrusion

by folding panelled shutters which were held firmly in place by wooden bars fitted into sockets half way up the casement. One of these same bars I remember was often placed across the backs of two square-topped Windsor chairs and from it was suspended the flannel bag containing the viscid composition of real calves-foot jelly that must be strained while warm into a great yellow-ware bowl set below it. And this same bar or one of its mates served in similar position to hold the scales with their three-foot beam, the scoop on one end and the leaden weight-holder on the other, set up the day before Thanksgiving to weigh out the butter, sugar, and flour for some of the poor families of the town.



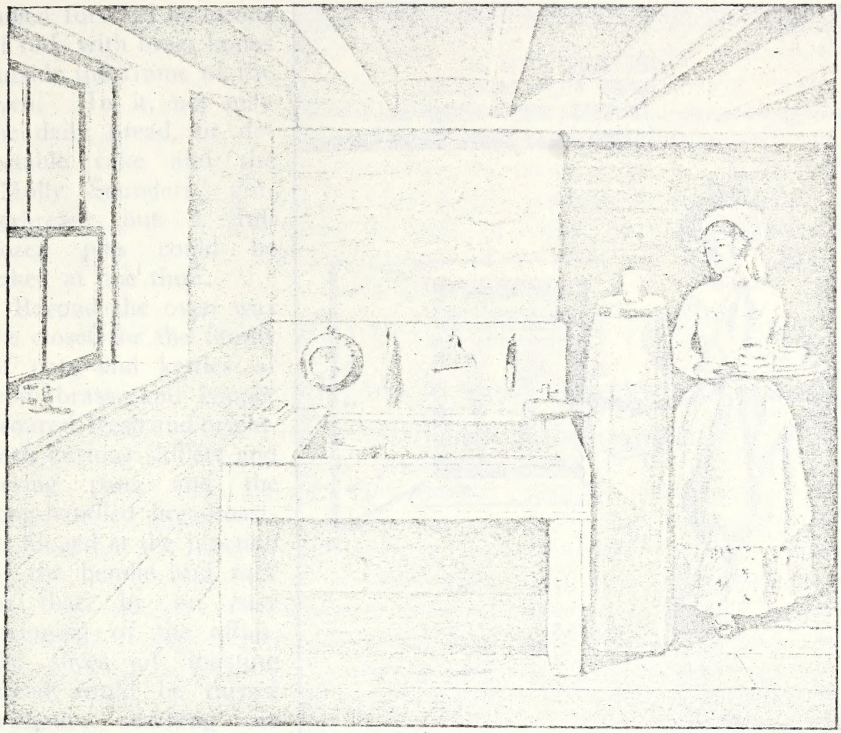
The Vinegar Barrel in the Barn

The fireplace, the glowing eye of the room, of course, was the center of attraction. Although not of the generous dimensions of its colonial forerunners, it easily held the hickory logs "once cut," ten cords of which were annually piled in the great barn adjoining the house after being sawed and split at the sidewalk edge by some itinerant wood-sawyer. In a leathern, apron-like strap, which when folded over the wood was lifted by its handles, one at each end, after the manner of a carpet bag, supplies were brought in daily to fill the kitchen woodbox. And the kindlings! None of the motley, machine-cut odds and ends of wood, the refuse of mills and box factories, but the delicious smelling, old-time, hand-made "cooper's chips" flaked off in great curving pieces from country oak at the coopers' shops "down town" by the wharves where barrels and casks were made to hold New England rum and New Bedford whale oil. And to make certain that the fire would burn quickly, there was the bark pile in the barn, a good supply of which was always kept on hand.

On the crane in the fireplace was hung, besides the smaller kettle and the pot for boiling potatoes and the like, a great three-gallon water kettle with a long spout and faucet from which hot water could always be drawn without tipping it. Heavy wrought-iron fire-dogs or andirons stood beneath the crane with hook-like brackets on the back, toward the fire, on which to place a temporary spit, not, as in modern ornamental imitations, absurdly holding a poker, which, in this position, would be too hot to handle. In the fireplace, too, was the comparatively newfangled introduction, the "copper back log," which contained a coil of piping and supplied hot water to a tank and to the bathroon above. These came in about 1840 and disappeared with the introduction of coal fires and ranges with water-fronts. But the iron "forestick" must not be forgotten,—it held the heaping firewood in place and kept the fire within prescribed limits and served, too, as the basis of the thrifty housekeeper's joke, "Oh! yes! we save a great deal of wood by having a copper back-log and iron forestick."

And then there was the water supply, of which our town was proud to be in advance of some of its bigger neighbors in the date of installing. All the way from the "fountains," some miles beyond the town, were laid wooden logs bored with a three-inch hole and fitted into one another. These logs were connected at right angles with the house log which stood beside our sink. There was, of course, no upstairs supply until a force-pump was set up later, but many a kettle-full of water was





The house log and wooden sink.

drawn from the wooden fauncet which had a curious way of popping out unexpectedly so that it must be forced back and pounded into place with a hammer.

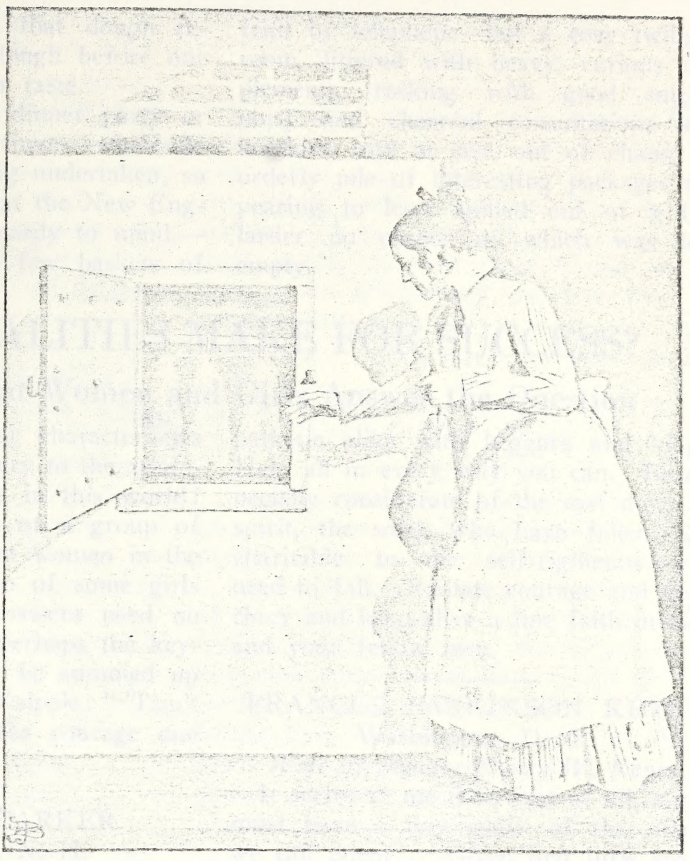
Before the fireplace was set the "tin-kitchen" in which were roasted the turkeys, chickens, cuts of beef, and legs of mutton. Spitted and skewered in place, these were every now and then given a half-turn by the crank at the end in order to bring the other side of the roast to the fire, for the clockwork "jack," a survival of colonial days, was then not much used in city houses. Frequently, too, the door at the back of the tin-kitchen was opened and with a long-handled spoon the roast was basted from the drip pan below. And the delightful bed of coals that evolved in the old fireplace! And such succulent beefsteaks and mutton chops as were cooked over them on the heavy gridiron, the small grooves of which leading to a large groove near the handle, conducted the juices to a tempting pool thence to be poured over the broil when dished for the table. No such delicious cookery can be secured by any other process.

But the pride of the old kitchen was the battery of boilers and ovens with fire-boxes beneath them on either side of the fireplace. First came the copper wash-boiler, with its individual fire-box, ready for Monday observances; next it was the ham boiler, a two-story affair of thick tin, constricted above and topped by a smaller detachable steamer for plum puddings and the like, but being seldom used, it served to hold the stock of sulphurous friction matches; this, too, had its own fire-box below. Beyond the large, open fire-place, again with an individual fire-box, was the Rumford oven, always in great demand just before Thanksgiving and Christmas. This invention of the famous Count Rumford may still be found in old kitchens and possibly still may be used in some of them, but it is a curiosity to most persons of the present generation. Made of iron, deep set in the brickwork, its door opened by a brass handle, while two small ventilators below and another above leading to the chimney flue regulated the temperature. When the door was thrown open a cavern some three feet deep was disclosed with a slatted iron shelf in the middle, which could be



pulled forward by means of rods with brass knobs outside the frame of the oven. In it, not only the daily bread, or delectable cake and the "Molly Saunders" gingerbread, but a full dozen pies could be baked at one time.

Beyond the oven was the closet for the family of pots and kettles of iron, brass, and copper scoured fresh and bright, with curious skillets and frying pans and the long-handled breadtoaster hinged at the junction of the handle and rack so that, by an easy swinging of the affair, the slices of toasting bread could be turned without reaching in where the fire was too hot for comfort. The kitchen had a more distant closet where larger things were kept and big roomy store closets for groceries and the usual kitchen supplies. The tongs, poker, and fire shovel were always standing near the fireplace in an angle of the brickwork; the turkey wings, saved to sweep up the hearth, hung on the oven knobs; the bunch of iron meat skewers was swinging from a nail higher up; and on the soapstone frame of the ham boiler was kept the friendly bellows ever ready to assist in putting new life into a pile of dying embers.



The smoke room in the attic.

With this elaborate and tenderly cared for outfit for the roasting and toasting, the baking and broiling of good things, it is a wonder that the day of days for the children of the family was the day before Thanksgiving? It was the custom in that homogeneous age to weigh out and measure out flour, sugar, tea, potatoes, butter, etc., and with small turkeys, chickens, and legs of mutton to pack tempting baskets for families less fortunate than our own in worldly goods for their Thanksgiving celebration. It was a busy day and the kitchen was the centre of activity. Bundles and cloth bags—for paper ones had not then appeared—were carefully stuffed with good things. It is easy to recall our sturdy old darky, who for that day was pressed into the service as express man, with his huge market-basket, a head of celery protruding from one of its double covers and the yellow legs of a pair of chickens from the other. The Rumford oven was in full blast, the matches were taken out of the boiler top, the fire-lighted beneath; even the wash-boiler was called into service and the whole battery was engaged. While real pies were being made at a great table, we children made our toy ones; that is, we had a piece of dough



to keep us quiet and that dough resembled brown-bread dough before our pie was moulded to our taste.

Only previous to a dinner party or Thanksgiving were these wholesale preparations for feasting undertaken, so that it is not strange that the New England feast day brings easily to mind,—not the ordering of a few baskets of fruit by telephone—but a cosy twilight room, littered with heavy, curious implements, reeking with good smells, noisy and cheerful consultations and laughter, and at last, out of chaos, an orderly pile of interesting packages appearing to have spilled out of a full larder no corner of which was left empty.

WHAT QUALITIES MAKE FOR SUCCESS?

Some Prominent Women and Girls Answer the Question

WHAT qualities or characteristics are most necessary to the attainment of success in this world? We asked the question of a group of successful and prominent women in the state. We asked it also of some girls in high school. The answers need no editorial comment, but perhaps the keynote of the replies may be summed up in the words of Hugh Walpole: "'Tisn't life that matters; it's the courage one brings to it."

DR. ANNA B. PARKER

New Hampton, N. H.

President of the N. H. League of Women Voters

Success is, first of all, a vision of achievement so well worthwhile that it fires the spirit with enthusiasm and courage to undertake its fulfilment.

The second requisite is faith in the power and intelligence of the hidden self to turn all circumstances and events of life toward the final goal.

The final demand is for hard and persistent work that refuses to admit defeat or allow any discouragement to paralyze or lessen effort.

It is also a great help to feel there is no urgent need of hurry.

EMMA L. BARTLETT

Raymond, N. H.

Member of the New Hampshire Legislature

Be yourself—and forget yourself. Cultivate the "human touch." Be sympathetic alike with beggars and kings. Help all in every way you can. Be especially considerate of the cast down in spirit, the weak who have fallen, and charitable to the self-righteous—who need to fall. Radiate courage and good cheer and keep alive a fine faith in God and your fellow men.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

Washington, D. C.

Wife of Senator Henry W. Keyes

It seems to me that, first of all, a girl must have a tiny spark of that flame we call talent....Given that little spark the rest of the formula is simple. I heard a great sculptor say once that it could be expessed in three words—"Work—work—work." I should alter that a little and say, "Work—fight—pray."

DAISY DEANE WILLIAMSON

State Home Demonstration Leader New Hampshire College

A real vision of life's work, stability of character, energy, good judgment, reliability, leadership, promptness in action, "stick-to-it-iveness" and a pleasing personality.

LILIAN S. EDWARDS

Many years ago I heard a fine lecture by Professor Drummond on the requirements of a complete life as shown in the picture, The Angelus, namely, worship, love or companionship, and work.

EFFIE E. YANTIS
Manchester, N. H.
Member New Hampshire Legislature

I happen to know two girls who both made failures of their first lemon pies.

One said, "I will never make another lemon pie;" the other, "I shall never give up till I learn how to make the best lemon pie anyone ever tasted."

To carry on no matter what happens is the only road to success.

LYDIA ELEANOR BLODGETT
Woodsville High School
Class of 1925

Three characteristics of an individual which of themselves must bring forth success are Character, Reputation, and Personality. Character is like an inward or spiritual grace. Reputation should be the outward or visible sign. Personality is that which distinguishes a person and is made up of conscientious, character and will.

ROSAMOND FOSTER
Stevens High School
Claremont, N. H.

I have always thought that if anyone is determined enough to be successful, he can certainly carry out his desire. He must have will power and ambition. Then, too, he must be conscientious and honest and willing to work hard.

VERNA B. FRIEND
Laconia High School
Laconia, N. H.

No matter what a girl's ambitions may be, no matter what natural talent and mental ability she may have, it is the steady work, day by day, that counts. A girl must also be able to think clearly, to understand human nature, to be sympathetic and free from narrow-mindedness.

IYLA K. TRACY
Concord High School
Class of 1923

I believe there are two things necessary to the attainment of success in this world—vision and concentration.

Before a painter can put one stroke of the wet brush on the canvas, he must have in mind a perfectly clear vision of how that canvas is to look when completed. Then, with this vision always before him, he must concentrate all his mind and energy on making every stroke tell of some progress made toward the final perfection of his picture.

So it is that when we begin to plan our lives, we must first gain an objective toward which to direct our efforts and then by concentration make every day contribute something to the attaining of that end.

Program for Dover's 300th Anniversary

Saturday, August 18—*Evening*: Bon fire, fireworks and grand illumination.

Sunday, August 19—*Morning*: Union Service at City Hall, including an historical address; *Sunset*: Vesper Service on the site of the old meeting house with 300th Anniversary chorus in colonial costume.

Monday, August 20—Open House and Band Concerts.

Tuesday, August 21—Governor's Day—*Morning*: Historical pageant at Dover Point to include water features; *Afternoon*: Reception to distinguished guests. Historical address. Drill by Strafford Guards, (Oldest Military organization in the city.) *Evening*: Band concerts.

Wednesday, August 22—*Morning*: Firemen's Parade; *Noon*: Community Picnic at Guppey Park. Program of sports during the afternoon; *Evening*: Street dancing to the music of the band.

Thursday, August 23—*Morning*: Annual Meeting of Society of Colonial Wars. Civic, historical and industrial parade; *Evening*: Mardi Gras Carnival Night.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOOL.

Comrades of the Rolling Ocean

BY RALPH D. PAINE

Houghton Mifflin Co.

"COMRADES of the Rolling Ocean" is another of the adventuresome, salty sea tales which Ralph Paine has written. This one, like the others, is fascinating because the facts stated seem to be fiction but are indeed facts stranger than fiction, as many of the incidents in the book are taken from his own experiences at sea. It is needless to tell the people of New Hampshire about Ralph D. Paine. He is a New Hampshire man, and those who do not know him may learn about his interesting life in his autobiography "Roads of Adventure."

This sea yarn deals with the period after the war when the construction of a splendid merchant marine for usages of war presents to young men an opportunity for a career which will not only be a source of happiness and success to them but a chance to help their country by aiding the United States in maintaining her fine fleet and establishing permanently her return to the sea. For at the present time many of our boats are not only manned by a foreign crew but the officers are also foreigners who are attracted by large salaries and better conditions to sail under the American flag, although they have no respect for our service or desire to make it stand for all that is best in the life of the sea. The danger which Mr. Paine perceives is that this country will lose the place she has regained among the most powerful nations on the ocean.

In answer to this need young Judson Wyman leaves North Dakota and journeys to Virginia to begin his life as a sailor. "Kid" Briscoe, "the hard-boiled guy," is also one of the group traveling to Newport News. From dislike, suspicion, and fighting evolves a true friendship between the two boys which makes them forever loyal to each other and true comrades of the sea. Their pact is sealed by the heroic grit and strength of Judson which saves "Kid's" life. "Kid" becomes an ardent ally in helping Judson maintain the ship's record without a smirch. A most valuable ally he proves himself to be in bringing to light the plans for smuggling rum entertained by Maddigan, one of the group of students, and later in watching the mysterious, dangerous Mendoza. A third is admitted to their pact, however, after their return from their first trip on a steamer of the Shipping Board fleet to learn the sailor's trade. The third of the three Musketeers of Blue Water, as Mr. Paine calls his heroes, is Spencer Torrance, a scholar and professor in the college in North Dakota which Judson attended. He begins his career as a super cargo, but he finds himself doing many things outside his official duties.

They are all thrilled and inspired by hardship and dangers, inspired to "carry through" always and to maintain past traditions. They have a chance to prove their spirit, courage, and ingenuity first when, left alone in a shattered half of a boat in the perilous North Sea, they try to navigate her back to port. Again, in the Pacific, it is only by nimble wits as well as courage that they are able to save a comrade and to preserve their own lives until rescued.

If the author's purpose is to make his readers feel the lure of the sea because of its mystery and ever-changing surface, to see the fascination which lies in the adventures it offers, in the chance it gives to see the world, Mr. Paine has succeeded. His own love of the sea, his wealth of detailed knowledge about sea customs, sea men, and sea life, and his enjoyment of spinning a yarn make success inevitable.

THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

About Unofficial Pageants

WHEN the impending epidemic of pageants has swept over New Hampshire, leaving its victims nursing mosquito bites and vaguely bewildered in an effort to distinguish between history and symbolism in the spectacles they have witnessed, it will undoubtedly seem that the whole gamut of pageant possibilities has been run, that all material suitable for pageant use has been exhausted. But this is not the case. On every side, in the every-day experience of every one of us, is pageant material which will never in all probability be dressed up in costume for an audience to pay box-office prices to witness.

The very preparation of a pageant is an unofficial Pageant of Pageants. Cast in regulation form, it would have great possibilities. There are two versions: first, the professional pageant, in which the spot lights focus on a directing personality, around whom are grouped in attitudes of reverent adoration, bevies of committees, functioning solely as background; and second, the amateur pageant, with a spotlight for each performer, a self-appointed central figure, usually the author, engaging in a perpetual whirling dervish act, committee groups which mingle in confused mazes of dance or tugs of war, and in the background, Legend and History tangled up in a boxing bout. The first version is more correct and expensive; the second affords more thrills. In one or other of these pageants, nearly all of us have, at some time in our lives, played at least a minor role.

Another unofficial pageant, very seasonable just now, might be called the Pageant of Relatives. Its prologue shows the weary housewife, standing at daybreak at her door and scanning the horizon for approaching cars. Like all real pageants it plays up surprise attacks, not by Indians, but by cousins and nephews who arrive in seven-passenger motor cars on Saturday night after the stores close, expecting to spend the week-end. It is divided conventionally into Episodes, one of the most thrilling being when your Uncle Henry and your wife's Uncle James, sworn enemies and business rivals, arrive, both unexpectedly, one from the north and one from the south, on a night when you have only one guest room left.

It is said on good authority that every citizen of New Hampshire, during the months of July and August, plays either an offensive or a defensive part in this pageant.

And for historical pageants—what a wealth of material is afforded each day! It is interesting to speculate upon the sort of performance which will be staged along about 2223, when a grateful posterity celebrates the Tecentenary of Us.

Our "Fred the Silent" at the State House—what a grand figure he may cut in a pageant procession when three hundred years have cast about his basefall uniform and bat the glamor of romance! Think of the thrill which may pass through an audience confronted by the man whom many believe destined to next occupy the Governor's chair, as gun on shoulder and followed by hordes of hounds, he emerges from his mountains to enter the thick of the fight! How heroic an episode may be woven about our Senior Senator, standing with a finger in the hole in the dike and holding back, by his unaided efforts the floods of radicalism which threatens to drown out the Republican party! For knightly figures, with crusader spirit, who could be more worthy to be celebrated in pageant and song than those two brave souls, Commissioners of Prohibition and Motor Vehicles, riding forth to do battle with the twin vices of "booze" and "mush." And for the chorus, the mob, so essen-

tial in any pageant production, what could be more effective than the host of those who, at the next election are to become—if their own guess is correct—either Governor of New Hampshire or United States Senator? —H. F. M.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FROM various sources it has come to our attention that many readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY have a mistaken impression that personality write-ups which appear in these pages are, in one way or another, paid for by the persons written about. In justice to ourselves as well as to those whose photographs have been used in the magazine during the past few months, we wish to take this opportunity of correcting this impression. There are many people in New Hampshire who, because of the work which they are doing or the positions which they hold, are of unusual interest to their neighbors. The GRANITE MONTHLY wants, so far as space will permit, to bring such people to the attention of its readers, but it does this without asking any return whatever. We do not even ask that the person written up buy the cut used with the article, and in some cases, the photogaph from which the cut is made is itself paid for by the monthly.

The Kearsarge controversy referred to in the July issue is evidently not yet a thing of the past. Hardly was the magazine off the press when we received a visit from a staunch defender of the Merrimack County Kearsarge, who gave us to understand in no uncertain terms that investigation by the Historical Society had established beyond question the fact that that mountain is the one, only, original Kearsarge. We pointed out the fact that our claims had nothing to do with disputes about priority, but were based on the single assertion, backed by the highest authority in the country, that a battleship had been named for the Carroll County mountain. If this was the wrong mountain, that was the battleship's misfortune.

Our cover design is the drawing used on the posters of the Portsmouth Tercentenary celebration. It was drawn by the famous artist, E. C. Tarbell, especially for the occasion.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

In This Issue

HENRY BAILEY STEVENS of New Hampshire University is familiar by this time to all GRANITE MONTHLY readers. In his capacity of publicity director of the University, he has done much to extend its influence and to spread the knowledge of its good work, so that men and women and boys and girls from all over the state are eager to take advantage of the Farmers' and Home-makers' week of which he writes in this issue.

JAMES O. LYFORD has been Bank Commissioner for many years. His story of the Savings Banks of the state, therefore, is both an account of an enterprise in which he is tremendously interested and a record of progress for which he has himself been partly responsible.

ERWIN F. KEENE is a writer who makes his home in Concord, and who is much interested in the work done by high school boys and girls in English Composition.

PROFESSOR G. F. POTTER is head of the Horticultural Department at New Hampshire University. This is his second article which has to do with successful orchards in New Hampshire.

CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Page of Clippings

Our Summer Visitors

AUTOMOBILE picknickers should remember to take care of the rubbish created by them. A person's character and real worth are indicated by the amount of "clutter" he leaves undisposed of behind him.

—*Somersworth Free Press.*

Automobiles have increased so rapidly this year in New Hampshire that Commissioner of Motor Vehicles John F. Griffin says that "an automobile for every family" will soon be the saturation point to be reached.

While the commissioner of motor vehicles is highly gratified at the rapid increase, because each automobile brings in revenue to his department, one of his fellow-commissioners, Andrew L. Felker of the department of agriculture is somewhat put out because many of the cars are used by city folks to make raids on farmers' market gardens. An increasing number of motorists feel that possession of an automobile makes it superfluous on their part to have gardens of their own. They can use their cars to go to the farmer's garden, eliminate the middleman and solve the transportation problem by an application of the cafeteria system to farm products. Self-service is all right in some lines, but the commissioner of agriculture says that the farmers will never get rich on the patronage of motorists who help themselves but neglect to notify the farmer that they are taking away his crops.

—*Hobart Pillsbury in the Boston Herald.*

For years there has been a steady campaign educating the American people in the preservation of their woods and forests. Still there are fires, for the hardest thing in the world to teach the human race is self-protection and the most difficult defect of character to remedy is carelessness.

Those who enjoy Nature should be the first to care for her and the last to destroy her.

—*Laconia Democrat.*

The Coming Campaign

The Monitor-Patriot makes the interesting announcement that those who are close to Huntley N. Spaulding understand that Mr. Spaulding will soon announce that he will be a candidate against Senator Keyes in the forthcoming primaries for the Republican United States Senatorial nomination. The same paper states that Major Frank Knox and former Governor Bass are possible candidates. If Senator Keyes is to experience opposition he probably would prefer to have all three enter the field that he might the more easily carry off the nomination with the opposition divided. Mr. Spaulding is probably as strong an opponent as the present Senator could expect to meet and a contest between the two would be most spirited. It is recalled, however, that Mr. Spaulding ran against Moses once upon a time and lost by a considerable margin. A defeat is never a valuable asset for another campaign, and Mr. Spaulding will have that record to overcome, although as an offset he can bank upon the fact that Moses was a bigger vote getter than Keyes will be. But it must not be forgotten that Mr. Keyes himself will be stronger to-day than when he was first nominated.

—*Hanover Gazette.*

Congressman-elect Rogers has declared himself unequivocally in favor of the enforcement and strengthening of the prohibition law. Despite all the chaos and confusion on this subject, we believe that Mr. Rogers will gain,

rather than lose, votes in the first district by this stand. The late Sherman Burroughs proved that.

—*Rochester Courier.*

The voters of New Hampshire will have an opportunity to return Henry W. Keyes to the senate for another term, and we anticipate a ready acceptance of the oportunity. Mr. Keyes has proven himself of great value in Washington not only to the country as a whole but especially to the citizens of this state. He deserves an easy election.

—*Franklin Journal Transcript.*

According to the Boston Globe, the latest joke in Washington is as follows: Question—"How many members of Congress are there now?" Answer—"Too." This joke can also be used with splendid success in discussing (or cussing) the New Hampshire Legislature. —*Exchange.*

Ford for President

Henry Ford is one of the dozen individuals in this country who pay income taxes on over a million dollars each. What other qualification has he that you can name for the Presidency? —*Rochester Courier.*

Current discussions of Henry Ford for president leave some doubt as to whether he's expected to run as a flivver or a Lincoln.

—*Keene Sentinel.*

Liquor on Foreign Ships

There is no wet or dry issue in more than five or six states. There is no danger of either party adopting a wet plank. That danger is past. But we are not surprised that it is found difficult to force ships sailing to and from foreign ports to stay dry all the round trip. It takes two nations to determine that. And there is no other nation that wants dry ships. Let us do what we can in that line; wait patiently till other nations come, as they will, to realize that dry ships are safest and best. The world was not made in a day; it will not be made dry in a day. It is nearer to it now than we expected to live to see it.

—*Granite State Free Press.*

The breaking of the seals of foreign vessels in American ports in order to seize liquors under the Volstead act is serious business, but it would be much more serious for prohibition if foreign ships were allowed to bring loads of booze to this country on the pretence that they were intended for use on the return trip. There would be no return trip for ninety-nine hundredths of the liquor so brought here.

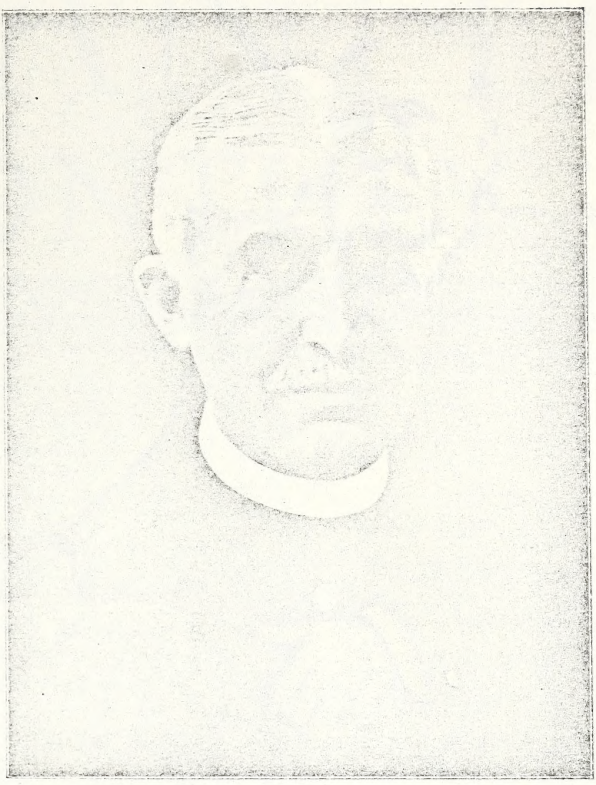
—*Somersworth Free Press.*

We all come in contact with citizens of repute who talk as though prohibition is the hugest joke of the times. Perhaps in most cases their open attitude of opposition is thoughtlessness but the question is becoming of great enough moment to place a stigma of un-Americanism upon all persons so heedless they are not by this time acquainted with the seriousness of this national menace of growing disrespect for law.

Various police and county officials of Hillsborough county take Commissioner Craig to task for questioning their spirit of co-operation in stamping out the rum evil. Their self defense is petty and such charges as those that the commissioner is not a big enough man for his job are undignified and lay those officials making them open to similar accusations. All this haranguing is getting New Hampshire nowhere for the officials in question are only proving what Mr. Craig said; they show a lack of willingness to co-operate. —*Concord Monitor.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DR. LORIN WEBSTER



Dr. Lorin Webster

A cablegram was received in Concord on July 6th, telling of the death in Pekin, China, of Rev. Dr. Lorin Webster, for many years headmaster of Holderness school. The doctor died suddenly of heart trouble.

Doctor Webster went to China last August to become professor of English at Pekin Medical college, an institution maintained by the Rockefeller Foundation. He was born in Claremont, July 29, 1857, was educated at St. Paul's School, Concord, and Trinity College.

Doctor Webster was ordained in the Protestant Episcopal church in 1883. He was rector of St. Mark's church, Ashland, eight years, 1884-92, and then he became headmaster at Holderness school. He was also proprietor and director of Camp Watchusett for boys at Asquam Lake. He was a well known writer of sacred musical compositions, was a member of Phi Upsilon, Phi Beta Kappa and was a Mason.

He had been president of the New Hampshire Educational council, New Hampshire Schoolmasters' club, the New Hampshire Music Teachers' association and was prominent in other state societies. His wife, who survives him, was Jennie Josephine Adams, of Springfield. She was prominent in women's clubs of New Hampshire at the time she went to China.

There are three children, Harold Adams Webster, state commissioner of weights and measures; Dr. Jerome Pierce Webster, who is assistant surgeon of the Rockefeller Foundation hospital of Pekin, and Mrs. William Starr, Jr., of Hope House, Easton, Maryland.

WILLIAM JONES LADD

William Jones Ladd, a Portsmouth boy of many years ago and a descendant of Captain John Mason, grantee of New Hampshire, son of Alexander H. Ladd and grandson of Alexander Ladd and William Jones, all three in their time prominent citizens of Portsmouth, died at his home at Milton, Mass., June 25th, at the age of 79 years.

Captain Ladd was an officer of the 13th Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry in the Civil War and was on the staff of General Devens when the Union army entered Richmond Va., in April, 1865. A recent editorial in the Boston Herald tells the story:

April 2, 1865 was a day of tense watching and expectation to the federal troops about Petersburg and Richmond. Soon after midnight of that day the lurid light of fires in the direction of Richmond and along the line of the James below the city indicated that the rebels were burning and abandoning their fleet and their capital, so long the object of the federal arms. A little later a wide awake officer of Gen. Devens' staff saw unmistakable signs of the evacuation of the rebel lines about Richmond and sent word to his tent-mate, Major William J. Ladd, also of Gen. Devens' staff, that the fall of Richmond was imminent and that he must come on if he would be "in at the killing."

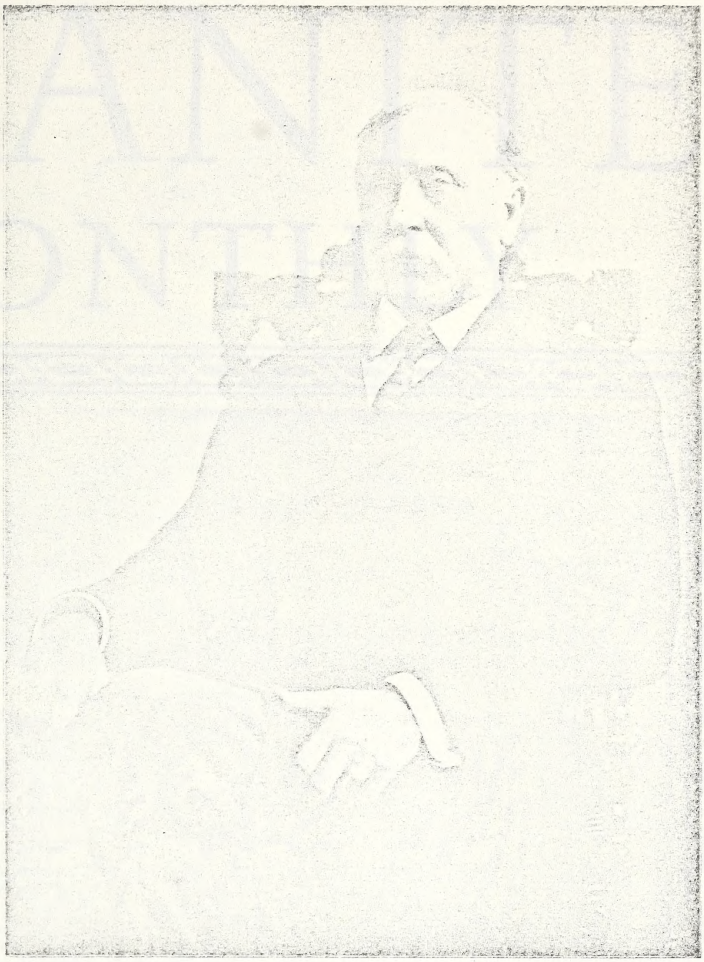
Major Ladd, having a fleet horse, was soon on the spot and about 5 a. m., started, with a Vermont officer who was compelled to turn back, on the road into Richmond and within an hour Maj. Ladd rode alone into Capitol Square, was attacked by a rebel sailor whom he had no difficulty in repelling, made a brief circuit through two or three streets and returned to his command. The whole story is vividly told in Lt.-Col. George A. Bruce's "Capture and Occupation of Richmond," the most graphic account of this dramatic episode of the war, and

while other claimants to this achievement have appeared from time to time Col. Bruce declares, upon the personal knowledge of one who was in a position to know, that "Whatever of honor or distinction attaches to the man who first entered the Confederate capital belongs, without a doubt, to Maj. Ladd."

At Capt. Ladd's funeral, eight grandsons, three sons-in law and a nephew were honorary bearers.

JUDGE PARKER

Judge Edward Everett Parker, one of the best known residents of Nashua and Brookline, died at St. Joseph's hospital, June 24th, following an illness of nine weeks. He was born in Brookline, Jan. 7, 1842, the son of James and Devered (Corey) Parker, descendents of English families who came to this country about 1660 and settled in Tyngsboro and Groton, Mass. His great grandmother, Prudence Cummings Wright, wife of David Wright of Pepperell, Mass., commanded the patriotic band of women that arrested the famousm Tory, Col. Lenoard Whiting, at Jewett's Bridge in April, 1775, on the morning after the fight on Lexington Green, as he was on his way from Canada with dispatches for the British in Boston.



Judge Edward Everett Parker

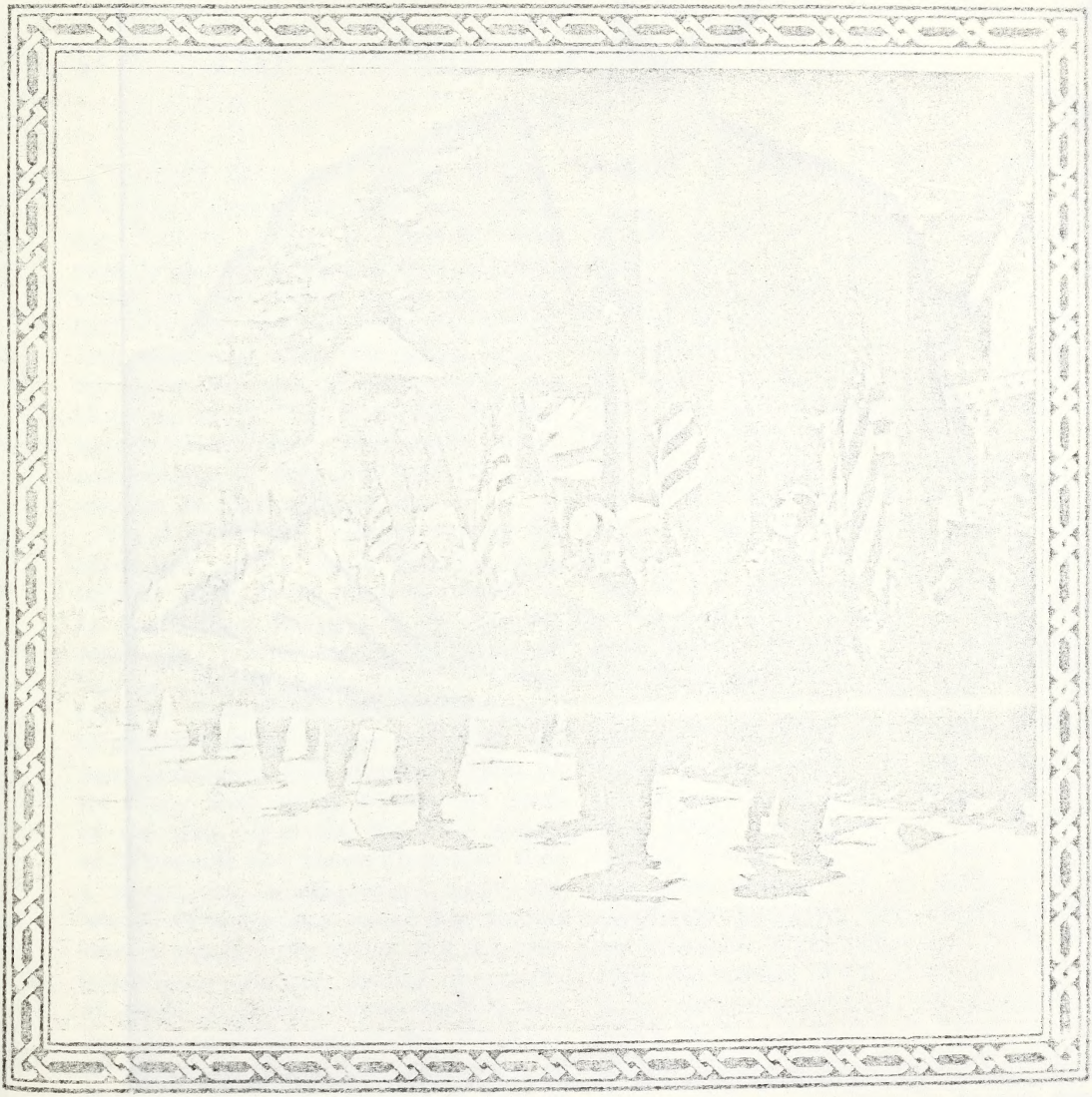
Judge Parker attended the district school in Brookline and then became a student at Phillips-Exeter. In 1863 he left Exeter and entered Appleton Academy, where he graduated in 1863. He enlisted in the U. S. navy, Aug. 20, 1863, and served on the brig Perry, the last sailing brig admitted to the service. He was appointed yeoman, which position he held until he was discharged in 1865. He entered Colby Academy in the spring of 1865 and graduated in the summer and, entered Dartmouth in the autumn where he graduated in the class of 1869, being the centennial poet at the commencement exercises held that year. Following graduation Judge Parker accepted a position as principal of Warrensburg Academy, at Warrensburg N. Y., and a year later he became principal at Wareham, Mass., High School. He later decided to make law his profession, so he entered the office of Thomas Cummings, at Warrensburg, N. Y., later returning to New England to become principal of Middleboro, Mass., high school.

In August, 1871, he entered the office of General Aaron F. Stevens and while studying law was principal of a Nashua evening school. He was admitted to the Hillsborough bar at Amherst in 1873 and immediately afterwards formed a partnership with General Stevens, under the firm name of Stevens and Parker, which continued until 1880. He was city solicitor in 1876 and 1877 and in 1879 he was appointed judge of probate by Governor Cheney, a position he held until he reached the age limit in 1912 and retired. He served as a member of the Board of Education for six years.

He was well known as a historian and writer and he edited the History of Nashua, published in 1897, and the History of Brookline, published in 1913.

Vol. 55. No. 9 September, 1923

THE GRANITE MONTHLY



THE GRAND ARMY VETERANS AT THE WEIRS

In This Issue--FUTURE POLICIES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

20 cents per copy $2.00 per year



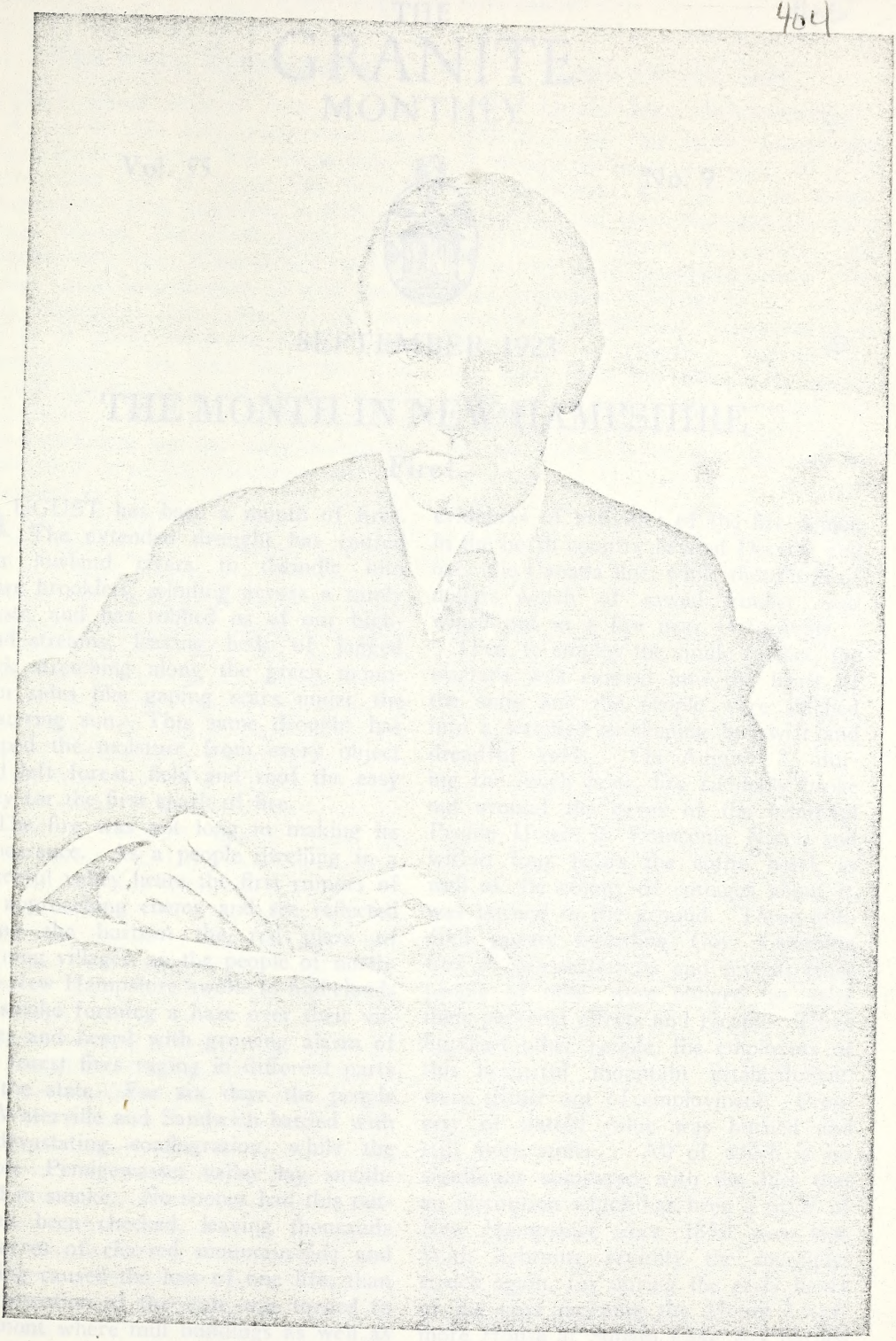


Photo by Havelock Pierce

PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE

First New England President Since Franklin Pierce.

THE
GRANITE
MONTHLY

Vol. 55 No. 9

SEPTEMBER 1923

THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Fire!

AUGUST has been a month of fires. The extended drought has caused our lowland rivers to dwindle into mere brooklets, winding across a sandy waste, and has robbed us of our highland streams, leaving beds of jagged rock stretching along the green mountain sides like gaping scars under the blistering sun. This same drought has seeped the moisture from every object and left forest, field and roof the easy prey for the first spark of fire.

The fire was not long in making its appearance. As a people dwelling in a peaceful valley hears the first rumors of an approaching enemy and see reflected along the horizon the red glare of burning villages, so the people of northern New Hampshire awoke to find clouds of smoke forming a haze over their villages and heard with growing alarm of the forest fires raging in different parts of the state. For six days the people of Waterville and Sandwich battled with a devastating conflagration, while the whole Pemigewasset valley lay smothered in smoke. No sooner had this outbreak been checked, leaving thousands of acres of charred mountain-side and having caused the loss of one life, than the attention of the state was turned to Belmont where mill buildings as well as woodland were destroyed. Meanwhile the north wind was constantly bringing evidences of activities of the fire demon in the north country beyond Dixville and over the Canada line, while thousands of dollars worth of sawed lumber was wiped out in a fire near Orfordville.

Then, to employ the simile further, the warfare was carried into the heart of the state and the people were stabbed into a terrified awakening by swift and dreadful raids. On August 2, during the lunch hour, fire suddenly broke out around the eaves of the beautiful Profile House in Franconia Notch and within four hours the entire hotel, as well as the colony of cottages about it, was burned to the ground. Three hundred guests including Gov. Channing Cox of Massachusetts and several other people of note, were obliged to seize their personal effects and escape. Three hundred other people, the employees of this beautiful mountain establishment, were thrust out of employment. Property of untold value was burned and still more stolen. All of which is insignificant compared with the fact that an institution which has been a pride of New Hampshire since 1852 was lost. With lightning rapidity the marauder struck again, for during the early hours of the next morning the Mount Livermore House at Squam Lake was burned with a loss of one hundred thousand dollars.

The Weirs Encampment

THE actual physical fires, however, are not the only ones which have been burning within New Hampshire in the month that has past. The fires of patriotism which, according to Congressman Wason, "smoulder latent in the hearts of New Hampshire's stalwart sons," have been flaming up with renewed brightness. The cause for this new birth of public sentiment is the annual convention of the New Hampshire Veteran's Association at the Weirs, August 13 to 16. Here the veterans of three wars gathered for the forty-seventh encampment since the association was first founded by the G. A. R. The activities at Camp Joseph H. Killourhy reached their climax on Thursday afternoon when a huge gathering of citizens, both soldier and civilian, gathered to hear a distinguished list of speakers. The guest of honor from outside the state was Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., veteran of the World War and Assistant Secretary of the Navy. It was an item of interest that Mr. Roosevelt's distinguished father spoke from the same platform twenty years before. Secretary Roosevelt delivered a forceful speech upon the Americanizing and democratizing effects of the war, and upon the necessity for a continuation of this work by the American Legion. The speaker's personality and mannerisms which reminded many of the late President Roosevelt were very attractive and secured for him a hearty and enthusiastic reception. Governor Fred H. Brown in a brief address pled for a more general Americanism. Ex-governor John H. Bartlett, with tears in his eyes, called for a rebirth of devotion to New Hampshire, while Senator George H. Moses, casting rather contemptuous glances at Gov. Bartlett's white flannel trousers, took issue with him and declared himself to be optimistic regarding the future of our state. Congressmen Wason and Rogers spoke at the end of the program.

Anniversaries and Old Home Day Celebrations

THIS is the Old Home season and during the week of August 19 to 26 local patriotism, love of home, tender memories, and fond reminiscences have been the fires which have warmed the cockles of New Hampshire hearts. The most important celebrations of course were the Tercentenary Anniversaries at Portsmouth and Dover. For one entire week these two cities were replete with pageants, concerts, historical addresses, band music and soft drinks. We are told by those who witnessed the pageantry of the celebration that their portrayal of the scenes of early settlements was very impressive indeed. The whole state has pictorial proof of the beauty of the costumes and the realism of the characters. Undoubtedly their presentation of the early scenes and struggles of the founders of our state was very genuine, but we suspect that if the two cities had seen fit to stage for the public even one incident of the long battle which has been waged between them to determine which was the real "First Settlement of New Hampshire," it would have surpassed all the rest of the program. Seriously, however, the gathering of able men at these celebrations, the wealth of sentiment stirred by them, and the faithful toil of those who have prepared and directed them must be a source of helpful inspiration. This week marked the opening of the Portsmouth bridge by a simple but impressive ceremony in which Gov. Brown of New Hampshire and Gov. Baxter of Maine clasped hands at its center.

Jaffrey, Whitefield and Milford celebrated their sesqui-centennial anniversary and sixty-eight other New Hampshire towns have welcomed back their old friends and former inhabitants at Old Home Day celebrations. It is fortunate, perhaps, that the radio has not yet been sufficiently developed to make

broadcasting stations common. For if it had been so developed the old Granite State would have been a perfect Babel of voices. Outcries for and against prohibition, League of Nations, partisanship, government ownership of public utilities, the state development of water power and the bounty on hedge-hogs would have resounded from one end of the state to the other, forming one confused uproar. Imagine "listening in" on George H. Moses, the irreconcilable, at Whitefield, Rev. Raymond H. Huse, the World Court proponent, at Concord, and Raymond Stevens, the League of Nations orator of Landaff, at the same time, having your ear saluted by interruptions from Andrew Felker preaching prohibition and Robert P. Bass urging development of the state's water power. Unquestionably the squeakings and wailings of the receiver would be a relief. It is well to remember that under cover of the cannonade of oratory these Old Home Days have been marked by the warm handclasp of old friends and the re-awakening of public interest.

President Harding's Death

IN the early part of the month amid the excitement and hurry of preparation and the lighthearted buoyancy of the vacationist, there came a note of sadness which caused the people of New Hampshire to pause and reflect sadly upon the serious things of life. This was occasioned by the death of our late President, Warren G. Harding. In response to the request of President Coolidge, almost every city and town in the state held fitting memorial services. The Governor issued a proclamation expressing the love and appreciation of the people, and the Mayor of every city prescribed various forms of public mourning. All these things, however, constituted only the official expression appropriate to the solemn occasion. Far more important and more significant were the little incidents and words upon the streets and in the public places of our cities and towns. It was there that the people themselves revealed the depth of their grief, and the fact that they seemed to feel they had lost one of their own kindred proves that the good old American stock of our Granite State are as closely linked to their country and its visible head as ever their fathers were.

Calvin Coolidge

Vermont was once known as the "New Hampshire Grants" and the boundaries of colonial Massachusetts extended to Winnipesaukee. Therefore, New Hampshire shares with these states a sense of proprietorship over our new president.

If a reversal of the old saying "that the rats forsake a sinking ship" is true, his future is indeed bright for our political stages from the highest to the lowest are vieing with each other in endorsing him and are already, according to the Concord Monitor accusing each other of being "band-wagon jumpers." Without intending any reflection upon them we feel that New Hampshire's real feeling for the president is not political but patriotic. His quiet strength appeals to the people who are all expressing their confidence in him. With the sad memory of our last two presidents who were broken by the responsibilities of the position and its constant storm of criticism, we are all "band-wagon jumpers" in that New Hampshire citizens of all parties pledge their loyal support to President Calvin Coolidge. —N. H. C.

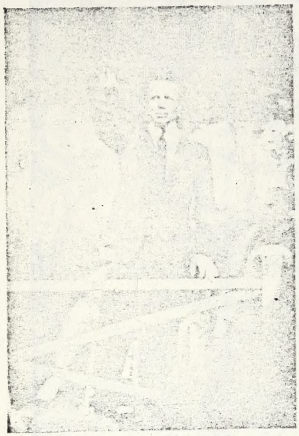
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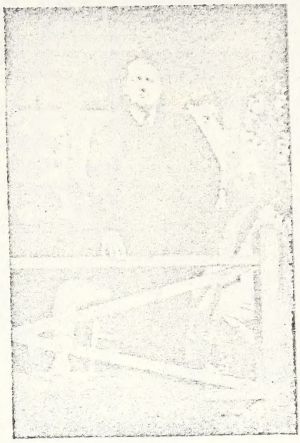
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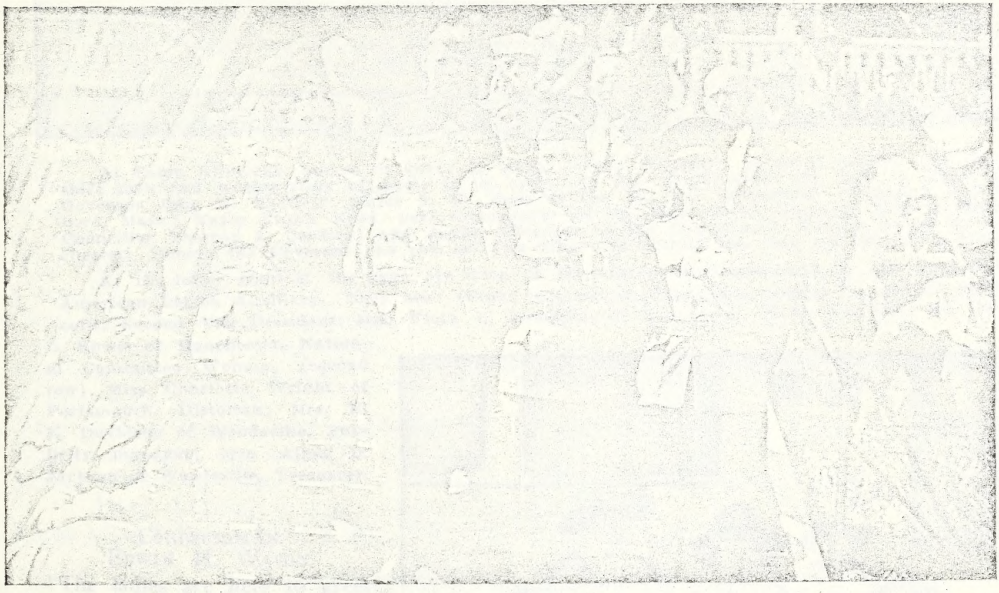


THE LEGION AT THE WEIRS AUG. 13-16



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.
"There are no class distinctions in America."

GOVERNOR FRED H. BROWN
"Let us strive for a rebirth of Americanism."



A GROUP OF PROMINENT LEGIONNAIRES: (Left to right) Past Commander, Charles S. Walker of Keene; Department Commander William E. Sullivan of Nashua; Senior Vice Commander, Harold K. Davidson of Woodsville; Department Chaplain, Rev. William H. Sweeney of Tilton. On the step behind these men are Junior Vice Commander, Frank N. Sawyer of North Weare and Department Adjutant, George W. Morrill of Concord.



EX-GOVERNOR JOHN H. BARTLETT
"We must stand by New Hampshire. She deserves our support."

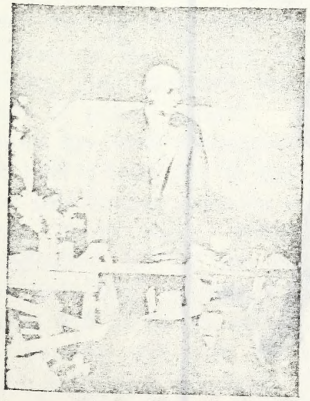


At Camp Killourhy, named in honor of Major Joseph Killourhy, gathered notable New Hampshire men and women from all parts of the state. In the picture above are (left to right) Ex-Governor John H. Bartlett; Major J. W. Bean of the 5th New Hampshire Volunteers, of Attleboro, Mass.; Major Frank Knox, past Commander of the Department; Governor Fred H. Brown, Councillor Thomas J. Conway; and Judge Advocate of the Department, Maurice Devine of Manchester. Behind the Governor one can see two other councillors, Col. Cole and Mr. A. P. Morrill.

At the lower right of the page are some of the women most prominent in the work of the American Legion Auxiliary. They are: (Front row, left to right) Mrs. George W. Morrill of Concord; Second Vice President; Mrs. Flora L. Spaulding of Manchester, State President; Dr. Zatae L. Straw of Manchester, National Committee Woman; (second row) Miss Charlotte Wright of Portsmouth, Historian; Mrs. H. K. Davidson of Woodsville, Publicity manager; Mrs. Alma D. Jackson of Woodsville, Treasurer.



CONGRESSMAN
EDWIN H. WASON
"The ladies are here to greet Senator Moses."







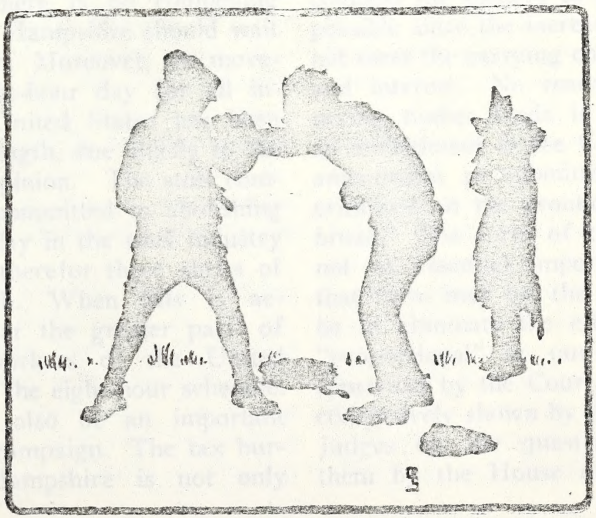
SCHOOL TIME

By Grace Blanchard
Illustrated by Elizabeth Shurtleff

I live opposite a schoolhouse;
And
Some days
The children troop by
Cherubic, playful,
"Hope of the world," ay, truly.
In this one's hand a nosegay;
Another has for "teacher"
A cherished orange;
Their merry laughs and gambols
Put youth into my world.
Shout while ye may,
Dear kiddies.
I am glad I live where I do.

And
Some days
The self-same boys and girls
Pass by and seem young cyclones;
Each with a whack for t'other,
All with a ready fist and taunt,
Hateful as they can be;
Their howls and jeers
Afflict me.
I will advertise my house for sale.

Of course this means that
Some days
I am cross.



FUTURE POLICIES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

I

Forty-eight Hours, Taxation, and Water Power

By Raymond B. Stevens

THE Democratic program on state issues in the coming campaign will be substantially the same as outlined in its platform the last election.

There are three questions of major importance to the welfare of the state which require immediate action. First, the fixing by law of an eight-hour day or forty-eight hour week for women and children employed in the industries of the state. The election of 1922 turned more on this one issue than any other. The refusal by the Republican Senate in the last legislature to concur with the House in the passage of such an act will make this question the chief issue in the next campaign unless in the meantime the employers grant the demand for an eight-hour day.

The only objection raised against such a law was the fear of Southern competition because longer hours are allowed in the South. The thorough investigation by the Labor Committee of the house clearly proved that this fear is ungrounded. While it is highly desirable that there should be a national standard for all industrial states, there is no compelling reason why New Hampshire should wait for Federal action. Moreover, the movement for an eight-hour day for all industries in the United States has been gaining great strength, due chiefly to the force of public opinion. The steel companies are now committed to abolishing the twelve-hour day in the steel industry and substituting therefor three shifts of eight hours each. When this is accomplished, by far the greater part of the industrial workers of the United States will be on the eight-hour schedule.

Taxation will also be an important issue in the next campaign. The tax burden in New Hampshire is not only heavy but most unfairly distributed. A more just distribution cannot be secured without amendments to our Constitution. The last legislature did practically all that can be done under the present Constitution, and while the changes made were undoubtedly an improvement in our tax system, the chief inequalities still exist. Over 80% of the tax burden is laid upon the holders of real estate, and other classes of wealth, which equal or even exceed the value of real estate, escape with little or no contribution. This not only creates injustice as between different tax payers, but has serious results upon the general prosperity of the state. The industry of farming, which already labors under serious difficulties which are nation-wide in their scope and beyond the power of the state of New Hampshire to modify, suffers severely from an unjust burden of taxation.

Also our present tax system is having a most injurious effect upon our lumber industry. The taxation of partially matured timber at its full market value compels the owners to cut as soon as possible since the increase in growth will not meet the carrying charges of taxation and interest. No reasonable system of taxing timber lands is possible without an amendment to the Constitution. The amendment as submitted last year was criticised on the ground that it was too broad. The form of the amendment is not of essential importance. Whatever that form may be, the effect of it must be to eliminate the effect of the word "proportional" in our Constitution as construed by the Court. This was most conclusively shown by the decision of the judges on the questions presented to them by the House of Representatives

in the last session of the legislature.

The state of New Hampshire possesses two natural resources, water powers and timber lands. So far the state has done practically nothing towards the development of these resources. In fact, its system of taxation is tending to seriously injure our timber lands. The water powers of the state have been developed to the fullest extent possible by private capital; that is, the available water power sites have been developed to a maximum capacity with the natural flow of our streams. The creation of storage reservoirs at the headwaters of our streams would probably nearly double the water power of the state. The creation of such reservoirs cannot be done by private capital. An increase in the flow of the stream is a benefit to every water power on that stream, and as these powers are held by a great variety of owners it is impossible to secure voluntarily proper distribution of the cost of the development of the reservoirs. The state seems to be the only agency which can, therefore, make this development.

An attempt to start a comprehensive policy of water power development was made in the last session of the legislature. The bill introduced by Ex-governor Bass, providing for the use of the credit of the state in the development of storage reservoirs, was passed by the House and defeated in the Senate. A more comprehensive plan along the same lines should be worked out and made an essential part of the Democratic program.

II.

The Democratic Party of the Future

By Eaton D. Sargent

IN point of service, the Democratic Party of the future will be the Democratic Party of the past reshaped only in the policies necessary to meet the exigencies of post-war conditions.

Its origin is traced in the grey dawn of the country's birth. Its inception dates from the dark days following this Republic's first lusty struggles. When Thomas Jefferson dickered with Napoleon Bonaparte for the famous Louisiana Purchase—a vast empire far flung from the Mississippi to the Pacific—the Democratic Party was, even then, delivering master strokes in the destiny of the so-called American government experiment.

Down through eventful decades it has been always the safety valve of the nation's stability and honor at home and abroad. Beginning with Andrew Jackson's time, the Democratic Party has had a continually recurring renascence of fervent belief in a higher civilization and the cause of human progress. For one hunded and forty-two years it has kept burning brightly the unquenchable fires of government by the majority, civic righteousness, and faith of the fathers.

When the problems of the present become dusty with the years and the history of generations yet unborn shall have been written, the Democratic Party will still remain a powerful factor in the political life of this nation—an unfading tribute to the survival of the fittest. It has stood the acid test of time and changing conditions because it was conceived in the cardinal principles of the greatest good for the greatest number.

It has weathered the storms of calumny and detraction because, like a faithful servant, it has never dissembled but has stood four-square to the best interests of the country, both at home and overseas. Through brief periods, its steadying and hopeful influences have

been curtained. Its progressive leadership in state and federal affairs has, at times, been reduced to a minority position but its purpose to combat the foes of forward legislation and effective party service has never wavered. At recurring intervals, misguided adherents have followed after strange gods, only and always to return to the party fold after their pilgrimage of delusion had ended.

Through the vicissitudes of some thirty-three presidential campaigns the star of the Democratic Party has alternately ascended and descended, but has never set. Flaming aloft in the political firmament, in the dawn of another great presidential election, it is right now lighting the way back to tried and proven paths of good government—to sane and sensible democratic principles.

The Democratic Party has never been the torch-bearer of class-consciousness, it is the party of the everyday American citizen—it is still the party of the plain man Jefferson, who rode to his inauguration ceremony on horseback.

It is not within one party member's vision or ability to be able to forecast, at this early day, the issues that will be incorporated into the party's platform next June. But standing as it has always stood upon a record of signal achievements for the welfare of the majority, rather than for favors extended to any class, clique or clan, I am certain that the Democratic Party of the future will remain true to the ideals of the past, and therefore, will champion only those reforms and policies calculated to enhance the happiness and prosperity of the country as a whole.

It is not likely that its agenda will call for wrestling with reparations, World Courts, Leagues, and other international imbroglios until the house of Uncle Sam, and our own business, has been put in order. We do not require any political savant to tell us what ought to be done. The people know. We do not need any political prophet to forcast the problems the next administration will be called upon to solve. The economic and reconstruction mistakes of the past few years are all too evident. Every thinking man and woman can determine for himself or herself what will happen if our good sense does not lead us out of the wilderness of industrial unrest, hectic business conditions, and general dissatisfaction prevalent everywhere.

But when things go wrong, the American people have a happy habit of coming back to their great redresser of grievances, to the party that, through the years, has espoused the cause of justice to all, and special privileges to none—to the old, yet ever new, standard of the Democratic Party.

III.

For the Rights of the Average Man

By George E. Farrand

IT is difficult in these days of political unrest, with the continual shifting of political winds, to determine in advance the lines upon which the next campaign will be conducted with regard to national issues.

Conditions of life may bring forward new issues in addition to the tariff, the international problem and the needs of labor and Western agriculture. I believe the Democratic party will adopt a liberal attitude with regard to platform and candidates. The Republican party appears more likely to represent the conservative forces at the present time.

In the state campaign of 1922 the Democratic party adopted a platform declaring unequivocally for such policies

as the eight-hour day for women and children in industry, the re-adjustment of our system of taxation, genuine home rule for cities, the abolition of the poll tax for women, etc. With forward looking aggressive candidates it entered the contest and won the victory, although the party had no group of wealthy men to appeal to for financial support and the usual campaign advertising was entirely eliminated.

Then the legislature met, a body composed of earnest intelligent men from all walks of life that will compare favorably with any legislature of recent years in leadership and membership, and an honest endeavor was made by the Governor and the legislative leaders of the majority party to carry out its election promises, assisted by some of the more progressive Republicans. The platform measures were passed by the House, but were killed in the Senate by the Republicans. These issues still remain unsettled through no fault of the Democratic party or its leaders. They will again be a part of the state issues to be fought over in the next campaign.

Democrats may well look for success at the next election if their party continues to take a forward position toward solving the perplexing troubles of the average man. The recent session of Congress, Republican controlled, was a disappointment to the country. The next session bids fair to be more so.

The action of the Republican majority in the State Senate was a disappointment to a majority of the voters of New Hampshire.

Senator Moses appeals for a revival of party loyalty as a solution of the troubles of his party and states that in the old days "a conscientious town committee could make a canvass which would reveal within the narrowest limits exactly how the votes would be cast on election day." Those were the good old days, but in the language of the cartoonist, "Them days are gone forever." The votes can no longer be counted before they are cast. The people are doing their own thinking and realize that the men whom they support with their votes are only their instruments through whom they hope to improve their political condition of life. They are not pawns owned by a political party to bring victory or defeat to this or that group of political leaders.

It behooves the Democratic party to continue to sail a direct course, take a definite position on all public questions, fight for the rights of the "average man" and win the right to the support of all liberal minded men and women, be they Democrats, Republicans or Independents.

"THREE SENTINELS OF THE NORTH" AND THE DURHAM MEETING

By John G. Winant

WILLIAM S. Rossiter of Concord contibuted to the July issue of the Atlantic Monthly an article entitled "Three Sentinels of the North" which ably represented the economic crisis through which the northern New England states are now passing. Mr. Rossiter, formerly a high official of the United States Census Bureau, is the head of the National Association of Statisticians and has a wide and well earned reputation for ability to make important, valuable and truthful deductions from carefully obtained and assembled figures. His deep and sincere interest in Northern New England made his article in the Atlantic Monthly a forceful appeal as well as a convincing argument; it is encouraging to find that it is receiving the thoughtful attention

it deserves in this section of the country.

We need people of a strong resourceful type, and yet we are told that 500,000 of our native men and women have left our north country and are living out their lives and earning their living elsewhere.

There is no co-operative effort made to-day either to persuade our boys and girls to remain in New Hampshire or to encourage young men and young women to come East and settle in old New England.

As Mr. Rossiter pointed out, our first step is "organization." An economic survey should be made and a program formulated; and yet before we can successfully turn migration northward and eastward, we must find a livelihood for those people who now make up the citizenry of our state. For although it is true that man cannot live by bread alone, yet it is equally true that men cannot live without bread. Sentiment may encourage us but it cannot feed us. State loyalty is a fundamental virtue, yet state prosperity is equally essential.

The most representative gathering thus far held to discuss a program of action was at Durham, Thursday, August 23. This meeting was called by Dr. Ralph D. Hetzel, President of the University of New Hampshire. Dr. Hetzel acted as Chairman and all the leading organizations of the state were represented. The chief feature of the meeting was an address by Mr. Rossiter in elaboration, explanation and further emphasis of his magazine article. Former Governor Robert P. Bass, Major Frank Knox, President George M. Putnam of the State Farm Bureau Federation, President Hetzel and others ably discussed the subject and object of the meeting.

A committee of three was appointed to draft resolutions from which the public could gain an accurate understanding of the position and aims of this gathering.

The report of this committee as unanimously adopted was as follows:

It is apparent from statistics that have been presented to this meeting that new economic and social conditions call for a readjustment of many of those activities which have in the past maintained the people of our state.

"This fact is well illustrated by the stationary population of the entire state, the steady and continuous decline both in rural population and production, and the intensified pressure of industrial competition.

"To meet this situation, a full knowledge of the facts is the first essential. We recommend that an accurate survey be made covering the following:

"A. Agriculture, including timber.
  "1. State production; increase and decrease in products—by products.
  "2. Analysis by towns.
  "3. Markets.
"B. Manufactures.
  "1. State production: increase and decrease in value of products.
  "2. Analysis by towns and cities.
  "3. Markets.
"C. Mineral and other products.
  "1. State production: increase and decrease by unit or value.
  "2. Analysis by towns and cities.
  "3. Markets.
"D. Population.
  "1. Changes since 1870.
  "a. Communities having less population in 1920 than in 1870; those showing maximum at some census prior to 1920; those having less than in 1910.
  "b. Nationality changes since 1900.
  "1a. Where they occurred.
  "2a. Relationship, if any, between population and nationality changes and agriculture and manufacture and increase or decrease of population.
"E. Water Power.
"F. Transportation.
"G. Education."

It was voted that a committee of five be named with authority to employ a trained investigator to make an exact economic survey of this state. The necessary funds were contributed by those present. The committee will make a report based upon the findings of the survey at a future conference to be called by the Chairman.

Before adjournment the thanks of those in attendance were voted to Mr. Rossiter and Dr. Hetzel for bringing about and making of value this meeting.

NEW HAMPSHIRE LOOKS BACK

Some Scenes from This



Etheldreda Seabury as Martha Hilton.

NEW Hampshire has been looking backward this month. The famous men and women of history have walked our streets again. At Portsmouth and Dover, the earliest settlement of the state, the splendid days of the Royal Governors have lived again. In the cities and towns throughout the state centennials and sesqui-centennials and Old Home Days have turned people's thoughts toward days that are gone. And out of it has come, not a passive pre-occupation with glories that are past, but a determination, significantly exhibited by that meeting at Durham, to make the days to come of equal brightness with the past.

With the exception of the picture of Adonijah Howe, Jaffrey's beloved physician of the old days, these pictures are of the Portsmouth pageant. But they might be matched by hundreds of others from the celebrations of the sixty-eight towns participating in New Hampshire's Old Home Week.



David Thompson reading to his wife a list of provisions recently received. Men in advance of Miles Standish of the Plymouth Colony are also in the group, anxiously waiting to learn if Portsmouth can send provisions from their supply just received to the starving people of Plymouth.



OVER HER SPLENDID PAST

Month's Celebrations

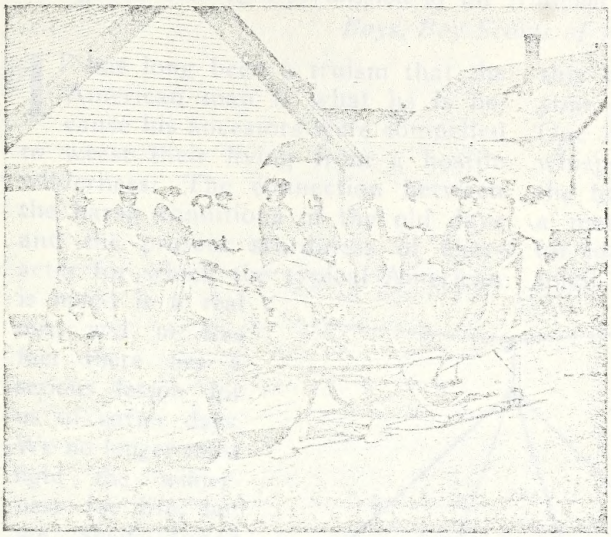
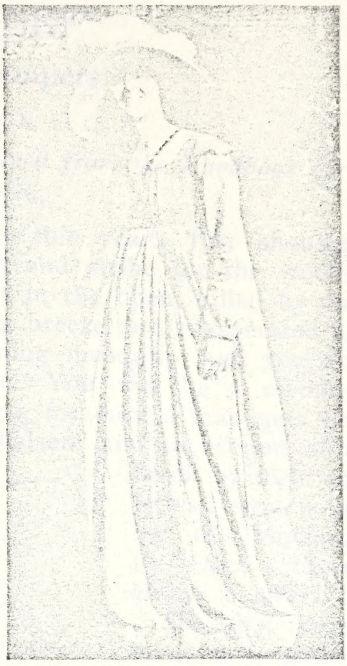


Photo by George P. Duncan

Dr. Adonijah Howe returns to Jaffrey in the sleigh in which he used to go about among the sick of the town.



Dorothy Adams, whose tireless work and pleasing personality permeated the whole pageant.



An interpretative dance interlude. The group includes, (left to right) Vivian Goldsmith, Lucille Jacques, Bertha Cohen, and Virginia Fournier.





"ARE YOU A HIKER?"

Some Suggestions for Campers

By H. Reynolds Goodwin

Diagrams used with permission of the National Council from the Handbook for Boys, Boy Scouts of America.

IT has long been a truism that the American man is what hs is because his ancestors were compelled to wrest their living from a hostile wilderness. The connection between the harsh conditions of the old days and the present sturdiness of character for which the typical American is noted is a real one, and in this fact there lies a serious lesson for us of softer days. We no longer must fight the wilderness for life, but we shall loose something very precious from our national life if we do not find a substitute for that struggle. Our Pioneer Days, winter carnivals and camping trips show that we recognize this fact. More and more every year the love of the trail and the mountain stream makes its converts.

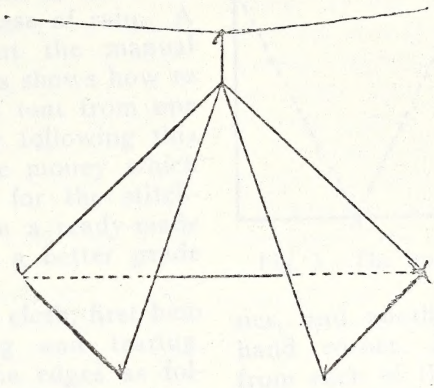
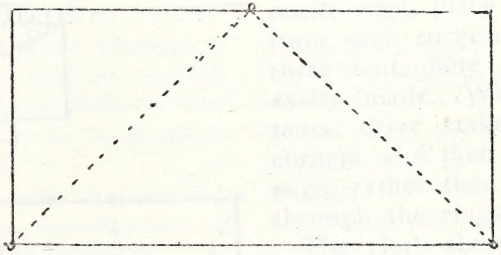


Fig. 1. The rectangle tent, showing (below) how rings are arranged and cloth stitched. The corners are pegged and the peak supported by being secured to an overhead branch.



The American Order of Hikers and Campers is growing by leaps and bounds. It has no officers, no headquarters, no membership fees, no anything except members and a genuine spirit of fraternity. This last is very real, as every hiker knows. On the trail men and women of all classes meet and mingle with the utmost good fellowship, swapping grub, cooking over the same fires, laughing at each other's jokes. You can join this order this year. Just shoulder your pack and strike for the woods. One night in the open, lulled by the whispering breeze and exasperated by the humming mosquito, and you are a member. You will be a member for life, too, for once a man gets the smell of balsam and the sound of a brook by night into his system, nothing can eliminate it. Once a hiker, always a hiker.

The first thing to do is to gather your outfit, and there are few things so absorbingly interesting as to assemble a kit which shall be ideal, that is, very light and very inexpensive. The absolute essentials are a pack for the grub and blankets to roll up in at night. To these you add as much as you think will be necessary for comfort. The ideal is to carrry not an ounce of superfluous weight, and yet to leave behind nothing which is really needed to make the trip enjoyable. You do not want to be a traveling sporting-goods store, but neither do you want to eat half-cooked food or loose sleep at night from being cold. And the best fun of all is to see how many articles of equipment you can make for yourself.

Take the match-safe for example. You can buy a very good one at any



store which handles sporting goods, but you do not need to. Take a metal box such as shaving soap used to come in before the new holder-top was invented, and glue a disk of sandpaper into the inside of the cover. This makes a very convenient and reasonably waterproof container for your matches at no expense, and the sandpaper affords a good place to scratch matches in wet weather.

You will probably want a tent. Personally I prefer to sleep under the stars, but I always plan to have the tent near at hand in case of rain. A pup tent is good, but the manual used by the Boy Scouts shows how to make several styles of tent from one piece of cloth, and by following this plan you can save the money which would otherwise pay for the stitching and other work in a ready-made tent and to invest in a better grade of cloth.

To prepare the tent cloth, first hem it to prevent fraying and tearing. Then sew rings to the edges as follows: Supposing that your cloth, when hemmed, measures 7 by 14, sew a ring in the upper right-hand corner, and another in the upper left-hand corner. Measure in 3½ feet from each of these rings and sew on two more. Between these two, sew three rings at intervals of 1¾ feet. The upper edge of your cloth will now resemble that of Fig. 2. On the opposite edge, place two rings, 3½ feet from each corner. Any one of the three tents here shown can now be easily made. When setting up the tents, drive stakes or pegs for the corners, and then tie the rings to the pegs, rather than driving pegs down through the rings themselves.

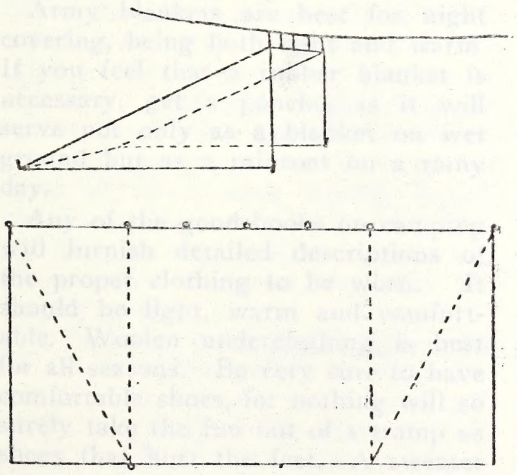


Fig. 2. The plain lean-to with back to the wind and open side to the fire, makes a very practical and comfortable shelter. Note that the top is supported by four or five suspensions which may be tied to an overhead rope or to a convenient branch.

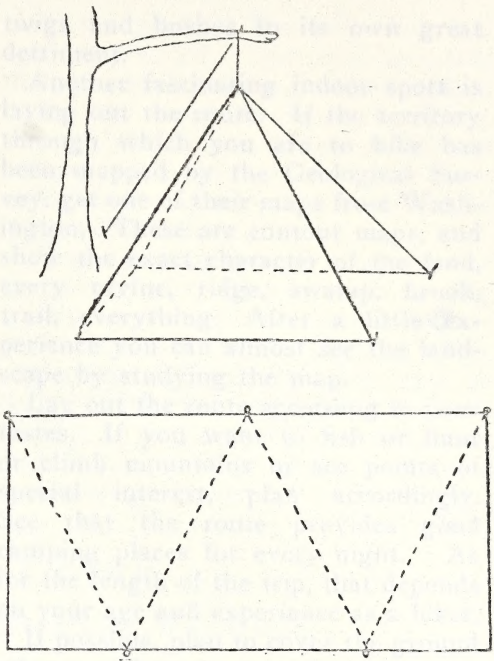


Fig. 3. The lean-to with triangular front.

The cloth should be waterproofed, and clear directions for that process can be found in almost any book on camping.

A better idea of the different tents than any sketch can convey, may be obtained by making paper models of them. Simply cut your paper twice as long as it is wide, and fold on the dotted lines. Incidentally, this will help a lot when you come to erect the real tent.

Another item which can be home-made is a camp cook-book. Get a vest-pocket memorandum book and write "Camp Recipes" on the cover. Then every time you see a recipe for anything which sounds as though it could be prepared over a campfire, jot it down; and every time you invent a camp dish of your own, as you will in time, write down the directions for making it. When completed this book will mean far more to you than any that you can buy, and its pages will fairly smell of the trail.

The pack may be made at home, although it is perhaps more satisfactory to buy it. In either case see that it is large enough, that the shoulder straps are strong and broad, and that they are stitched so strongly to the bag that no yank, however vigorous, feels one of the straps give way. The one knows the importance of this until, miles from any settlement, with twenty pounds in his pack, he jumps down from a rock or fallen tree and feels one of the straps give way. The pack should have a cover to shut out rain, and of course should be waterproof.

Army blankets are best for night covering, being both light and warm. If you feel that a rubber blanket is necessary, get a poncho, as it will serve not only as a blanket on wet ground but as a raincoat on a rainy day.

Any of the good books on camping will furnish detailed descriptions of the proper clothing to be worn. It should be light, warm and comfortable. Woolen underclothing is best for all seasons. Be very sure to have comfortable shoes, for nothing will so surely take the fun out of a tramp as shoes that hurt the feet. A sweater is a good thing to have along, but not the best thing to wear through woods unless you wear something over it, as it catches very easily on twigs and bushes to its own great detriment.

Another fascinating indoor sport is laying out the route. If the territory through which you are to hike has been mapped by the Geological Survey, get one of their maps from Washington. These are contour maps, and show the exact character of the land, every ravine, ridge, swamp, brook, trail, everything. After a little experience you can almost see the landscape by studying the map.

Lay out the route according to your tastes. If you want to fish or hunt or climb mountains or see points of special interest, plan accordingly. See that the route provides good camping places for every night. As for the length of the trip, that depends on your age and experience as a hiker.

If possible, plan to cover the ground wherever there is a roadway by auto rather than on foot, saving your strength for the trail. To tramp miles along a good road with a heavy pack is not as much fun as one might think. If you can leave the car in a convenient place and use it as a base of supplies while you make short all-day or over-night hikes into the woods, that is a good arrangement.

When the time for the trip draws near, make up the grub list. Select food that is light, compact, nutritious and easy to prepare over a camp-fire. These rules are especially important if you intend to pack all the food on your back. Such things as soup are taboo entirely, being very heavy in comparison with food value. Raisins stand at the other end of the list. If you are inexperienced, do not plan to do any elaborate cooking on the trip, for it much harder to bake bread or pies on the trail than it sounds in the books. Do not rely on your ability to get sufficient food from the woods and streams, or you will certainly go hungry.

When the day arrives, put into

your pockets the small articles you expect to use most frequently, and the rest into the pack. Roll the blankets and tent into a long slender bundle to be slung over one shoulder, or into a short compact bundle to be worn on top of the pack. Then leave dull care behind and start off.

You will be eaten alive by mosquitoes, stung to desperation by midges, tired out by hard tramping. You will start at the weird squeal of the porcupine at midnight and perhaps have to chase him away from the provisions. Bugs will get into your food and so will ashes. The bottle of fly dope will break and spoil half the grub. The rain—but find out for yourself. The more agreeable features have been so well advertised that they need no reiteration here. As for the other things mentioned above, you must learn to enjoy yourself in spite of them if you would be a genuine hiker.

Stay out long enough to get broken in to trail life. That is the only way really to develop the rugged self-reliance which is the birthright of every American. It is the only way to bring back the old pioneer blood. And it is the best way, you will agree when you have tried it, to have a glorious good time.

A FOREST FIRE

When Destruction Sweeps Our Woodlands

By E. E. Woodbury

IN one of our most beautiful towns a forest fire was raging. Smoke rolled up from the valleys and down from the mountain tops, smoke that could be seen in twenty-five townships. At night the heavens were illuminated by the glare of the fire demon as it swept from hill to dale, from mountaintop to valley. People watched the scene with awe. An atom of fire—a match or a discarded cigarette stub—had been carelessly turned loose; hence this great conflagration was sweeping over thousands of acres of forest lands recently logged, and hundreds of acres of growing timber lands, destroying all in its path: logging camps, equipment, log piles and logging trucks.

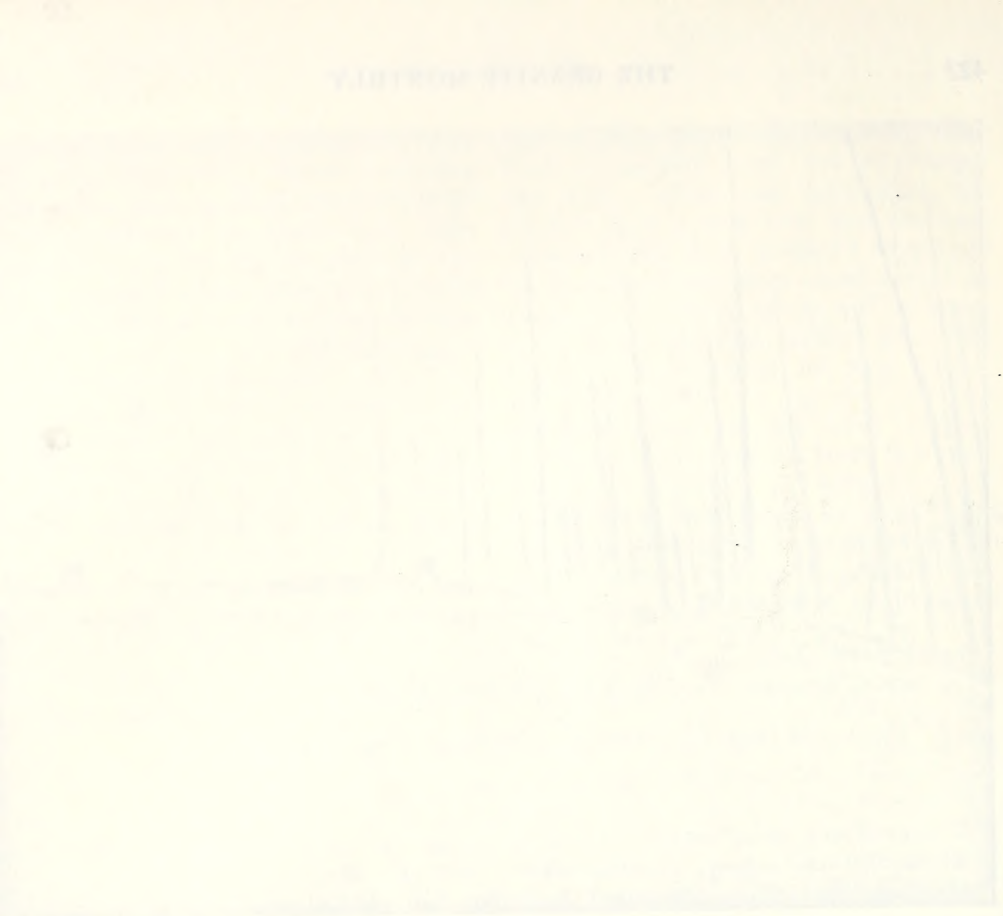
A mountain watchman in the employ of the New Hampshire Forestry Department discovered a small fire at 1.10 P. M. July 12th on the south slope of Flat Mountain in the town of Waterville. The fire broke out in or near a deserted lumber camp and, having everything possible for its encouragement, it destroyed part of the buildings before the alarm given by the watchman could bring help. The ground about was parched because of protracted dry weather, and the evergreen slashings caused the fire to spread in all directions with such rapidity that it was soon beyond control. Up over the mountain one mile away was Camp 10. Around this unused camp the belated fire fighters battled all night and, finally, saved the buildings. When the morning sun of July 13th appeared above the crest of Whiteface Mountain it looked like an orb of fire so dense was the smoke. During the forenoon the fire swept across the plain north of Flat Mountain pond and around the south on the mountain towards Sandwich. One mile east of Camp 10 was Camp 11 and one and one half miles further was Camp 12. Both these were being used and the crews were on the fire line one-half mile to the west preparing to meet and stop the fire and save the camps. From 10 A. M. to 12 M a light breeze from the east retarded the flames; from 12 M to 1 P. M. a dead calm prevailed which gave strong hopes of stopping further distruction. But alas, down from the top

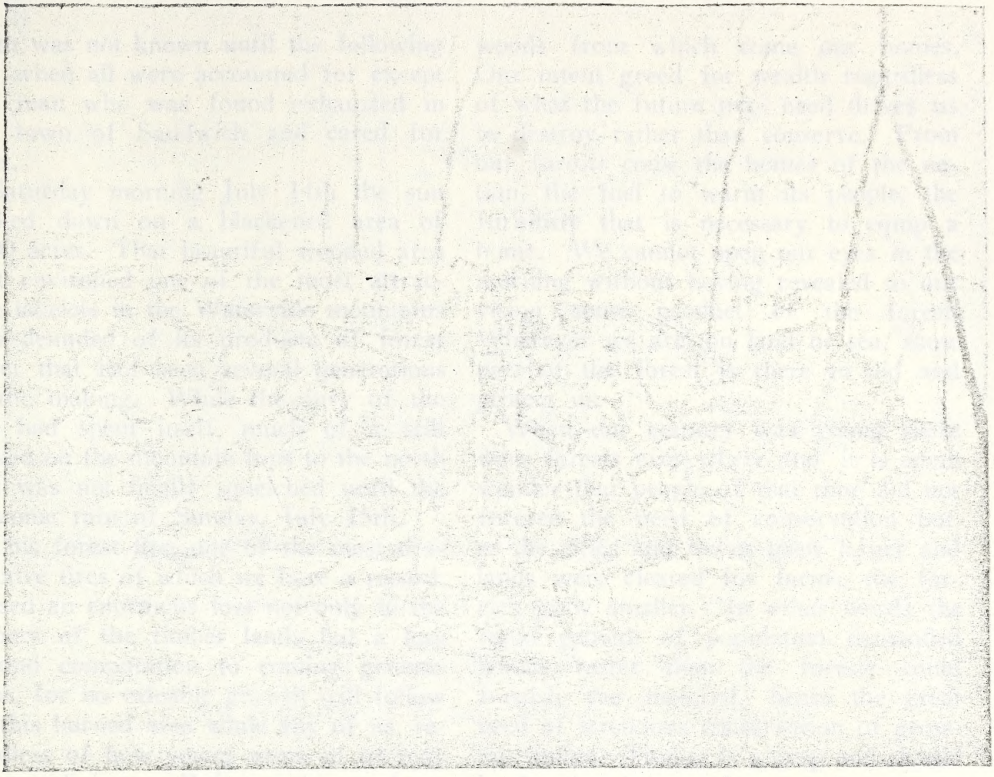


Here was a log pile which the fire devoured hungrily.

of Sandwich Dome swept a strong western gale, flames along the whole fire front leaped into the air, embers from the burning slash leaped the fire line and within ten minutes the whole area approaching camps 11 and 12 was a seething, roaring hell of destruction. Twenty-five men on the fire line near camp 11 found themselves surrounded by fire, the only avenue of escape being a bog hole into which thirteen of them plunged while the others rushed for the shore of a pond close by where they were obliged to remain close to the ground until the flames had swept by. For two hours we lay listening to the roar of this messenger from hell while it rushed on to the east destroying Camps 11 and 12 and licking up everything that could possibly burn. Deer, rabbits, squirrels and other fleet-footed animals were able to keep out of the way but forty hogs and several pigs at the camps perished in the flames and probably hundreds of hedgehogs saved the state the possibility of paying bounties for their noses.

The men detailed to clear a fire line for the protection of camps 11 and 12 contentedly ate their dinners, the cooks were laying plans for supper little expecting that inside of two hours their woods home would be a smoking mass of ruins. From the west came the hissing roar of the flames as they leaped from one tree top to another driven by the gale that carried the fire over the center line. The camp foremen, being experienced woodcraftsmen, knew in an instant that the camps were doomed. Retreat via the roads and log railroad was cut off; every instant the fire was getting nearer and nearer until its hot breath was the signal for the foremen to give the order; "Men, save yourselves."





Not only the trees and all vegetation are destroyed by the on-reaching flames. The soil itself is impaired and it will be long before it can support timber growth again.

The men at Camp 11 "beat it" over the mountain and on down into the Waterville Valley to the north while the men at Camp 12 "hit the trail" down the valley to the south into Sandwich. Right here is a sad result to record. One of the fire fighters, an elderly man, became exhausted and could not keep up with the younger men. He sat down to rest. On came the fire fiend; the man saw his fate. Hastily he wrote on a scrap of paper and pinned to his coat, "John Gray died July 13th." The following day the body was found. The man evidently fell upon his face where he died from smoke suffocation.

July 13th was a day long to be remembered by the beautiful hill town of Sandwich. The forethought of the woods foreman caused the large number of horses to be harnessed and driven to safety through the woods down the valley into the town. Later came men from all quarters fleeing from the fires on the mountain. It reminds us of the lines of Whittier in one of his popular poems which we will here quote by changing one word. "Over the mountain winding down horse and foot into Sandwich town." "All day long in Sandwich street sounded the tread of marching feet" while the fires swept the beautiful south slope of the Waterville mountains.

The fire, sweeping over the fire line, divided the men into four groups: the men surrounded by fire, the two camp crews driven from the woods and the men at camp 10. For two hours the former and the latter did not know the fate of either group and it was not until in the evening that the fate of the crews from 11 and 12 was known. Then reports from different towns came in stating that men were coming out of the woods in several places. The full

truth was not known until the following day when all were accounted for except one man who was found exhausted in the town of Sandwich and cared for later.

Saturday morning July 14th the sun looked down on a blackened area of 3500 acres. That beautiful wooded area that environed one of the most attractive lakelets in the Waterville mountains was denuded of its products of forest cover that had been several generations in the making. While the fury of the fire had spent itself, much of it still lurked on the mountain tops to the north and was not finally squelched until the welcome rain of Sunday, July 15th.

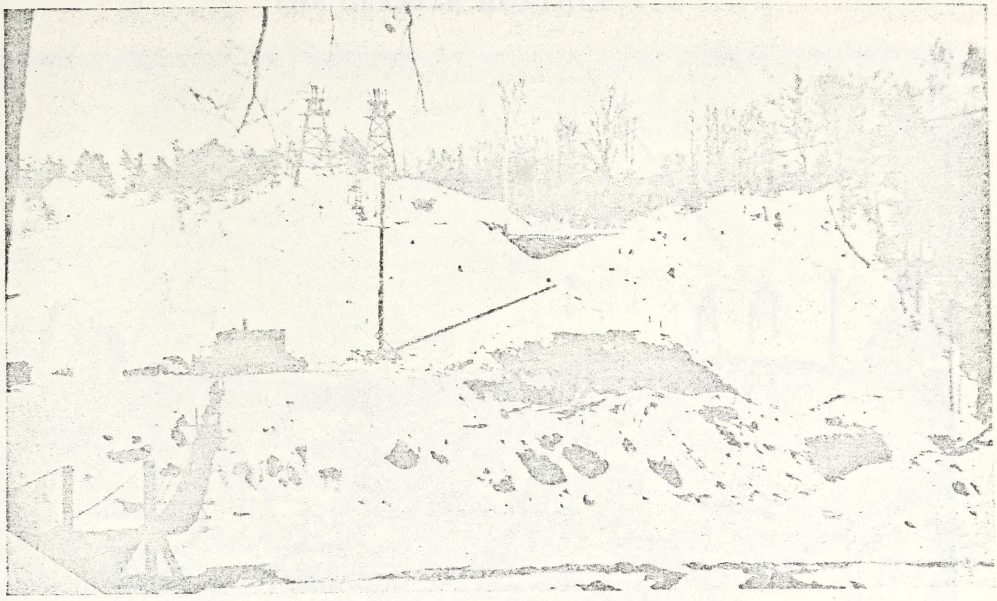
This forest fire, one of the most destructive fires of which we have a record, caused an enormous loss not only to the owners of the timber lands but a loss beyond computation to coming generations, for no valuable growth will follow on this burned area while any of us, regardless of how young some of us may be, are living. Reforestation such as future wants will demand was set back one hundred years. Not only has the commercial value of this area been wiped out but the beauty of the wooded growth is gone. From the beautiful wooded slope of the majestic Sandwich Dome to the peak of Whiteface Mountain will extend a scar that our great-grandchildren can look upon when they are old people.

Notwithstanding this great commercial loss of the present, this loss to the future, this loss to the scenic beauty, and the damage caused to the watershed, let us hope that much good will yet come from it after all. Let this fire be a warning to people who are too optimistic about our forests; let it be a warning to people who are careless with fire; let it be a warning to cigarette smokers and all other smokers who are not decent and sane about it.

As a rule we are not disposed to measure the full value of our forests. We do not show proper respect for the woods from which come our homes. Our intent greed for wealth regardless of what the future may need drives us to destroy rather than conserve. From our forests come the homes of the nation, the fuel to warm its people, the furniture that is necessary to equip a home. We cannot open our eyes in the morning without having revealed to our vision some product of the forest. Wherever we are, on land or sea, some part of the forest is there to aid and protect us.

When our country was young there were forests everywhere and it is small wonder that people of that time did not foresee the need of conservation but, as the cities and towns grew larger and lands were cleared for farms, the forests grew smaller. In other words the rapid growth of population demanded homes faster than the forests could furnish the material, hence the great need of strenuous conservation of growing timber. Timber is a crop and should be harvested in such a way as to encourage another crop to follow. The greatest enemy to conservation of forests is fire. Why should we not use due care to keep this greatest enemy away from the chief asset of our present civilization?

Ours is a literary nation and literature depends on the forests. Our forests make possible all our books and libraries, all our daily and weekly papers and, in fact, the news and doings of the world are broadcasted by printers' ink on the product of the forests. We might go on enumerating the uses to which the products of our forests are put but it is not necessary. The one great thing that should be made a paramount issue from now on is, to use fire as a servant not as a master. Let us hew close to the line of conserving for ourselves and our descendants this most important natural asset. Let this unsightly scar high up on the southern slopes of the Waterville mountains warn us to be cautious.



At the very beginning of the work. This picture was taken on March 13.

THE BRISTOL DAM

An Important Water Power Development

By H. M. Nabstedt

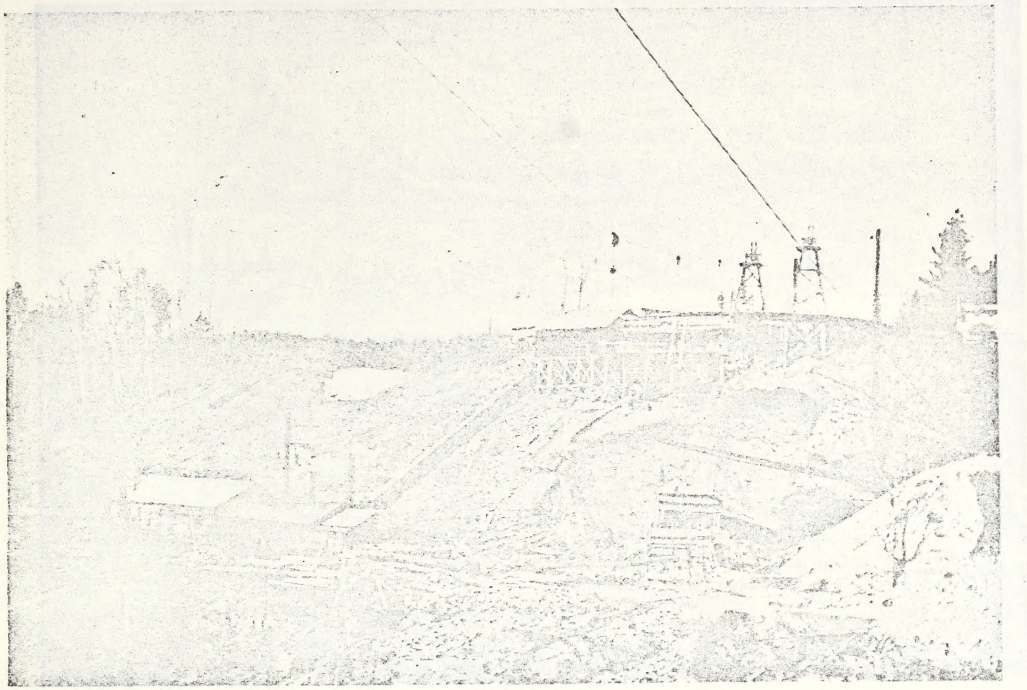
THERE is being constructed near Bristol, N. H., by the Ambursen Construction Company of New York City, and for the Utilities Power Company the initial installation of a rather extended power development which should be of great interest to the people of New Hampshire who are interested in conservation and in the development of the natural resources of the state.

The dam now being constructed is the lower 52 feet of what is finally to be an 82 foot dam. The type of construction is known as the Ambursen Reinforced Concrete Dam. The spillway will be 300 feet long and is designed to take care of a fourteen-foot overflow of water, this being considerably more than the largest known flood. Provision has been made in the construction for the extension of the buttresses or piers downstream and upward when it is decided to increase the height of the dam.

The entire structure will be about 550 feet in length. Besides the spillway of 300 feet there will be about 100 feet devoted to the intake and powerhouse, the remainder being used for abutments, log sluice, etc. In order to store water to the maximum to take care of the dry spells the dam will be provided with flash-boards five feet in height, thus very decidedly increasing the available storage.

The dam itself being of the hollow reinforced concrete type, of which about 150 have been constructed throughout the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico and Canada, is particularly adapted to this particular site. The piers or buttresses are triangular in shape and provide for a very large base thereby increasing the stability of the dam and making it impossible for the structure to slide out or turn over. The upstream face of the dam is at an angle of 45 degrees so that each additional foot of water held back by the dam also means an added tendency of holding the dam in place. The piers support a reinforced concrete deck or water barrier and this concrete slab





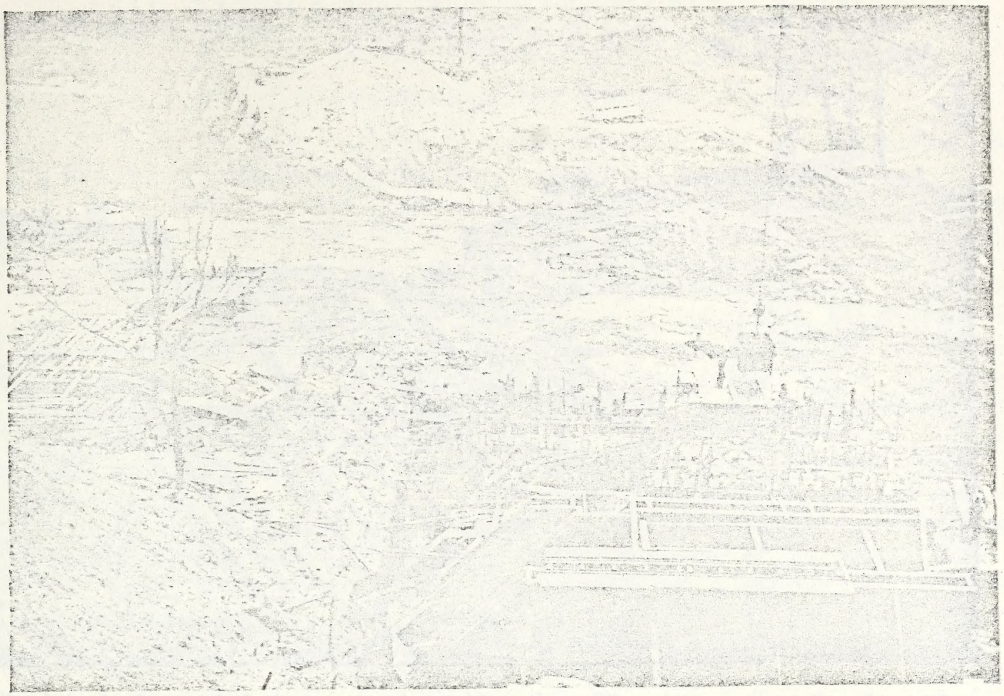
View taken April 25 from the river bank toward the west. This shows the westerly end of the dam, concrete mixer, storage bins, and unloading platform.

is carried over the top and down over the downstream end of the buttresses for the purpose of carrying off the overflow of water. The structure is an improvement over the mass type of dam which has been in use for centuries in that the upstream face, which is commonly practically perpendicular in the mass dam and consequently is subjected to the maximum destructive tendencies, is replaced with a sloping face which permits of the added load of water having a tendency toward stability.

The construction forces first appeared at the site about January 1st. Since then the forces have been increased until now about 150 men are engaged on the work. The past winter was a very unfavorable one and while an attempt was made at excavation the efforts were largely directed toward the construction of a camp to house the construction forces, the construction of cottages for the administrative forces and the installation of construction plant and equipment. The first concrete was placed in the latter part of April and since that time concrete has been flowing rapidly so that at the date of writing the dam looms up as a rather formidable structure.

The spring floods and ice conditions were rather severe during the winter and spring and no attempt was made toward coffer damming. Immediately after the freshets work was commenced and the north portion of the river was dammed off. At the date of this article that foundation work through the greater portion of the river bed has been completed and with favorable weather it is merely a matter of a few days when the water will be turned through the present work and the remainder of the river bed will be coffer-dammed and construction will proceed toward the south embankment, at which place considerable work has already been done in the intake and power house section. The favorable weather conditions of the past two months have aided greatly in advancing this construction.





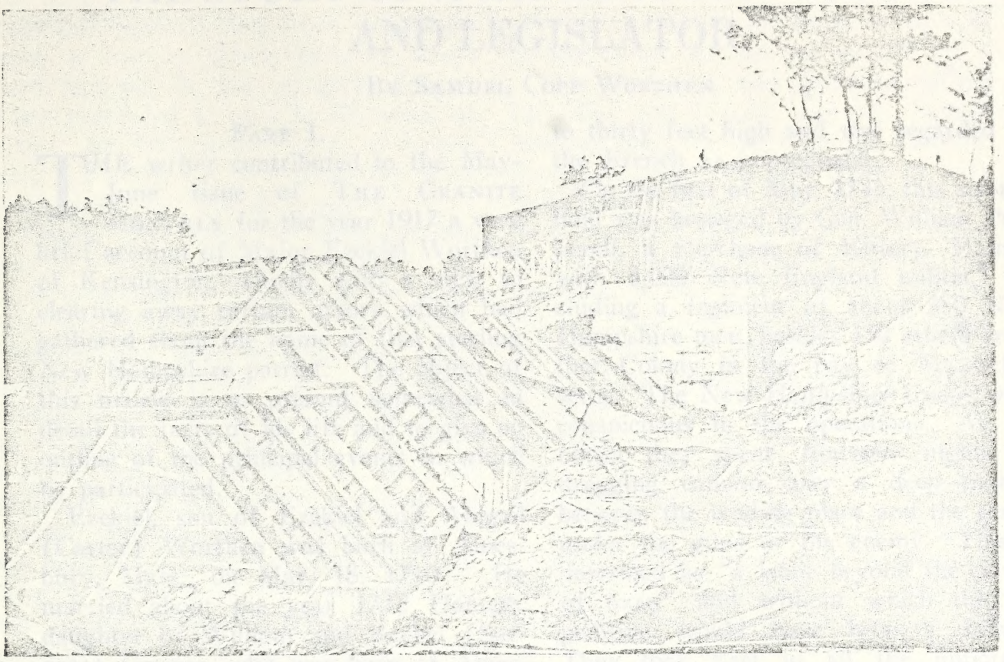
View taken from the unloading platform showing buttresses on June 13.

The present power installation is to consist of three units of 3351 horsepower each. This will later be changed to three units of 5808 horsepower each when the height of the dam is increased. Already the four transformers are at the site of the work. The water wheels, electrical generators, governors, penstocks, etc., are on the way to Bristol. This massive machinery is being taken to the work by means of a specially constructed vehicle. At the work an inclined railway is being constructed to take the machinery down the high embankment and a trestle for taking the machinery across the river is being constructed.

There will be constructed in connection with this work several interesting appurtenances such as sluiceways to lower the water whenever necessary, a log sluice to take logs through the dam, flashboards for temporarily storing an additional amount of water and intake provisions for conveying water to the power house equipment and the controlling of this flow.

While New Hampshire has taken advantage of its waterpower since its earliest days in a small way, a study of the trend of waterpower development will indicate that its value has always been appreciated but a comprehensive manner of taking advantage of this invaluable resource has never been carefully carried out. Many states have made this feature of development an issue, and the development of water power is under its control to a limited extent. While this control has its disadvantages nevertheless there are advantages which ultimately will mean much more than a haphazard development at this time. An increasing number of states are appointing Commissions to give the development of water storage and power careful attention. Plans must be submitted to these Commissions before work can be commenced. New Hampshire just recently has done this and the structure at Bristol is under constant state supervision.

The town of Bristol has a splendid illustration of wasteful development of



On July 4, the work had progressed to this point. The picture was taken from the coffer dam.

water resources. There is a considerable fall between Newfound Lake and Pemigewassett River but since there are numerous owners of power rights on this small stream only a portion of the power available is being utilized The waste is variously estimated at 60% to 90%. Ultimately such conditions cannot exist. Yet the Bristol illustration is only one of many existing in the state. Further the state formerly had numerous small developments which have gone out of use. The modern trend is to assemble many of these small developments into larger ones thereby reviving the power developments to a more efficient degree and by the use of transmission lines provide for an outlet where the power is required.

Each new development on any stream and its tributaries is an advantage in that each serves as a regulator of the flow of water. Excess water is stored in large bodies and when the rainfall is least this storage is drawn upon and if the power developments are in use only a portion of the day water is stored during the remainder of the day. The situation develops itself to the point where every person interested in any one development is benefitted by following all developments, those at the lower portions of the stream can well afford to co-operate with those above and still more decidedly the state can well lend its co-operation toward this development of the water powers as a live help in the conservation of other natural resources.

The Ambursen Construction Company has made a specialty of the design and construction of water storage and power dams for many years. Among those on which the writer has worked are the one for Oklahoma City which recently withstood a very severe test in taking care of extreme floods, another at Tulsa, Oklahoma which is 80 feet in height and 1000 feet in length, another at Ardmore, Oklahoma. The power development at Bristol is the largest now under construction in New Hampshire and when it is finally raised will be the largest in the state.



THE STORY OF A KENSINGTON WARRIOR AND LEGISLATOR

By Samuel Copp Worthen

Part I.

THE writer contributed to the May-June issue of The Granite Monthly for the year 1917 a very brief account of Major Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington,—chiefly with a view to clearing away certain errors which had gathered about the name of that sterling New Hampshire patriot. The object of this article is to present somewhat in detail the facts of his life and to give an outline of the principal events in which he participated.

Ezekiel, son of Ezekiel and Abigail (Carter) Worthen was born at Amesbury, Mass., on Mar. 18, 1710. He married about the year 1732 Hannah, daughter of William and Rachel (Sargent) Currier, who was born at Amesbury on June 26, 1711. A few years after his marriage he removed to Kensington. He became a leading citizen of Rockingham County, and had the exceptional privilege of serving his country well in three important wars. He played a creditable part in some of the most stirring scenes of our early history.

In 1744 the conflict in Europe called the War of the Austrian Succession,[1] plunged Great Britain's North American colonies into one of those periodical struggles in which their frontiers were ravaged by the French and their border settlements became a prey to the murderous scalping knife of the savage. As a measure of retaliation Gov. Shirley of Massachusetts adopted the bold plan of striking with a force of farmers and fishermen, unaided by regular troops, at Louisburg on Cape Breton Island, the strongest French fortress in America. It had been twenty years in building and had cost $6,000,000. It was surrounded by walls of solid masonry from twenty to thirty feet high and was regarded by the French as impregnable.

On the first of May, 1745, this stronghold was besieged by Gen. William Pepperell, a merchant of Kittery, Maine,[2] with 3,000 New England militia,[3] including a regiment of about 350 New Hampshire men, besides 150 others from that Colony in the pay of Massachusetts. The New Hampshire troops were conspicuous in the operations. At the outset they spent fourteen nights in dragging cannon over a deep morass between the landing place and the camp, under the guns of the enemy. This is described as "a labor beyond the power of oxen" and without which the expedition would have been a failure. They took part in all the important movements, including the erection of the "Lighthouse battery" which aided materially in the reduction of the fortress. The commandant, Duchambon, was compelled to surrender on June 17, 1745.

Ezekiel Worthen served in this expedition as ensign and lieutenant in a company commanded by Capt. Jonathan Prescott of Kensington, and is generally believed to have taken a prominent part in the siege. The Rev. George Osgood states in his history of the town of Kensington that he was present at the siege and "is said to have done good service as an engineer, building works against the enemy, probably the battery on Lighthouse Cliff."[4] However, it appears from the records that Capt. Prescott's company was recruited in New Hampshire as a reinforcement, and that Ezekiel Worthen was not enrolled until the very day of the surrender. No favorable news had reached New England, and these volunteers

1. Usually known on this side of the sea as "King George's War."
2. Afterwards Sir William Pepperell.
3. A large proportion of the men were recruited in the District of Maine, then a part of Massachusetts.
4. Sketch of the Town of Kensington by the Rev. George Osgood, in Hurd's *History of Rockingham and Strafford Counties, N. H.* p. 360.

doubtless believed they were embarking upon a venture which involved much hard fighting, as well as great danger. They proceeded at once to the scene of action, and did garrison duty at Louisburg for about a year before they were relieved by the British regulars.

During this time the little garrison was in a most perilous position. Far from their base of supplies, in the midst of a hostile country, exposed to attack by land and sea, their leaders were under constant apprehension of a combined assault by a French fleet and an army of Canadians and Indians. The fortifications had been wrecked by the bombardment, and were hastily repaired and rebuilt. Perhaps the tradition concerning Ezekiel's engineering feats at Louisburg is based upon the part taken by him in these defensive works.

After the surrender sickness prevailed to an alarming extent, and Pepperell's force was at one time reduced to less than 1,000 effective men. As winter approached serious apprehensions were felt, and Capt. Prescott and Capt. Waldron were sent to New Hampshire to appeal to the Governor and Legislature for relief.

On Sept. 24th Prescott and Waldron presented a petition of the officers of the New Hampshire Regiment at Louisburg[5] together with a long supplementary memorial drawn up and signed by themselves, and on Oct. 5th the House voted:

"That there be paid out of ye Treasury, of ye money for ye Expedition, to ye officers & soldiers or their order that last went on ye Expedition to Louisbourg as a Reinforcement provided they have been so long in ye Service, two months wages. And that Capt. Jonathan Prescott who is from Louisbourg to provide necessary stores for his company now at Louisbourg have Liberty to draw out of ye Treasury for each of his officers & soldiers belonging to his company two months wages as above, to provide private stores, &c. for his men."[6]

This resolution was approved by the Governor and Council, and the Captain returned with the much needed supplies. Soon afterwards he was taken ill with typhus fever, of which he died at Louisburg on Jan. 19, 1746.[7] On October 1st, 1745, Ensign Ezekiel Worthen was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant.[8] Owing to the absence of Capt. Prescott and his subsequent illness and death, Lieut. Worthen was in active command of the company for a considerable portion of the term of its service. He returned home and was discharged on June 20, 1746.

In 1754 the French and English colonists began their final tremendous struggle for supremacy, in which as usual the most efficient weapon employed by the French was the tomahawk of the savage aborigines. With their hordes of painted warriors, evoked from the dark forests of the interior, the distant western prairies and the bleak woodlands of the North, they fell upon the thin line of British settlements fringing the Atlantic, in a whirlwind of ferocity which for a time theatened to sweep them into the sea. The conflict raged with especial fury along the Northern border, and none bore the brunt of it more bravely than the hardy woodsmen of New Hampshire.

In this momentous struggle Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington took an active part. For the "Crown Point Expedition" of 1756 the Province of New Hampshire raised a regiment of 700 men under Col. Nathaniel Meserve of Portsmouth. It consisted of twelve companies, the 8th of which was commanded by Capt. Ezekiel Worthen. The original muster-roll of his company and the receipt for its first month's pay, dated May 25, 1756, and written out in the Captain's bold, clear handwriting, are now in the possession of one of his

5. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire, Vol. V, p. 370.*
6. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire, Vol. V, p. 386.*
7. *Prescott Memorial (Wm. Prescott, M. D. 1870) p. 235.*
8. *Roll of the New Hampshire Men at Louisburg, Cape Breton, 1745 (Geo. C. Gilmore, 1896) p. 45.*



Photo by Mrs. Wendell B. Folsom of Exeter

The Old Worthen House at "Eastman's Corner," Kensington, N. H.

descendants, Miss Josephine P. Dow of Exeter. The object and proposed duration of its service are thus described in the muster-roll: "To remove French encroachments to the North of Albany or Eastward of Schenectada: to serve nine Months if the Expedition is not sooner over."

No important battle was fought on that front during the season, though some sharp skirmishes took place.[9] The woods were full of savages ready to strike down any soldier who became separated from his comrades even for a short time and to ambush small detachments or scouting parties; but Montcalm, on account of the large force of American militia confronting him, did not venture to attack Fort William Henry, as he is said to have intended, and the Earl of Loudon, who superseded Gov. Shirley in the command of our army, hesitated to bring on a decisive engagement. Meserve's regiment was not idle, however, being employed in building forts and batteaux and in other useful works. These operations were conducted on a line extending from Fort Albany to Fort George. Loudon was so impressed with the qualifications of the New Hampshire men for this border warfare (their agility, skill and endurance as well as woodcraft) that he gave orders for the organization of three companies of "rangers" from that Province, which, under Robert Rogers, John Stark and William Stark, did excellent service during the war and were afterwards allowed half pay on the British establishment.[10]

Capt. Worthen acquitted himself creditably during this campaign and returned home when the regulars went into winter quarters and the militia regiments were discharged. It is probable that his engineering skill proved useful in the erection of the fortifications above mentioned. On Jan. 1st, 1757, the House of Representatives voted an allowance to meet the expenses of the expedition, including the pay-roll of Capt. Worthen's company.

9. *History of Queensbury, New York (A. W. Holden) 1874 pp. 303-4.*

10. *History of New Hampshire (Jeremy Belknap) Vol. I, p. 316.* This type of soldier is aptly portrayed in Parkman's poem, "The New Hampshire Ranger," which appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for August, 1845.

A regiment of 500 men under Col. Nathaniel Meserve and Lieut. Col. John Goffe went to the front from New Hampshire in 1757. Most of the records of this regiment have been lost, and the captains of the 1st, 3rd and 6th[11] companies are the only ones mentioned in any official document known to the writer, though there must have been at least eight companies, judging from the number of enlisted men.[12] There is convincing oral or traditionary evidence that one of these companies was commanded by Capt. Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington. Col. Meserve with 100 carpenters and three companies of rangers went to join the forces under the immediate command of the Earl of Loudon at Halifax and the remainder of the regiment, including Capt. Worthen's Company (between 200 and 250 men in all) under Lieut.-Col. Goffe, marched to Number-Four and thence to Albany. Gen. Webb then posted them at Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George, as part of the garrison under the command of Col. Monroe.

Meanwhile, Gen. Montcalm had assembled a large force, including a motley horde of savages in which forty-one tribes and sub-tribes, Christian and heathen, were represented. They had flocked in from regions as remote and widely separated as Acadia on the East, and the valley of the Ohio and the shores of Lake Superior on the West. There were present cannibals "from the Western Sea" never until then beheld in that country. The warriors were painted with vermilion, white, green, yellow and black, had rings of brass wire in their ears, and were "adorned with every ornament most suited to disfigure them in European eyes." Their hideous aspect and bestial habits rendered them objects of dread and disgust to the more humane of their French allies, several of whom have left records of the manner in which they devoured the flesh and drank the blood of their victims. One states that "sometimes when mad with brandy they grappled and tore each other with their teeth like wolves."

Such was the demoniac crew with which on August 3rd, 1757, the Marquis of Montcalm descended upon and surrounded Fort William Henry. He also had with him 6000 Canadian and French troops and a train of artillery. Col. Monroe made a gallant defence, but on August 9th, his ammunition being exhausted, his fortifications battered, smallpox raging among his men and many having been killed and wounded by the bombardment, he was compelled to surrender. The terms agreed upon with Montcalm were most honorable, providing for the retention of personal baggage and a safe escort to Fort Edward, fourteen miles distant. No sooner were the gates opened, however, when the Indians rushed in and tomahawked the sick and wounded. A rather feeble attempt was made by the Fench officers to protect their prisoners and carry out the terms of the capitulation, but many were robbed and murdered, and the attitude of the savages continued to grow more menacing. The attempt of the survivors to march to Fort Edward under French escort is thus graphically described by Parkman:

"When after much difficulty the column at last got out of the camp and began to move along the road that crossed the rough plain between the encampment and the forest the Indians crowded upon them, impeded their march, snatched caps, coats and weapons from men and officers, tomahawked those that resisted and seizing upon shrieking women and children dragged them off or murdered them upon the spot. It is said that some of the interpreters fomented the disorder. Suddenly there rose the screech of the war-whoop. At this signal of butchery,

11. Potter's "Military" History" in *Report of the Adjutant General of New Hampshire for the year ending July 1, 1866, Vol. II, p. 179.*

12. The rolls and other records were probably lost at the time of the massacre below described.

a mob of savages rushed upon the New Hampshire men at the rear of the column."

Then ensued the most dreadful scenes of slaughter. The English were without ammunition and totally defenseless. The Indians stripped them to the skin and ruthlessly plied the tomahawk and scalping knife.

In the midst of this fiendish orgy of blood and terror Capt. Worthen did not lose his presence of mind. A number of savages rushed upon him, but while they were quarreling over the possession of his red waistcoat he made a bold dash for freedom. Seizing one of their guns he ran down a steep hill through the woods at top speed and when out of sight flung himself at full length on the ground beside a fallen tree. He pressed his body close up under the edge of the log and covered himself with pieces of bark. So cleverly was he concealed that the Indians following in hot pursuit leaped over the log and passed on without discovering his hiding place. At nightfall he resumed his flight under the cover of darkness and after incredible perils and hardships reached a place of safety—probably Fort Edward. He was completely exhausted and so nearly famished that it was deemed prudent to give him nothing but parched corn and water until his gradually returning strength enabled him with safety to take more substantial nourishment.

The Massacre of Fort William Henry aroused horror and hatred throughout the English speaking world and contributed materially to the speedy downfall of the French power in America. Its tales of terror were long repeated at New England firesides, and the memory of Ezekiel's miraculous escape is still preserved among many scattered branches of his posterity.

A musket of French manufacture brought home by Capt. Ezekiel from the Wars long remained in the possession of his descendants. It was known as "The Indian gun" and was no doubt the same one carried away by him as above described from the massacre of Fort William Henry. It probably passed to his youngest son, Enoch, who remained on the home place. At all events it was subsequently in the possession of Enoch's daughter, Sarah (Worthen) Perkins, who died at Kensington in 1863 aged 92 years. Not long before her death she gave it to Ezekiel Worthen James of Boston, a great grandson of Hannah (Worthen) James, one of the daughters of Capt. Ezekiel Worthen, requesting him to transmit it to his son as an heirloom. Unfortunately, however, the son died in youth and Mr. James wishing to preserve the historic relic for the benefit of future generations, presented it to the Bunker Hill Monument Association.[13]

Though known chiefly to later generations as a military man, Ezekiel Worthen was not inactive in civil matters or in the affairs of the church. He settled in Kensington about the year 1738 soon after it had been incorporated as a parish. From the first he seems to have been considered a leading citizen, for he was called "Gentleman" in a deed dated as early as July 20, 1740. He was generally so designated in all the public records, but was occasionally described as "joyner" or "house carpenter." The town books[14] show that he was elected a selectman in 1748 not long after his return from Louisburg. Thereafter his name appears from time to time as surveyor of highways, constable, selectman and moderator at town meetings. He was a man of substance and had attained an honorable position in the region where he lived when disputes with the mother country culminated in armed conflict.

To be continued

13. The writer was informed of the circumstances under which Mr. James acquired the gun and donated it to the society above mentioned, by Miss Cornelia A. James of Manchester, N. H., a granddaughter of Hannah (Worthen) James of Deerfield. The facts are very clearly and fully stated in a letter written by Miss James after she had passed her 90th birthday. She is now deceased.

14. Examined for the writer by Mr. George Osgood of Kensington.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

Compiled by Arthur Johnson
Illustrated by Elizabeth Shurtleff

UPHILL

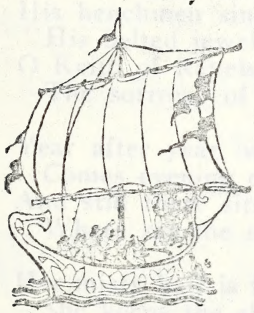
By Christina Georgina Rossetti

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin,
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that Inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

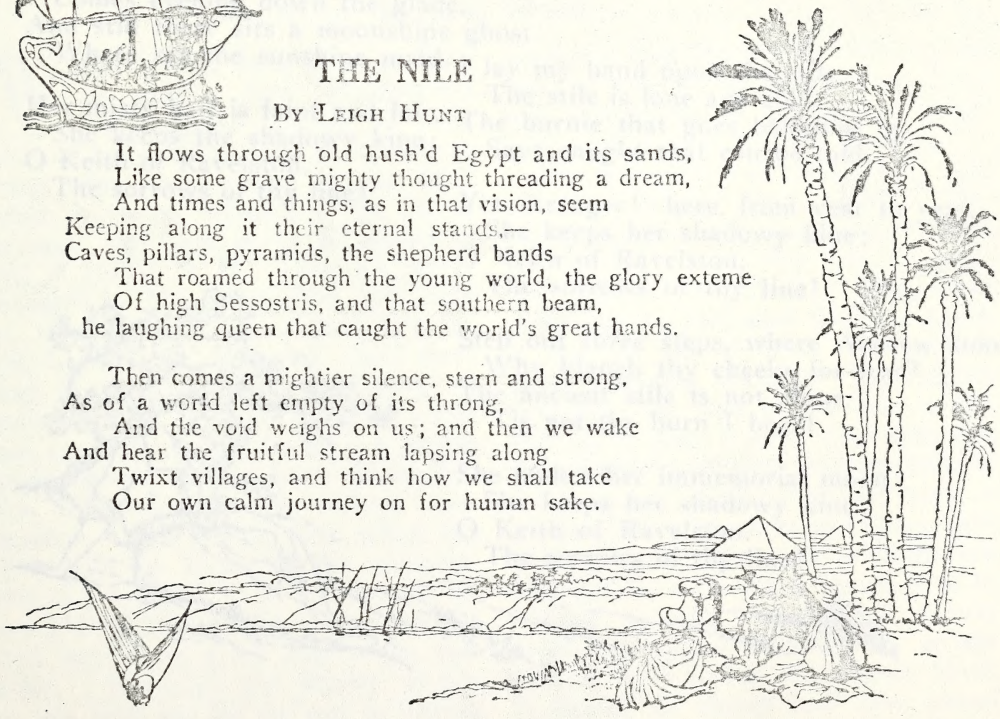


THE NILE

By Leigh Hunt

It flows through old hush'd Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the glory exteme
Of high Sessostris, and that southern beam,
he laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.





THE BALLAD OF KEITH OF RAVELSTON

By Sidney Dobell

The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
'O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!'



Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
And thro' the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn,
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode thro, the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade,
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

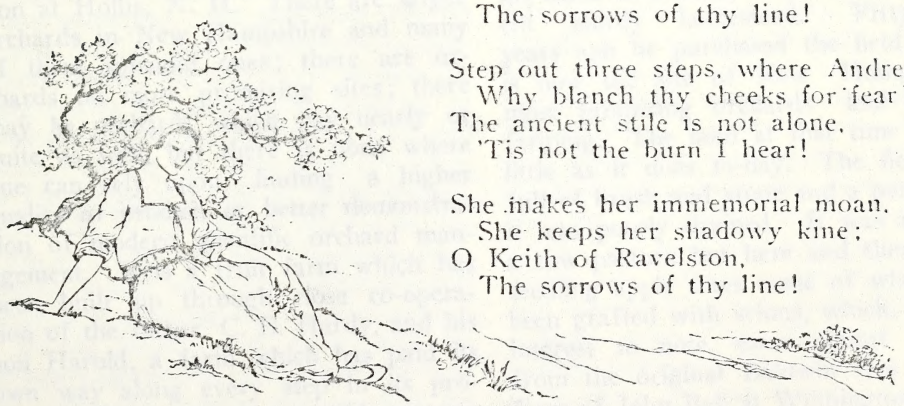
Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

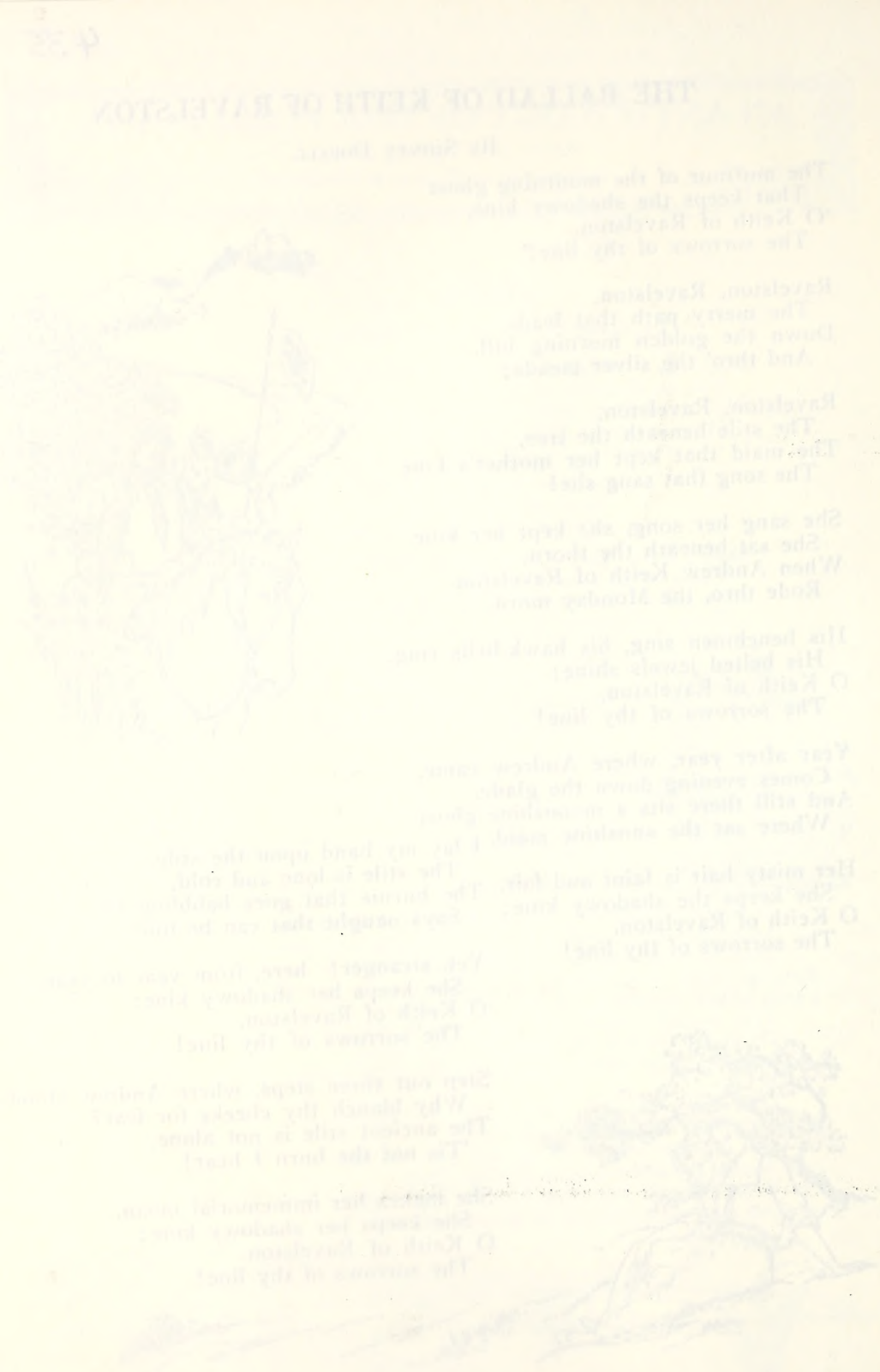
I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?
The ancient stile is not alone,
'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!







Harold Hardy (left) and C. E. Hardy (right). These men have built up the splendid orchards described in this article.

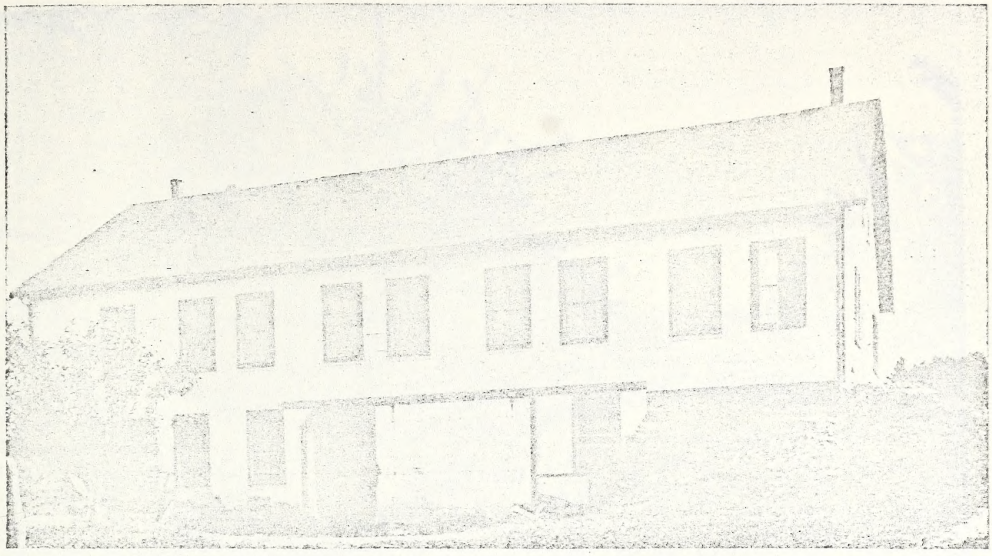
NEW HAMPSHIRE APPLES AT THEIR BEST

The Orchard of Hardy and Son

By G. F. Potter.

WHENEVER there is an occasion to exhibit New Hampshire's fruit farms,—possibly to some national authority on fruit or to visitors from other states—there is one farm which is always included in the list to be seen, the farm of C. E. Hardy & Son at Hollis, N. H. There are larger orchards in New Hampshire and many of them splendid ones; there are orchards on more promising sites; there may be orchards which pay nearly or quite as well, but there is none where one can rely upon finding a higher quality of product or better demonstration of modern scientific orchard management. It is a fruit farm which has been built up through close co-operation of the father, C. E. Hardy, and his son Harold, a farm which has paid its own way along every step in its progress. Moreover, the notable success of this farm has led the way in making Hollis the largest fruit producing community in New Hampshire. Through the rows of trees of the Hardy orchard one may look out across the fields of neighbors, dotted with orchard planting.

The farm has been occupied by Mr. Hardy's people since 1849. Mr. Hardy's father, who was a cooper, plied his trade in a small shop near the present Hardy homestead. Fifty-seven years ago he purchased the field which is now the site of New Hampshire's most promising orchards and started farming. The land at that time looked little as it does to-day. The field was full of brush and stone and a portion of it was poorly drained. It was used as a cow pasture but here and there were seedling apple trees some of which had been grafted with scions, which, it is of interest to note, came almost directly from the original Baldwin tree on the farm of John Ball at Wilmington, Mass. A barrier of boards had been placed around each grafted tree in order to



The storage and packing plant. 1200 bushels of fruit were handled here in 1922.

keep the cows away. The cooper in embarking in the field of farming made his chief industry that of producing market hay and dairy products, but he continued to graft and protect each seedling tree. Year by year, the brush and stones were cleared away, tile was laid under the low ground until there evolved a beautiful field of shale soil, which in New Hampshire almost invariably denotes a good orchard location.

In 1908 the elder Mr. Hardy passed away and the farm came into the possession of his son, Charles, who indeed had been actively managing it for some years previous. At that time Harold Hardy was at New Hampshire College where, from 1906 until 1910, he took the long course in Agriculture, majoring in fruit-growng under Professors Hall and Rane. During his senior year the Chair of Horticulture passed to B. S. Pickett, who took a considerable interest in the farm at Hollis and, after Harold's graduation, visited the place frequently and assisted in planning for its development.

Harold Hardy came home with his college education in 1910, and it was in the following spring that he and his father definitely started a fruit planting program. There were at that time about 500 to 600 trees on the farm. About one-half of these were the grafted seedlings which have previously been referred to, and the remainder were in a planting of Baldwin and McIntosh which had been made upon one of the higher fields. In 1911 an additional 600 trees were set, and in 1912 between 1300 and 1400 trees were put out. These were the two largest plantings, but in succeeding years plantings of from 100 to nearly 500 trees had been made until there is to-day a total of about 3800 trees upon the farm.

As compared to many other fruit farms in New Hampshire the proportion of early varieties is high. Gravenstein, an early market variety which succeeds well in some sections and often fails in others, has been found to be very well adapted to this locality. It forms a considerable proportion of the Hardy orchards. Wealthy, another early fall variety, has been used to a large extent. There are extensive plantings of the well known McIntosh Red. There are a large number of Wagener, a late variety, but one which bears at a relatively early age and for this reason is adapted to planting between the permanent trees of an orchard which are too



Hollis is developing into an apple center. Through rows of mature Baldwin trees one may glimpse young orchards on adjoining fields.

far apart to need all the space at first. The Wagener variety has proven itself especially well adapted to use as a "filler" because it is of upright habit and can remain a long time without crowding the permanent trees. In the early plantings of the Hardy orchard a good many Jonathan were used; but if planting to-day it is probable that this variety would not be included at all. It is not well adapted climatically to the conditions of southern New Hampshire and has given a great deal of difficulty on account of its characteristic disease known as Jonathan Spot. As in all other New Hampshire orchards the Baldwin is the main late variety.

The Hardy farm is one which is well adapted to the system of clean cultivation in the orchards, the plan which is followed in most of the largest producing orchards in this country although it is not the plan best adapted to many of the New Hampshire hills. The ground is tilled early in the spring and is kept thoroughly worked until about the first of July, when a crop is planted to be plowed under the following spring. Crimson clover is used to a considerable extent for planting these so-called "cover crops," and through its ability to fix nitrogen adds considerably to the fertility of the soil. In many orchards where the cultivation system is practiced there are grass and weeds next the trees, but a visit to a young orchard on the Hardy plantation discloses the trees cultivated as cleanly as a crop of corn. The most modern equipment for getting under the branches close to the trees is used. For the most part the motive power is furnished by horses. The tractor is tried, and where it proves more economical it is used to a certain extent; but in general the best results have been obtained by cultivating with teams.

When the first large plantings on the Hardy farm were made, the horticulturists over the entire country were recommending the type of tree which is known as the open-centered or vase-form tree, and this is the type which predominates in these early plantings. Experience here and elsewhere has shown that this type of tree is structurally weak; that it tends to break down under stress of storm and crop. In the later plantings,



A young orchard interplanted with shell beans. The trees are in their third season of growth.

therefore the Hardy's have adopted the more modern "semi-leader" tree, in which a strong trunk is induced to grow through the center of the head and a larger number of well spaced side branches produced along this trunk to carry the bearing area of the tree.

In the production of the high class apples perhaps the most important single operation is that of spraying. There have been years in New Hampshire when some of the growers were disheartened by the prevalence of disease, particularly the apple scab disease on the McIntosh. This variety, which is of highest quality and most profitable when clean from disease, is very difficult to protect against the fungus. The Hardy Farm, equipped with the most modern high power sprayers, has led the way in New Hampshire in demonstrating what can be done in the production of clean high-class McIntosh apples, even under most unfavorable weather conditions such as were experienced in 1922. Following accurately the recommendations of the college and applying each spray with the utmost thoroughness, they have obtained results which have made other growers take heart and follow this example. Sometimes as much as six or eight gallons of spray mixture have been applied to a single McIntosh tree at one spraying, and these applications have been put on not less than six times a season. Thousands of bushels of perfectly clean fruit have rewarded them for the trouble and expense.

In 1912 the Hardys constructed the large storage and packing house, which is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations. In building a central packing house and transporting the apples from the orchard to the storage to be graded and packed indoors by the aid of sizing machinery and other special equipment, the Hardys marked a distinct advance over the method of packing in the field which was then practiced in most other New Hampshire orchards. The storage cellar is air cooled. It is probable that within a few years there may be added units with mechanical refrigeration, which will be of service in hand-

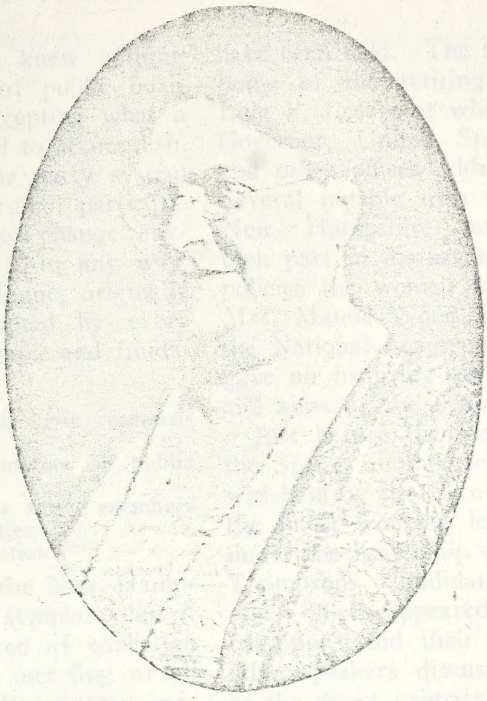


ling some of the more perishable varieties. The house is so arranged that fruit may be brought on the wagon into one compartment and, after the outside doors have been closed, unloaded and transferred into the main storage. In this way the fruit is brought in without allowing the cool air to escape and with the least possible changing of the temperature. In 1922 more than 12,000 bushels of fruit were stored and packed in this way.

In packing and marketing methods the Hardy farm has reached very high development. Harold Hardy is known as the most skillful fruit packer in New Hampshire, and there is no question as to his right to the title. Practically the entire crop of early varieties is marketed in the Boston Market Box, a relatively shallow square box, which when skilfully packed makes an exhibit package superior to the oblong box packs which come from the Pacific Northwest. Each apple is placed in position, layer on layer, row on row, with the result that the appearance of the completed box is most attractive. Buyers and sellers of New England early fruit agree in commending this package. The Hardy trucks carry these boxes by the thousand to the markets of southern New Hampshire and eastern Massachusetts.

Farm Management studies have shown that the seasons at which orchard work may be carried on are relatively limited. There are many times of year when there is little work to be done on the trees, and therefore it is usually most profitable to combine the orchard industry with other types of farming. At the Hardy farm there is a variety of by-products which without exaggeration keep the men busy every day in the year. In a small way the farm is still in dairy production, there being a herd of twelve head of cattle,—seven milking cows, all of them high producers. Between the rows of the young cultivated orchards various truck and farm crops are produced. Thus, there is a full acre of strawberries and more than six acres of horticultural beans. The beans are grown from seed selected each year from the most perfect and best colored plants, for the public pays best for the dark red pods. It is forty-four miles by road from the Hardy farm to North Market Street in Boston, and on many an early morning in late summer the Hardy truck pulls up at the Boston market with its load of shell beans to be sold at an excellent profit. In season there are raspberries and again crops of sweet corn and cabbage. There are fields of field corn interplanted with pumpkins and plantings of tomatoes as large as on many another farm in which truck gardening is the chief industry. In another field one may find a planting of squash, mostly of the Blue Hubbard variety, and, like the beans, grown from seed carefully selected year by year. Thus, while the fruit crop is the main stay, the income from this source is ably abetted by returns from these other crops.

The record of achievement at the Hardy Farm is one of which its owner may be justly proud. When the fruit is exhibited at New England shows, a goodly share of the blue ribbons go home to Hollis; and the guest in the Hardy home may be shown an amazing collection of cups and trophies. It has not all been easy. There have been losses and discouragements. Mr. Hardy smiles a slow smile at the mention of *hail*. There was once when it was not a smiling matter. But the farm to-day is a splendid paying proposition, and it has been built from the ground up through the energy, skill and foresight of C. E. Hardy and Son. It answers the question as to what others can do with New Hampshire farms.



Dr. Anna B. Parker who heads the New Hampshire League of Women Voters.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS

A Growing Power in State Affairs

THE New Hampshire League of Women Voters enters upon its fourth season of activity inspired by a constantly increasing interest among the women of the state and a spirit of co-operation which promises high achievement of its purposes. One year ago it was decided that the ever-increasing need and demand for more intelligent and interested voters called urgently upon the League to push with energy a program of education in citizenship in this state. Such a program with outline of special activities was adopted and Dr. Anna B. Parker was elected to start the work during the last session of legislature when the minds of the people would be turned to political matters and it would be possible to secure a larger measure of success than at any other time. This campaign was carried on from an office in the Patriot Building, Concord, for four months, starting January first. The results were most gratifying and at the annual meeting in May, Dr. Parker was elected State President of the League. Plans were made looking toward continued intensive effort during the coming year. The organization was strengthened by the election of active directors in every county and the enlargement of the board of general diectors which is representative of every part of New Hampshire.

The National League of Women Voters came into existence a fully equipped and organized association, representing about two million women, by the transformation of the National Equal Suffrage Association into the League. Its purpose was to educate and equip women for intelligent participation in



public affairs. Women knew nothing about the management of public business up to that time excepting what a male electorate had failed to accomplish. They resolved to put the party system to the test of actual personal participation before they tried to change anything or improve upon it in any way. The purposes of the League, originally declared and since adopted by every state in the union, are simple and fundamental:

To arouse women to their civic responsibility,
To supply unbiased information on public questions,
To urge women to become active members of existing political parties,
To support needed legislation.

With these purposes the New Hampshire League is in full sympathy but it has decided that the need of education in citizenship should be met first of all and it believes that when women are awakened to their public responsibilites and learn to keep informed upon public questions they may be left to themselves to decide how their votes can be made to count most for efficiency in government. The work for the coming season will be continued on the strictly non-partisan lines of the past years. Local Leagues will be formed wherever called for in larger towns and cities. Study groups will be fostered in small towns for which the League will furnish teachers or material as desired. Work through civic and legislative departments of clubs and societies will be continued. Full co-operation in all efforts for the civic and political education of women, the answering of every demand made upon it by the women of the state, is the aim of the New Hampshire League of Women Voters. The year's plan includes two schools of citizenship, one in the late Autumn and one in the Spring, both to be north of Concord. The work will begin the middle of September in Carroll county.

During the season just ended two very successful schools of citizenship have been held. The first at Keene, the home of the retiring President, Mrs. Lula F. Lesure at which candidates for Governor, United States Congressman and other offices addressed the women. Several notable men and women from New Hampshire and Massachusetts took part in discussing laws and public policies the women need to know, and Mrs. Maude Wood Park, President of the National League of Women Voters, gave an inspiring address on the work and aims of the organization nationally.

Just before the local city election in the Spring another school of citizenship was held by the Laconia League, one of the finest working leagues in the state under the leadership of Mrs. Minnie E. Thompson. Candidates for mayor and other offices appeared and outlined city conditions and their policies if elected. Able speakers discussed such questions as the direct primary, uniform laws for all states, the machinery of government and the County budget. In the evening a debate was held discussing the proposed taxation amendment to the state constitution. This was broadcasted by radio and attracted a great deal of attention.

Dr. Anna B. Parker, the new President of the New Hampshire League of Women Voters is a native of the state, though she lived for twenty-five years in Boston. Her father was William D. Dimick of Lyme, her mother was Anne M. Folsom of Gilmanton and on both sides her ancestry is of pure New England Stock. Her forefathers took part in every struggle in the early history of the colonies and she is eligible to every society of colonial descendents in New England. She was educated at Gilmanton Academy, the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston University and the New York Post Graduate Medical School. She practiced medicine in Boston twelve years and holds licenses to practice in New York and New Hampshire as well. She is also an ordained minister and preached six years

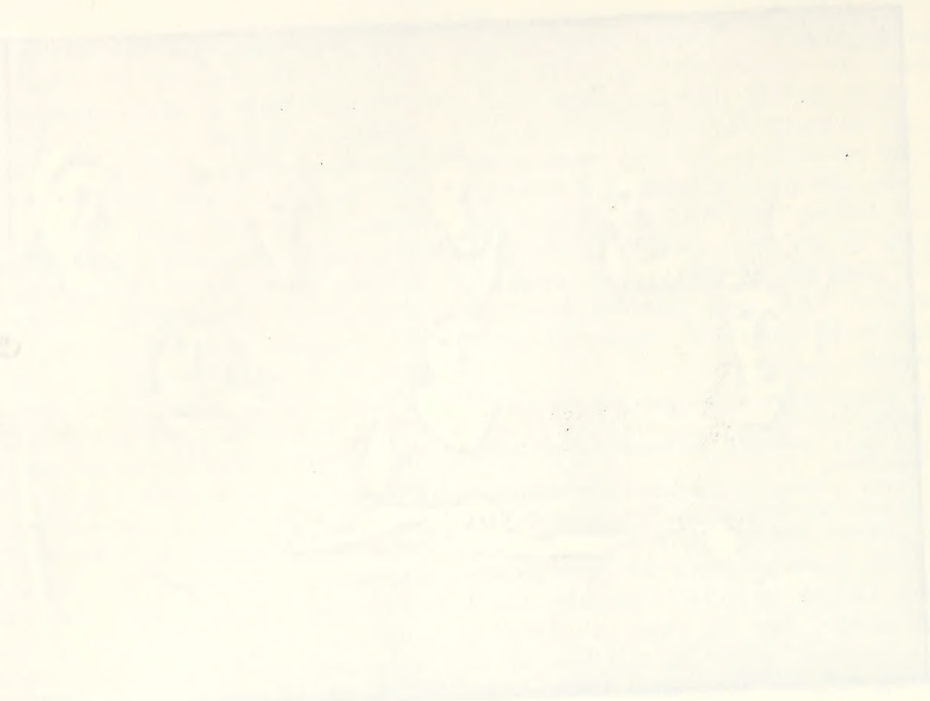


Achber Studio, Laconia

The Laconia League held a most interesting School of Citizenship just before city election last spring. Among the features was a debate on the taxation amendment which was broadcasted by radio. These ladies helped to make it a success. They are: (Standing, left to right) Mrs. Charles Minzner, Mrs. Ada F. Roberts, Mrs. L. E. Hayward, Miss Sarah L. Merrill, Mrs. George B. Cox. (Sitting) Mrs. Emma S. McGloughlin, Mrs. Wilbur W. Woodridge, Mrs. Edwin P. Thompson.

in Massachusetts. She has been twice married, the first marriage was with a physician in Boston and was very short. After a widowhood of ten years she was married again in 1910 to William H. Parker, and with him came to Gilmanton two years later for a summer vacation from which they never returned. They bought a fine old home in the pine woods one mile from New Hampton village and there Dr. Parker devoted four years to her mother until her death. Before that time Mr. Parker became a partial invalid and return to the city was forbidden him.

Thus removed from her busy active life Dr. Parker sought and found interesting things to do in her immediate environment. She was not confined to home duties very closely as Mr. Parker's sister, who had never been separated from her brother, was devoted to his interests and had remained at the head of his house after his marriage. So Dr. Parker worked in all the local activities, woman's club, church, schools, farm extension, and finally in all the activities incident to the world war. She worked for food conservation under Mrs. Mary I. Wood, who was the women's war leader for the state and also the first League President. Later Dr. Parker became a member of the citizenship organization of the women of the state and a Director of the State League of Women Voters. Last year she was its Executive Secretary and now is elected to the Presidency.





The King farm from the road.

MARSH KING--PRODUCER

A Two-Man Farm With a Wonderful Record

By Harry C. Woodworth

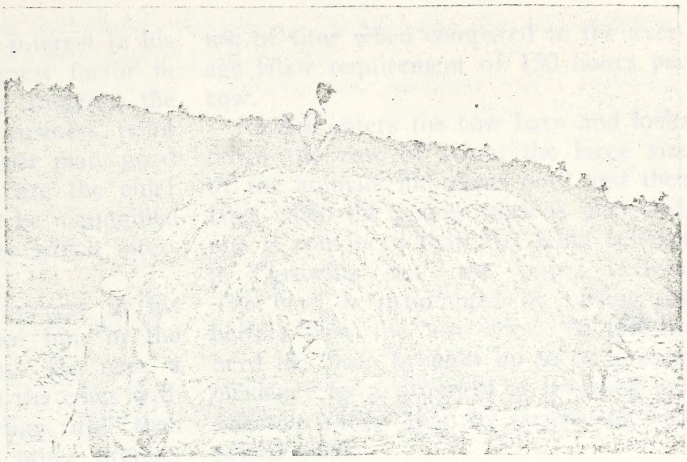
THE man who specializes in feeding cows for individual records may become widely known as a successful dairyman. The success of such a man is deserving of our attention and admiration as his work not only lifts the standards of the community, but provides the foundation stock for the ultimate betterment of the dairy industry of the state. But there is another type of dairyman who accomplishes much and yet may not be widely known. The man who produces large quantities of milk efficiently for a wholesale market must have marked ability, and certainly outstanding examples of success in this are deserving of our study and commendation.

Marsh King of Lisbon is one of the most efficient wholesale milk producers of the state. He makes no attempt to select a few high producers and force these for a record; but the whole herd is managed as a unit to secure as much milk as possible at a low cost.

Mr. King has developed a two-man farm. He and a year man do all the work a greater part of the year; extra help is hired during haying and silo filling. The two men milk and care for thirty-three cows and about twenty head of young stock, and in addition work in producing roughage, work in the woods and do considerable teaming. In previous years the receipts from teaming and road work, etc., have just about balanced the total labor bill.

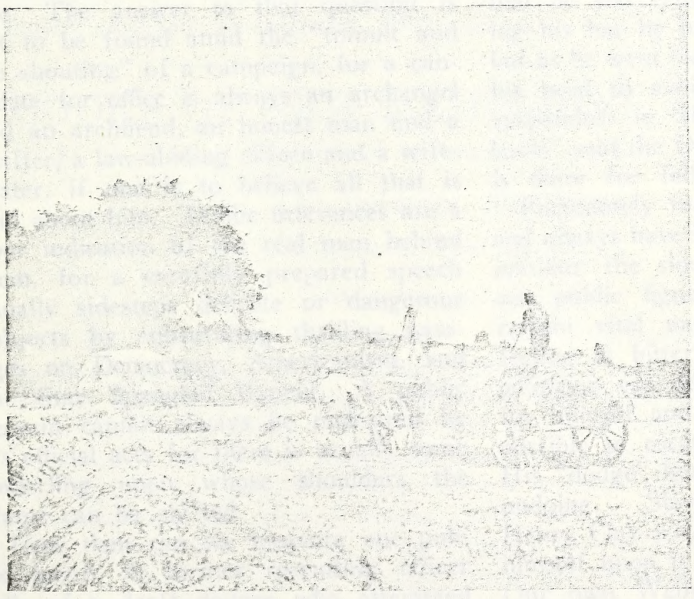
The most important factor about the business is the accomplishment per man. Last year 234,642 pounds of milk were sold from the farm. Can you picture 2,726 ten-gallon cans of milk in a row side by side, one half a mile long? Or can you imagine a row of 109,040 quart milk bottles in a row about seven miles long? Including the milk used on the farm each man produced over 120,000 pounds of milk. This achievement stands as a splendid record, especially when contrasted with the output of many small dairymen who are able to produce only 20,000 pounds per man. In these times we are beginning to assign definite values to denote ability.

If a man is able to build up an organization that turns out 30,000 pounds of 3.7 per cent milk per man, could we not think of him as a 30,000 pound man, and in contrast with this a man of marked ability as a producer like Mr. King could be thought of as a 120,000 pound man? He has the ability, the energy and vision to surround himself with an efficient organization that can accomplish much.



Most of the hay is taken from a permanent meadow in the river bottom.

While good production per man is a very important factor toward success in wholesale dairying, yet this production must be secured by a low feed cost if the labor income is to be large. Valuing hay at $18 a ton, silage at $6 per ton and purchased feed at purchase price, Mr. King used $3800 worth of feed in producing milk selling for $5604.87 and stock selling for $1006. In other words, he secured $174 in sales from each $100 worth of feed fed to cattle. For a large herd, including cows and young stock, this is a very good record, especially when milk prices were so low. Furthermore, Mr. King does not have the advantage of large amounts of legume roughage, as most of the hay is taken from a permanent meadow in the river bottom. The hay is fine in quality, yields well, but is not rich in protein.



Mr. King hires extra help for haying and pushes the work so that hay is put up at the right time.

The thirty-three Holstein cows averaged over 7,000 pounds of milk and Mr. King is confident that he will secure 8,000 pounds average in the present year. He compares each year's production with that of the previous year and is eager to do better each time. This comparison of one year with another is like a great game to him, and the attempt to beat the previous year's record fascinates him and holds his interest throughout the twelve months. And one

wonders if all this intense interest in his work may not be the biggest factor in his success. We may, in studying the cold figures of the year's business, point out that good production per man, good production per cow, etc., are the chief factors. But these *cannot* be maintained without the tireless energy which interest and faith alone create.

And yet this intense interest in his cows does not overbalance him in the management of his farm. He uses a milking machine, observes the cows with a critical eye while feeding, and then turns his energy toward other productive work. Several years ago Mr. King kept records of the time used in caring for the cows and at the end of the year the labor required per cow was estimated at 107 hours. This shows very efficient use of time when compared to the average labor requirement of 150 hours per cow.

As one enters the cow barn and looks down the row of cows, the large size of the animals impresses one; and then later when the young stock is inspected, one is convinced that Mr. King believes in "growing out" the young heifers. The herd is maintained by raising the heifers from the best cows. In fact the herd has been brought up to its present efficiency by a program of breeding and selection rather than by purchasing high priced cows.

As a producer, Marsh King is doing a man's work. With a good farm, high producing cows and efficient use of labor he is making a splendid record of accomplishment.

PROHIBITION

A Test of Statesmanship

"IS he a real statesman or merely a politician?" is a question which people ask of themselves as they regard the various figures in public life. The answer to that question is not to be found amid the "tumult and the shouting" of a campaign, for a candidate for office is always an archangel and an archfiend, an honest man and a grafter, a law-abiding citizen and a wife-beater, if one is to believe all that is said about him. Public utterances are a poor indication of the real man behind them, for a carefully prepared speech usually sidesteps delicate or dangerous subjects by substituting thrilling passages on Democracy, Americanism, and the Star Spangled Banner. A public servant cannot always be measured by his official acts for there is usually some underling upon whose shoulders the blame can be shifted.

How then can we measure our public men? A former recruiting officer tells of a draft dodger who attempted to deceive the examiners into the belief that he was hopelessly near sighted. After undergoing several tests and consistently proving that "none are so blind as those who will not see" he was informed that his sight was defective and that he was released. Thankfully seizing his hat he hastened from the office but as he went out he instinctively moved his head to avoid a thread which was suspended in the doorway. "Come back," said the Doctor, "that little thread is there for fellows like you."

Fortunately for our country there are and always have been little threads which measure the sincerity and manhood of our public figures. These threads are certain vital moral issues upon which feeling is bitter. Issues in which the politician can see little chance of glory for himself and which he will avoid if possible to escape the enmity involved. His "dodge" however usually proves his undoing. Slavery was such an issue. Henry Clay wrote a letter compromising himself upon it and lost the presidency. Our own Webster made a speech for the fugitive slave law to gain the friendship of the South and for years after

was despised by both North and South as a trimmer. Stephen A. Douglass answered a question at Freeport in such a way as to win Illinois and thereby lost the "Solid South."

To-day we have another issue upon which feeling is exceedingly bitter and which is about as attractive to politicians as a hangman's noose. The country watched the Governor of New York sweat blood for a week before he signed his name to a bill and declared himself for all time despite his desperate attempt to put his action on a basis of "states rights."

A prominent New Hampshire politician of a few years ago who began life as a clergyman was asked why he left the ministry. "Because I got tired of being such a damned hypocrite," he responded. If he were alive to-day we fear that he would return to the ministry, for it is the politicians who seem to be the hypocrites. They appear to resolve themselves into three classes:

First, the politicians who talk on both sides of the question. We have in mind a self-announced candidate for the next New Hampshire Senate who told us that he believed the 18th Amendment should be repealed, modified, or enforced. We venture to predict that he will make a good senator.

Second, the politicians who talk on neither side of the question. We mean talk in public. Some of them are willing to speak quite heatedly in private conversation but are singularly loath to reiterate their statements where they may go on record.

Third, the politicians who talk one way and act another. It is rather amusing at times to see who our prohibitionists are. We almost sympathize with a veteran politician who made the remark to us, "I like a drink myself. I have every respect for the prohibitionist who is sincere but I hope that every man who voted for prohibition for political reasons may choke to death within sight of a beer barrel."

The GRANITE MONTHLY is interested in knowing who are the politicians in New Hampshire, and who are the statesmen. For that reason we propose to interview the leaders of both parties in this state in regard to their attitude on the 18th Amendment, give the results of our interviews to the people of New Hampshire in our October issue and let them determine the answer for themselves.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOOL

The Soldiers' Memorial

Portsmouth, New Hampshire

TERCENTENARY EDITION

A book has just been published by Rear Admiral Joseph Foster, Supply Corps, U. S. Navy, who during the last thirty years has gathered information about the lives and services of the Portsmouth soldiers and sailors serving the United States since that day when one of New Hampshire's citizens, William Whipple, numbered among the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The publication of the volume comes at a most appropriate time, just now when Portsmouth is in the midst of a tercentenary celebration, which makes all citizens of New Hampshire turn toward the past to view with pride the part their State has always played in the life of the Nation. This book will preserve for us and for coming generations a record of those who died to defend the free

institutions of America, will help to bridge the vast space of time between the present day and the Continental Congress of '76. It will help us to remember that the men of '61 were the sons of the patriots of '76 and that the pages of New Hampshire's history made memorable by Langdon, Whipple, Stark, Sullivan, and a host of heroes were again illuminated in the World War by the brave deeds of New Hampshire men.

In this volume a detailed table of contents and an "Indexed Record of the Graves we Decorate" enables the reader to find quickly information concerning the service of the men whose graves in Portsmouth and four adjoining towns are annually decorated. Interesting information about men of especial prominence is given in the reproduction of speeches delivered on historical and public occasions, as in the case of General William Whipple (1730-1785) and Admiral David Glasgow Farragut, U. S. Navy, America's great admiral who died in the Portsmouth Navy yard August 4, 1870. These two men stand for the things of which New Hampshire may be justly proud, her part in the defense of the flag on land and sea, and her voluntary response to her country's call to send her citizens out to fight and die for the traditions and ideals of America.

The Missing Man

By Mary R. P. Hatch

Four Seas Co.

"THE Missing Man" as may be surmised from the title is a detective story and one of more than usual interest. Even the most experienced lover of mystery stories will find here new material to stimulate his imagination in the ingenious, intricate plot which Mrs. Hatch carries through smoothly from start to finish with many surprising pitfalls for the reader, an interesting climax, and with well-sustained suspense.

The story is based on the mysterious trips, lasting for two weeks, taken by Vane Hamilton every May to a place and for a purpose unknown even to his wife, Constance Hamilton. From one of these journeys he does not return and all clues lead to the belief that he has been murdered or that he is a scoundrel, a forger and bank robber, as well as a deserter of his wife and children in the company of Lenora, the beautiful woman with whom he was last seen.

A Vane Hamilton finally returns. Is he the respected bank president of the first half of the story? Is the mysterious Premier Edes the real Vane Hamilton or is he Henry Ashley, a scoundrel sought for by the police? A confusion of four identities arises based on memory lapses, mind reading, and hypnotism, thereby introducing the reader to a new atmosphere in the usual mysterious adventures of detective fiction. The psychic element in the book is thrilling and fascinating, although at times it is difficult to know whether the psychological incidents are based on the result of scientific investigation or are suppositions on the part of the author. Except for uncertainty on some of these points, the story, although crowded, is well told, and a fine piece of characterization created in the case of Constance, torn between the man who looks like her husband and the one who seemed like him, but who did not look like him.

And now, impossible as all this may seem, it is really true. Mrs. Hatch is a New Hampshire woman and she assures us that the Grovedale, New Hampshire, of the story is Littleton, New Hampshire, and that the plot of the story is drawn from the case of a resident of Littleton, who due to overwork, suffered from a lapse of memory and disappeared from his community.

THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

About Going Back to School

WELL, that's over! For the coming nine months we need not have our food salted with wood ashes and sweetened with bits of green twigs and wandering insects. We can sleep in comfortable beds and wash in the hot water that emanates from shining faucets. Mosquitoes, black flies, ants, and their like have had their last succulent meal of our flesh for another year. No more will the Blue Book lead us, all unsuspecting, into quagmires of detours or facetiously land us, by meticulous directions, in the backyard of an irate householder. No more will we sit in the tortured boredom of hotel verandas. We have done our duty. We have taken our vacation. And now we can settle down in the accustomed harness, between familiar shafts, and jog along our well worn ruts for another year. Labor Day is well placed. Never does a desk well piled with work look so appealing, never are the glorious advantages of one's own kitchen versus the makeshifts of camp so apparent, as when one comes upon them after a strenuous bout of vacationing.

The sound of industrial wheels beginning to turn more swiftly after the summer lull is a welcome one, but it is not so far reaching as another September sound, the ringing of school bells. Kindergarten and university, the little white schoolhouse on the back country road and the well-equipped brick plant of the large city, schools which specialize in professional training and schools which adhere sternly to the three R's—before the month is over they will all be full of young life and activity.

For New Hampshire the opening of school has special importance this year. For the first time in our history we have a state *University*. As we understand it, the difference between a University and a College is not size but diversity. A college turns out graduates fitted for one thing—just what has not yet been determined. But a University offers its students a choice of careers. Will you be a dirt farmer or a corporation lawyer? Will you specialize in medicine or mechanics? The larger the University the greater the range of choice. And this fact gave us an idea which amounts almost to inspiration.

Last winter four hundred odd statesmen found employment in our legislature. This winter they are out of a job. There is no legislature, the new campaign is in a very embryonic state. What can they do? Why not let the state University profit by their vacation? Why not institute at Durham a course in that most widely popular of all New Hampshire's professions—Politics?

We have broached the idea to several friends with disappointing results. One remarked that the only subject most politicians knew was Slychology; another suggested that a certain state Commissioner might qualify as Professor of Raiding and Writhing. But we have more serious thoughts in mind. In imagination we can see a Durham classroom with a group of eager young people entranced, listening to a gubernatorial candidate of Grafton County discoursing on "What the Well-Dressed Politician Will Wear." What a privilege to learn the fine art of publicity from a man who has been "spoken of" as a possible president of the United States! A course in real political economy, including lectures on "How to Live on Forty-eight

Hours a Week" could be conducted by a number of our prominent Republocrats. And any one of our tax reformers could make a regulation professor of higher mathematics open his eyes in amazement. —H. F. M.

Notes

Two letters regarding our August magazine have come to us, which we want to share with all our readers. One is from Mr. Elwin L. Page of Concord and questions the accuracy of a statement in regard to Dover. Some of the loyal residents of that place ought to be able to answer the charge.

"May I be permitted one criticism of a minor thing? The caption to one of the illustrations in the last number speaks of the settlement of Dover in 1623. I doubt if you can find a historian of any standing who will tell you that Dover was settled in that year. Of course, the Dover residents are anxious to have it appear that it was so, but that doesn't make it so."

The other letter is from Mr. H. D. Howie, Secretary to James M. Storrow, chairman of the joint committee which has been investigating the New England railroad situation. It reads as follows:

"I have just read the article on the New England Railroad Situation in your August issue. I think it would have a very helpful effect if this article could receive wide distribution throughout New England. I am writing to ask if I may purchase 1000 copies of the August issue for that purpose."

We are very glad to announce, what many of our readers may already have guessed, that the donor of the prizes in the high school contest, awards for which were made in the last issue, is Mr. Erwin F. Keene of Concord, N. H.

Our cover picture is of the Grand Army men at the Weirs. At the head of the procession are Major R. H. Trickey and General Charles W. Stevens.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

In This Issue

Three opinions on the Republican party which appeared in our July issue awakened so much interest that we are presenting in this magazine three corresponding articles on the Future Policies of the Democratic Party. The writers need no introduction. They are Hon. Raymond B. Stevens, one of the men most talked about as a possible Democratic candidate for Governor; President Eaton D. Sargent of the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association; and Hon. George E. Farrand, State Treasurer and former Chairman of the Democratic State Committee.

Mr. H. R. Goodwin is a hiking enthusiast of Milan, N. H.

Professor H. C. Woodworth, who writes of the Marsh King farm, is the extension specialist in farm management of New Hampshire University.

Mr. H. B. Nabstedt is the superintendent in charge of the construction of the Bristol dam. He has been with the Ambursen Construction Company for seventeen years and in that time has constructed fourteen dams of various sizes. He is a product of Phillips Exeter Academy, but is a native of Iowa.

Miss Grace Blanchard is librarian of the Concord Public Library.

As district chief of the New Hampshire Forestry Department, Mr. E. E. Woodbury knows at first hand the destruction which fire brings to our forests.

Mr. Samuel Copp Worthen is Genealogist of the New Jersey Society, S. A. R.

Professor Potter's third article on New Hampshire orchards shows what can be done with New Hampshire farms.

CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Page of Clippings

President Harding

Of Warren Gamaliel Harding as President no estimate could now be just. It will be viewed in the perspective of time, and in our belief will be accorded high place. Largely successful in private business, he had well served the state of his birth, and he was an outstanding member of the national Senate, when swept into the Presidency by a surging wave unprecedented in its volume. This was to him, for the time being at least, unfortunate. A Congress, nominally supporting, was, in its lower house especially, unwieldly, too large for effective control. Nor were many of its members, elected as Republicans, actually such. Blocs multiplied, and sectional demands were clamant. This severely taxed the President, as did the wearing grind of routine duties and the vexing problems which came as an aftermath of the World War.

These handicaps, demands and problems President Harding met with a calmness, decision and courage not yet duly appreciated. He had done much quietly and well. The conference of his calling for the limitation of armament and for other matters aimed at international peace will more and more be held as a supreme achievement, and there is much else in his too short administration to which time will pay due and deserved credit. He has won a high place among Presidents.

—Exeter News Letter

The death of President Harding reminds us that these strenuous trips have never resulted in any good and often seriously as in President Wilson's case. The President's job is a strenuous one without trying to shake hands with everyone from Florida to Alaska. From a political standpoint they have usually been a failure.

—Hillsborough Messenger

The cares of the Presidency these days are almost too great for the physical strength of any man. Some way of diminishing the less important ones should be devised if our chief magistrates are to render that sane and wise service which come with mental and physical health.

President's Harding's death is mourned not only in the loss of a chief executive, but also a true friend of the people, a strong, brave kindly soul representing the highest type of Americanism.

—Somersworth Free Press

There are certain peaceful and friendly commonplaces about him which cannot be else than valuable to the people, commanded so abruptly to contemplate him. Most people are average folk; they will understand Mr. Harding, and how he lived and what he thought, and why. Commonplaceness can attain a greatness all its own and it is a greatness attainable by the most people. To the extent that Mr. Harding symbolized the great, friendly, simple, earnest American people, he is great enough. For his policies and his achievements, time alone can testify.

—Laconia Democrat

His was a great heart from which radiated kindness which is the greatest asset to mankind. Kindness must rule the nation; it must rule the world. President Harding set an example which none will forget.

—Peterborough Transcript

President Harding never made an enemy. There were those who did not always agree with him politically but they never doubted his sincerity or his honesty, his noble purpose and his desire to give his best to his country.

—Milford Cabinet

President Coolidge

The extent to which the mourning of the nation for President Harding is mingled with faith and confidence in President Coolidge is remarkable and reassuring.

—Concord Monitor

There is a wholly unusual and exceptional equality of eagerness evinced by the American public to know more about the personality of the new President, Calvin Coolidge.

Perhaps it may be because at a time of unexampled vociferousness in a day when noisy demagogery is much in evidence, when the latest victor on the hustings was chiefly famous for his lung power, when statesmen maintain their own publicity departments, and when everybody quite generally is seeking a pre-eminence chiefly vocal, there appears a "man of silence." In a world of speech "Silent Cal" is unique. He intrigues the popular imagination because he is SO different.

—Manchester Union

As Calvin Coolidge grasps the helm of the ship of state he is received with general favor by the people of the country. Financial leaders are anticipating no crisis in the change of leadership. In fact, the G. O. P. of New Hampshire are warming up to Coolidge for nomination in 1924. His stand in the police fight and the circumstances under which he took the Presidential oath are admired by the party leaders. Whether or not of the same political persuasion, it must be true

that all minds of the country and of the world sympathize with him as he plunges into the rush and pomp and stupendous responsibilities of the presidency.

—*Bristol Enterprise*

It is indeed fortunate that, on the death of President Harding, there was so safe and level-headed a man as Vice President Calvin Coolidge to succeed to the high office. The new President is sound in his economic views, he has had wide experience in public life and has been in close touch with all the important problems before the administration. He has made no false steps and his speeches have been models of clear and patriotic expressions of true American thought. The question as to who will be nominated by the Republican party as their candidate for President in 1924 is now settled. That man will be Calvin Coolidge, the man of destiny.

—*Somersworth Free Press*

President Coolidge has a wonderful opportunity to accomplish something for the people of New England along industrial relations in the coal industry. Somehow we have a feeling that he will get results that no one before has attempted. Coolidge is from New England. He knows the strenuous winters we usually have. He knows how helpless we are without coal and we feel he will interest himself more than any of his predecessors in getting coal into New England. The coal miners also know Coolidge and know he is not to be trifled with and perhaps the operators may sense something doing not before attempted. We do not believe Coolidge will be made to believe that the coal shortage in New England is "psychological" and not real.

—*Milford Cabinet*

The Johnsons--Magnus and Hiram

"I suggest to my conservative brethren that recent events indicate they must choose whether progressive things shall be done in a conservative way or in a radical way. You may have to take progressivism or radicalism will take you." —*Hiram Johnson*

After two years deflated prices for his product and inflated prices for anything he must buy the farmer, specifically the Minnesota wheat farmer, expressed his annoyance by electing Magnus Johnson to the United States Senate. It was not a victory for radicalism; it was a protest against keen distress. However, if laws could have allayed that distress, they would have been passed by the Republican Congress of last year. That Congress was entirely aware of the political consequences to themselves of failure to pass such laws. They did their best. They put through a mass of legislation aiming to promote the farmers' special interests. But when the supply of wheat exceeds the demand its price goes down regardless of laws and distress and Magnus Johnson.

Nothing can keep up prices of commodities save co-operative control of supply and that is something for the farmers themselves to attend to when they resolve to get together, organize great grain holding companies, and ostracize any black legs who undercut the prices.—*Current Opinion*

If one is anxious to find a reason for the recent horizontal decline in the stock market, perhaps the election of Magnus Johnson, an ignorant Swede out in Minnesota, to the United States Senate, by an overwhelming majority, may afford a clue. Of course, the market has been declining for weeks and the election only took place last Tuesday, but the result is a symptom of a condition which causes thoughtful men to pause and ponder. Radicalism is rampant.

—*Rochester Courier*

A railroad man from the Middle West who is visiting his brother, a professional man in New Hampshire, they being, like Senator-elect Magnus Johnson of Minnesota, of Scandinavian descent, gives us a view of the new Senator and the reasons for his election which is thought-provoking.

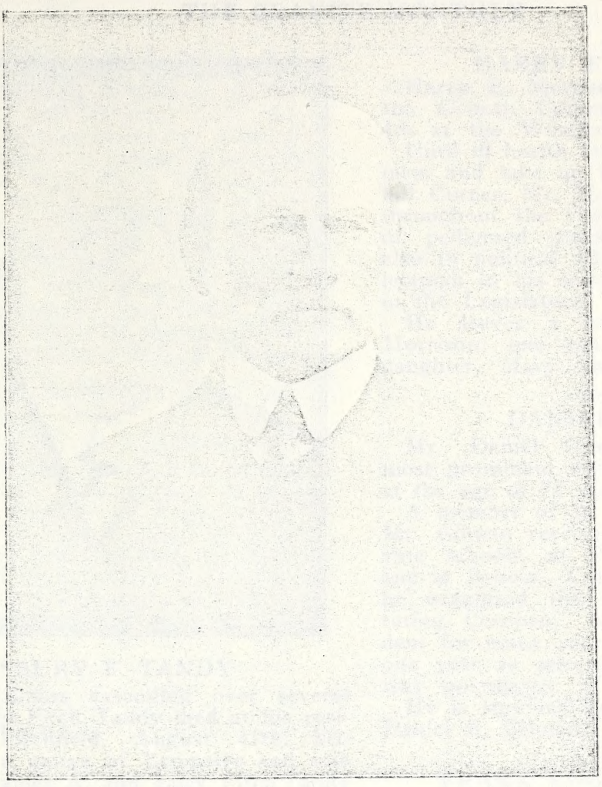
"Magnus Johnson is not so much of a freak as you would think from reading about him," he says, "but neither is he a great man. However, he serves exactly the purpose of the people who elected him. The farmers of the Middle West are in danger and they are trying to signal their danger to the rest of the nation. Now a danger signal should show red and make a loud noise and Senator Johnson will do both of these to perfection. But do not think it is a false alarm he is giving. There is real trouble in the West and if neither of the great political parties offers a likely remedy for it, a third party is inevitable and would carry many states in our section of the country."

—*Concord Monitor*

"Hiram, Jack, Magnus and Pussyfoot are certainly a great quartet," remarks the Boston Globe. They can make noise enough, beyond a question. Their double forte passages ought to raise the roof. But we fear their voices may not blend perfectly and that some of them might fail to keep on the key.

—*Rochester Courier*

In reply to Senator-elect Magnus Johnson's general invitation to have a little revolution with him, Editor Al Weeks of the Laconia News and Critic replies: "We are getting along quite well here and could not possibly stop to aid in a revolution. Come to Belknap County where we are all cheerfully busy." —*Concord Monitor*



NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

GEN. JOAB N. PATTERSON

Gen. Joab Nelson Patterson, last survivor of New Hampshire's general officers in the Civil War and the only man from the state to be commissioned for active service in both that war and the war with Spain died in Concord on January 18th at the age of 88 years.

Of his interesting and varied career the Manchester Union comments as follows: To read the bare outline of Gen. Joab N. Patterson's life is to get the impression that here is material enough out of which to construct two or three lives. There is one whole life's work in his military record, that of a veteran of two wars and commander in the militia for many years. For in this relation General Patterson did not simply "belong to something." He opened a recruiting office at the outbreak of the Civil War, raised a company, won a commission, went into the fighting, was wounded at Gettysburg, rose to a brevet-brigadier generalship. Then for many years after the war he was in the militia service, attaining the highest rank and holding it for years. And then he served in the war with Spain. Or one may take his public service as an official, as a representative in the legislature, United States marshal, second auditor of the United States Treasury, superintendent of public buildings in Havana. All this means a full life, a life having many contacts, a life all compact of interesting and immensely varied experience.

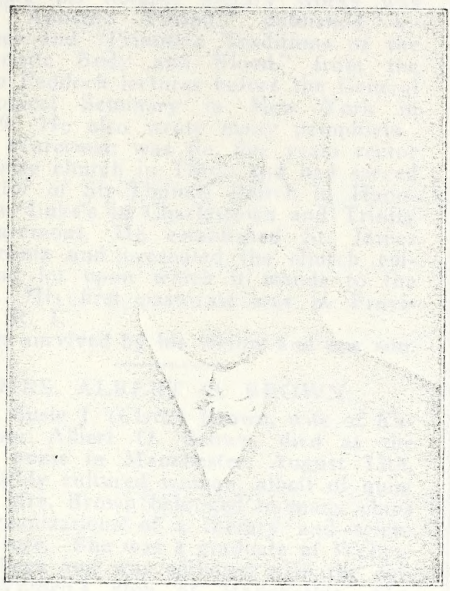
Incidently, this soldier and public officer was an out-standing figure in the Dartmouth sesqui-centennial in 1919. He was the marshal of the academic procession at the hundredth anniversary celebration, and fifty years later was honored by being made the honorary marshal.

Best of all, this crowded life of many activities and great service was crowned with friendships without number.

During his funeral flags on the city building and the Capitol were at half mast.

The honorary bearers were Gen. Elbert Wheeler, Nashua, representing the Old National Guard; Maj. Wm. H. Trickey, Tilton, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion; Gen. Frank Battles, Concord, Grand Army of the Republic; Gen. Charles W. Howard, Nashua, National Guard; Henry W. Stevens,, Concord, secretaries of Dartmouth college; Capt. John B. Abbott and John A. George, Concord, old Concord friends and families; Gen. John H. Brown, and Thomas Norris, Concord, Wonolancet club; Commander H. H. Amsden, Concord, American Legion; Harry M. Cheney, Concord, Masonic orders; Wesley Adams, Londonderry, State Senate, Dr. Sibley G. Morrill, Concord.





ASBURY F. TANDY

After an illness extending over several years, Asbury Fitch Tandy died at his residence in Litchfield, August 11th. Mr. Tandy was a native of Lempster and was the son of James A. and Lucy Fitch Tandy of Dublin. He was born April 27, 1850.

In 1880, Mr. Tandy was appointed supervisor of the New Hampshire State hospital, which he held for 23 years.

He is survived by the widow, Mrs. Anna Tandy, one brother, William E. of Greenland, and several nephews and nieces.

PROF. FRANCIS T. CLAYTON

Professor Francis Treadway Clayton, assistant superintendent of schools of Concord, died at the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, July 29th, after a long illness.

He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 3, 1875, and received his early education in the schools of that city, later going to New York University for three years of graduate study and one year at Harvard in special study toward a doctorate in English philosophy. One year was also passed in Europe in educational study. He came to Proctor Academy in 1911 and served there seven years as head master, coming to Concord, September 1, 1919.

JOHN J. CONNOR

After an illness lasting nearly a year, County Commissioner John J. Connor died July 23rd at his home in Manchester.

Mr. Connor had long been active in politics in Manchester. For eight years he had been alderman from Ward 10, and from 1918 to 1922 was inspector of plumbing. He was elected county commissioner last November. He was a native of Ireland, but had lived in Manchester 41 years. During the Spanish-American war, he served in the Sheridan guards.

HARRY E. MORRISON

Harry E. Morrison, one of three Grafton County Commissioners, died August 4th at the Woodsville Cottage Hospital.

Until ill health forced him to give up his farm and take up his residence in Haverhill Corner, Mr. Morrison was well known throughout the vicinity for his fine herds of pedigreed stock. He was prominent also in political affairs, and served as selectman in his town and as representative in the Legislature.

He leaves a wife, Frances (Buzzell) Morrison; one son, Samuel R., and one daughter, Mary Catherine Morrison.

DANIEL GILMAN

Mr. Daniel Gilman, one of Exeter's most prominent citizens, died on July 21st at the age of 72 years.

A member of an old and notable family, Mr. Gilman received his education in private schools, at Phillips-Exeter Academy and at Brown. Coming to Exeter in 1883, he organized the Rubber Step Manufacturing Company, of which he was president for many years. He served his town one year as selectman and in 1912-16 he was postmaster of Exeter.

He is survived by his wife and one son, Daniel E. Gilman.

FRANK EDGAR THOMPSON

Frank Edgar Thompson, for fifty years sub-master and head master of the Rogers High School, who in June was elected by the school, died July 31st at his home.

Mr. Thompson was born in Somersworth, N. H., March 31, 1849, and was graduated at Dartmouth in 1871. He taught for a little while at Phillips Andover Academy and then in 1873 accepted an invitation to become sub-master at Rogers. In 1890, he was made head master. For 23 years he was a member of the State Board of Education and in 1919 he was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Education by Rhode Island State College.

Besides his widow, Mr. Thompson is survived by a daughter, Miss Helen M. Thompson, of the High school, and a son, Colonel Edgar Thompson, U. S. A.

REV. LUCIUS WATERMAN

Rev. Lucius Waterman, D. D. of Tilton, retired clergyman of the Episcopal church, author and churchman recognized at home and abroad as one of the most profound scholars in his denomination, died July 26th in Washington, D. C.

Dr. Waterman, who had served as chairman of the Diocesan committee of New Hampshire, had represented the diocese in many important gatherings, and had been a member of the Triennial Convention, was born in Providence, R. I., March 29, 1851. He was graduated from Trinity College in 1871 and three years later received the M. A. degree. In 1892 he was given the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Among his notable literary works was "Post Apostlic Period," published by Scribner and "Primitive Traditions of the Eucharistic Body and Blood," from the Bishop Paddock lectures before the General Theological Seminary in New York in 1918-19. He also wrote many pamphlets.

Dr. Waterman was for five years rector of Trinity church in Tilton and had served as rector of St. Thomas church in Hanover, St. Luke's in Charlestown and Trinity in Claremont. He established St. James in Laconia and presented the church edifice and lot upon which it stands to the parish. His first pastorate was in Providence, R. I.

He is survived by his widow and one son.

MRS. ALBERT O. BROWN

Mrs. Susie J. (Clark) Brown, wife of Ex-Governor Albert O. Brown, died at the family home in Manchester, August 13th.

A highly cultured woman, albeit of quiet tastes, Mrs. Brown belonged to many clubs and organizations of a literary and scientific nature. She was a graduate of Wellesley College and was affiliated with the college Women's club of Manchester. She was a member of the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, the Current Events Club, the Natural Science club, the Bird club and the Manchester Federation of Women's clubs.

COL. ELBRIDGE J. COPP

Col. Elbridge J. Copp, until recently register of probate for Hillsborough county for 45 years, died August 3d after a brief illness.

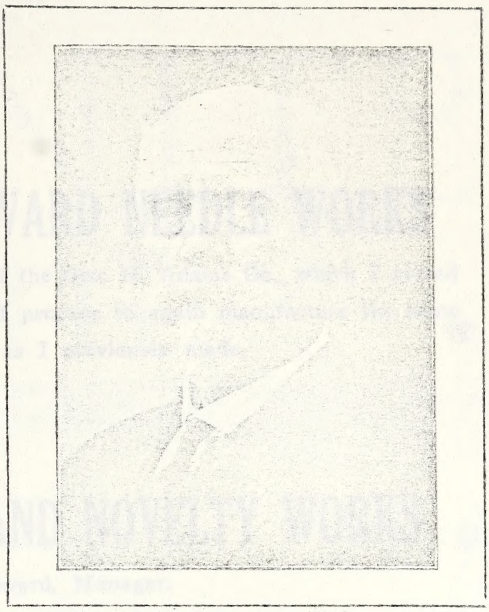
Colonel Copp was a veteran of the Civil War and prominent in G. A. R. He was born in Warren, July 22, 1844.

The honorary bearers at his funeral included the following prominent men: Congressman Edward H. Wason and Henry A. Cutter, Hillsborough Bar Association; Adjt.-Gen. Charles W. Howard, New Hampshire national guard; Mayor Henri A. Burque, city of Nashua; Judge George A. Wagner, county of Hillsborough; Maj. R. H. Trickey, Loyal Legion; Gen. Charles W. Stevens, G. A. R., Joseph L. Clough, Pilgrim Church; Maj. Charles A. Roby, Nashua city guards; Paul T. Norton.

Besides his wife, Mrs. Lotta Plummer Copp, he is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Charlotte L. Pearson of Malden, Mass., and Mrs. Edith A. Baldwin of Manchester, and several grandchildren.

HON. HERBERT DANIEL RYDER

One of the most important contributions in recent years, by the State of New Hampshire, to the public, professional and business life of her sister State of Vermont, was that in the person of Herbert Daniel Ryder, born in Acworth, November 12, 1850, who died at the Massachusetts General Hospital, July 18, 1923, following an operation.



Mr. Ryder was the son of Daniel A. and Elizabeth A. (Brigham) Ryder, and was educated in the public schools, Colby Academy, Oberlin College, O., and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1876. He was for three years principal of the Springfield, Vt., high school, during and following which time he studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1880; practiced a year in Springfield, and then removed to Bellows Falls, where he continued through life, serving for a time as principal of the high school, and later engaging in the practice of his profession; but also being for many years actively connected with the Derby and Ball Manufacturing Company. He was associated in law practice with W. A. Graham, under the firm name of Ryder & Graham, for the last fifteen or twenty years.

He was a Republican in politics and held many offices, local, county and State. He had been chairman of the Bellows Falls board of bailiffs, president of the village corporation; superintendent of schools in Bellows Falls; chairman of the Rockingham Vt., town school board; examiner of schools for Windham County for twenty years; member of the Vermont State Board of Education of which he was secretary and treasurer in 1913-14; deputy collector of Internal Revenue 1897-1904; State's attorney for Windham County, 1904-06; member Vermont House of Representatives and Chairman of the Judiciary Committee 1913, and presidential elector in 1908.

He was a Congregationalist in religion, a Mason and an Odd Fellow.

He married, November 30, 1881, Margaret E. Ball of Springfield, Vt., who died May 11, 1923. One son, Daniel F., Dartmouth 1923, and five daughters survive.

—H. H. M.

456-7

THE F. R. WOODWARD NEEDLE WORKS

Having bought the property of the Geo. H. Adams Co., which I moved to this town fifty-one years ago, I propose to again manufacture the same high grade LATCH NEEDLES as I previously made.

THE NEW ENGLAND NOVELTY WORKS

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The World's Standard for Steel Wheel Glass Cutters.

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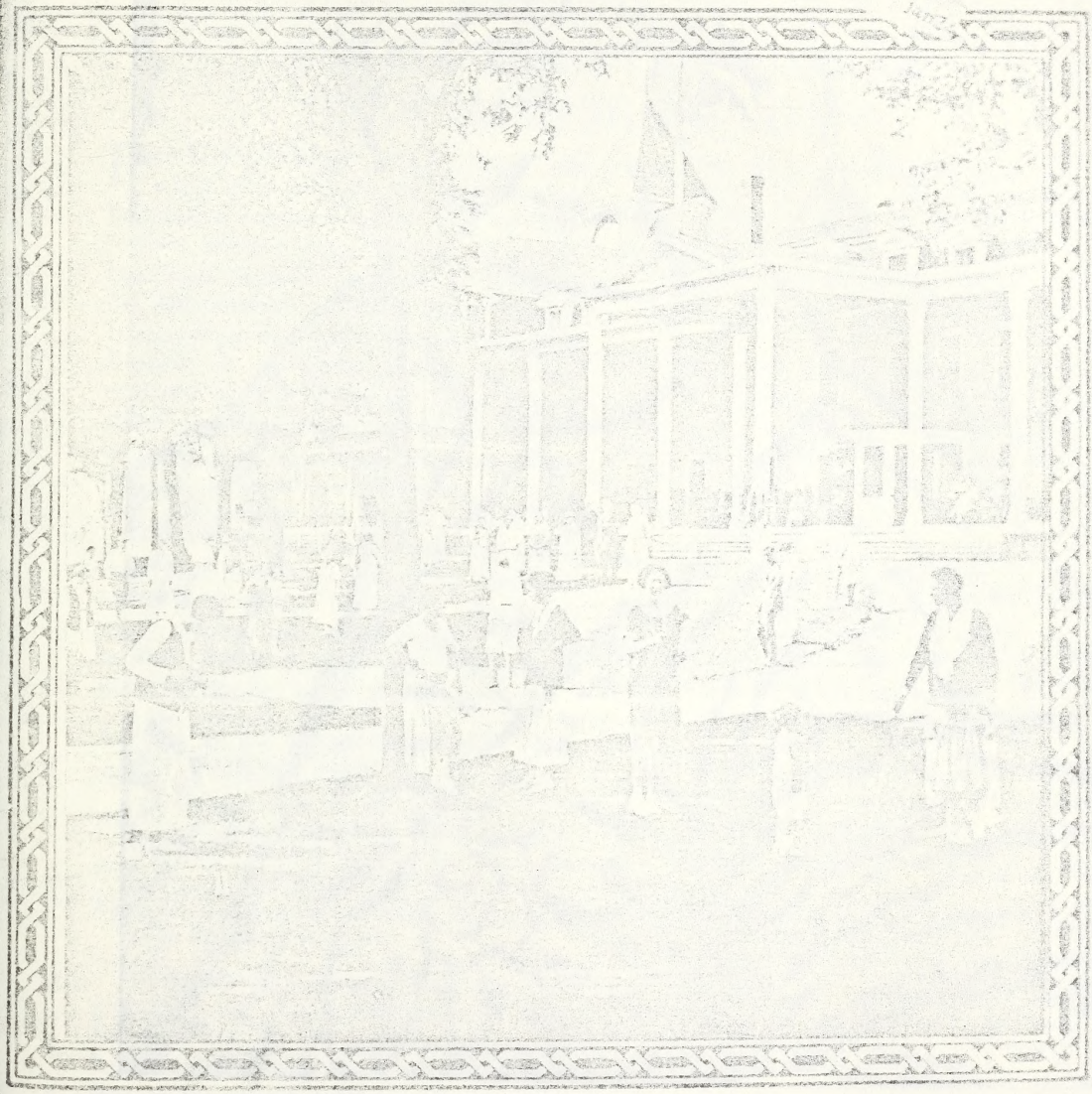
We invite any who are looking for a place to locate a manufacturing plant to investigate our proposition for cheap power.

F. R. WOODWARD, HILL, N. H.

Vol. 55. No. 10 October, 1923

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

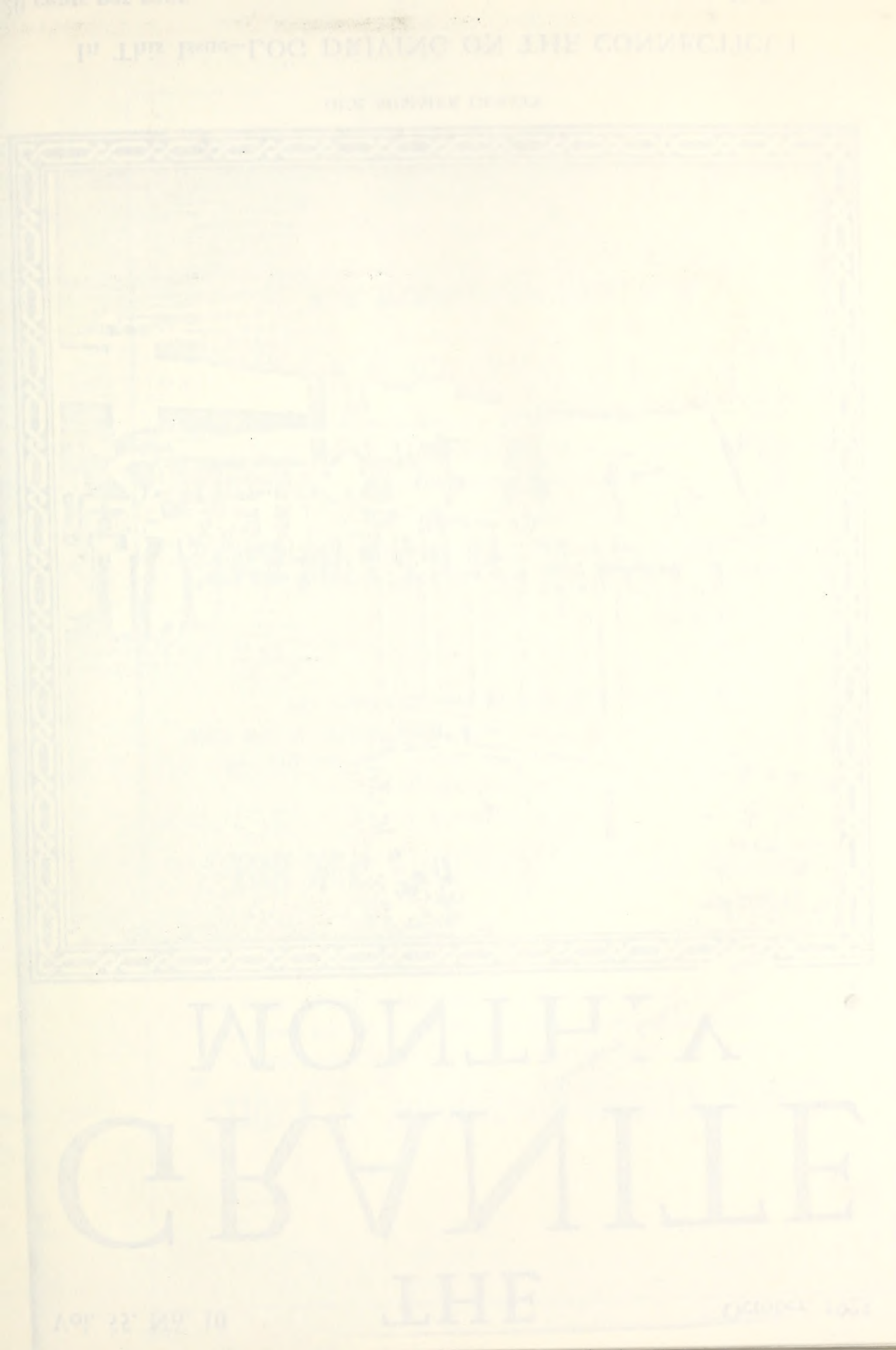
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OUR SUMMER GUESTS

In This Issue—LOG DRIVING ON THE CONNECTICUT

20 cents per copy $2.00 per year





EDNA DEAN PROCTOR
(Taken on her 94th birthday)

THE
GRANITE
MONTHLY

Vol. 55 No. 10

OCTOBER 1923

A SMALL TRIBUTE TO ONE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE'S OWN

FRAMINGHAM, Mass., was the scene of a pleasant but none the less impressive incident on the 18th of September, when a large number of neighbors and friends gathered to celebrate the 94th birthday of Edna Dean Proctor. It is indeed with good reason that Miss Proctor is so often called the "uncrowned poet laureate of New Hampshire" for throughout the changes of her long life she has seemed never to forget that her birthplace is Henniker and that New Hampshire was her first love.

It is quite apparent that the warm beauty of Atlantic City, which has been her winter home for many years has never shaken her allegience, for it was in the "sunny South" that she penned her "Mountain Maid," concluding:—

And out by the broad Pacific
Their gay young sisters say,
"Ours are the mines of the Indies,
And the treasures of far Cathay:"
And the dames of the South walk proudly
Where the fig and the orange fall,
And hid in the high magnolias
The mocking thrushes call;
But the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire,
Is the rarest of them all!

It is equally evident that the vast power of the young and growing west failed to lure her away from New England's institutions. One of the very best of her poems written under the title, "Thanksgiving Night Memories of New Hampshire in Illinois," commences:—

Across the prairie moans the wind,
And morn will come with whirling snow;
Now bolt the door, and bar the the blind;
The guests are gone, the fire is low.
We'll heap the grate, and in its blaze
This Illinois Thanksgiving night,
Call back the loved of other days,
And the old home of our delight.

Ah, Mary! here are thousand things
I never thought to see or own:—
Great corn-fields where the sunlight flings
Its gold, nor finds one marring stone;
And breadths of waving wheat; and herds
Unnumbered on the prairies wide;
And brighter flowers, and rarer birds,
That flame and sing on every side.

But oh, to-night I'm in the hills!
I hear the wind sweep through the pines!
And see the lakes, the laughing rills,
The far horizon's mountain lines!
Monadnock's stream, the river flows
By bordering elms and meadows down,
Dark where the bridge its shadow throws,
And the tall church-spire marks the town;

The lament in the following stanza carries particular significance to those who are today devoting their energies to remedy the situation presented by it:—

Alas! that blazing hearth is cold!
The hill stands desolate and bare!
No stir at morn; no flocks in fold;
No children's laugh to charm the air!
Nor orchards blush, nor lilacs blow;
And fields once rich with corn and clover
Are pastures lone the foxes know,
And the shy plover whistles over.

Her tributes to her native state shining through the lines of many poems seem to weld themselves into one grand

refrain in the surging eloquence of "The Hills are Home":—

Forget New Hampshire! Let Kearsarge
forget to greet the sun;
Connecticut forsake the sea; the Shoals
their breakers shun;
But fervently, while life shall last, though
wide our ways decline,
Back to the Mountain-Land our hearts will
turn as to a shrine!
Forget New Hampshire! By her cliffs,
her meads, her brooks afoam,
By all hallowed memories,—our lode-star—
while we roam—
Whatever skies above us rise, the Hills,—
the Hills are Home!

Those men and women of note who have gone out from the Granite State are legion but few of them have been more faithful to their homeland. Surely she loves New Hampshire with an abiding affection which burns as brightly as does the light in her eyes at 94. May she have more birthdays filled with the peace and content expressed in her own way:—

Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes,
Summers and suns go gladly, and wherefore dost thou repine?
Climb the hills of morning and welcome the rosy skies.
The joy of the boundless future—nay, God himself is thine.

THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE return of the "R" months, with September, brought back oysters, as usual, to New Hampshire, but did not bring in any satisfying amount the long-desired and very much needed rain. In fact, the appropriate letter of the alphabet for this ninth month of 1923 was one which is not found in its name, namely, F.

September in New Hampshire was characterized by Fires, Fairs, Frosts, Forestry, Football and Fights (political, not pugilistic, as in New York).

The continued dryness of the season brought many additions to the greatest fire loss which any one year in New Hampshire has piled up, but fortunately none of the blazes approached in extent those which have been mentioned in earlier issues of this magazine.

In this connection it is gratifying to know that plans have been completed and accepted for rebuilding the Profile House in Franconia Notch at a cost of a million dollars; and that the village of Canaan is fast taking on new and better life as the result of the dauntless spirit of its own people and the substantial interest and aid of its friends.

The early arrival of Jack Frost sharpened the interest of New Hampshire people in the coal situation and made them rejoice at the happy settlement by Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania of the threatened strike which was one of the acute angles of the problem. The office of the state fuel administrator has been busy collecting data bearing upon fuel conditions as applied to New Hampshire, but at the time of writing has not deemed it necessary to issue any orders as to coal prices or rationing.

The possible use of wood as a substitute for coal in heating New Hampshire houses was one of many interesting topics taken up at the annual conference under the auspices of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, held this year at Plymouth, with what many considered the best program in its history. One of the large number present was especially impressed with the change in the attendance since the early meetings of the society. Then those who showed their interest in the subject of forestry in New Hampshire were largely "summer people," who sought primarily to check the reckless tree cutting which was destroying the scenic beauty of the Granite State as well as threatening the sources of its water power. Now these people are still active and valued workers in the cause, but in the gatherings of the society they are outnumbered by owners of large forest tracts, farmers with wood lots, lumber operators and mill men, people whose interest in scientific

forestry is practical and financial.

September saw the departure of most of New Hampshire's "summer folks," above referred to, although a few of the large hotels in the mountains and highlands remain open into October and many owners of summer homes continue to occupy them until snow flies, appreciating fully the facts that autumn days in New Hampshire are in many respects the most beautiful of the year.

Vacationists, going from New Hampshire, met on the way school and college boys returning to Dartmouth, St. Paul's and Phillips Exeter, all of which institutions have been forced, as usual, to turn away intending students because of lack of accommodations. This is also true of New Hampshire University, and because, here, it is New Hampshire boys and girls who are for the most part the sufferers, the story of overcrowding and work done under unfavorable conditions makes the greater impression. In many of the cities of the state the public schools, also, are laboring under the same handicap of insufficient housing. The light breaks through these clouds, however, on such occasions as the dedications of the new high school buildings at Laconia and Conway, the latter structure a memorial to A. Crosby Kennett from his widow and sons. Both buildings are splendidly adapted to the purposes of modern education.

Of educational as well as social interest were the annual meetings of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs at Durham and the state association of librarians at Hampton Beach, during the month. A notable event, simply but suitably commemorated, was the centennial anniversary of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

Most of the New Hampshire agricultural fairs were held during September, with entire success. At that glorified fair, the Eastern States Exposition, in Springfield, Mass., New Hampshire, this year, after a period of absence, once more was worthily represented.

New Hampshire raised with gratifying ease its quota of Red Cross relief for Japan.

Governor Fred H. Brown presented the views of New Hampshire as to the future of the New England railroads to the interstate commerce commission.

During the month two financial statements of pleasing import were made from the capital. According to State Treasurer George E. Farrand the net debt of the commonwealth at the end of the fiscal year, June 30, 1923, was $181,-966.85, having been lowered by $763,-705.97 during the year, one half of which was during the administration of Governor Albert O. Brown, Republican, and the other half during that of Governor Fred H. Brown, Democrat. Other good evidence of thrift was the announcement by Chairman James O. Lyford of the state bank commission that during the same period the deposits in the 66 savings institutions under its supervision increased $12,719,462.01, now amounting to $162,293,906.02.

After nine months of harmony, the Democratic Governor and the Republican majority of his Executive Council reached a deadlock, in September, over the appointment of a member of the police commission in the city of Manchester; and the war between the farmers and the gunners over the damage done to apple orchards by partridges broke out afresh because of the delay experienced by the agriculturists in securing a settlement of their claims under the law of 1923. —H. C. P.

The
GRANITE MONTHLY
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AT THE SIGN OF THE LUCKY DOG

New Hampshire's Contribution to Big League Baseball

By Helen F. McMillin

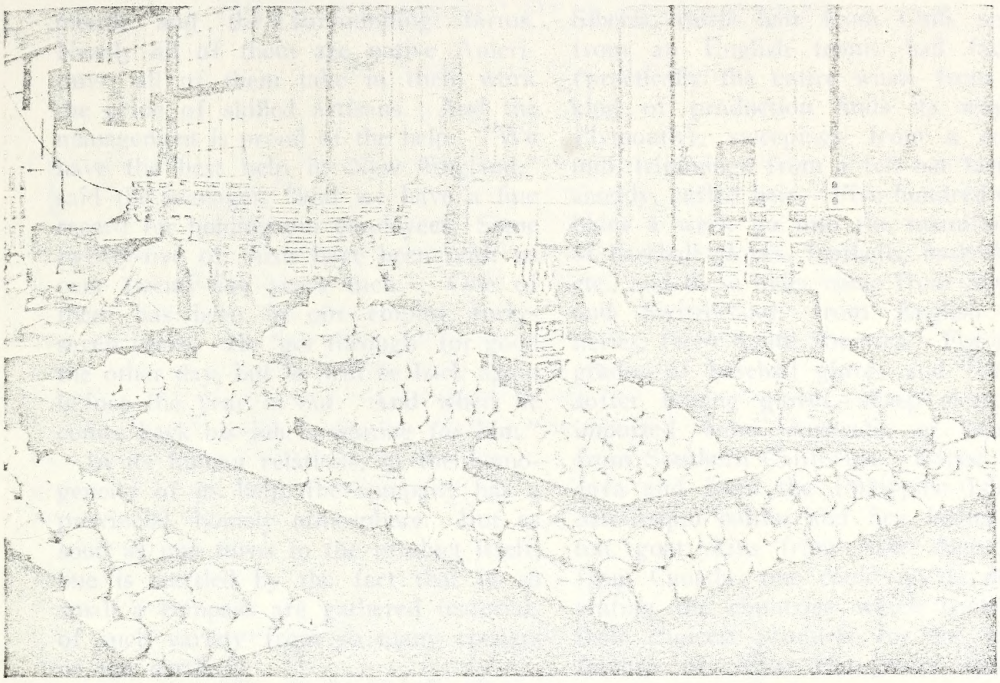
"New Hampshire business is in a desperate situation," say the pessimists. "It's no use trying to compete with other parts of the country." A pessimist is usually a man who prides himself on looking facts squarely in the face. But in this case the prophets of gloom seem woefully ignorant of the things whereof they speak. No part of the country does business without accompanying handicaps and disadvantages. Some of our business enterprises unquestionably are facing very tangled problems. But against this background stands out this encouraging fact, exemplified in many business organizations throughout the length and breadth of the state, that wherever New Hampshire will-power, New Hampshire brains, and New Hampshire workmanship have grappled with such problems they have won out and created substantial success. From time to time during the winter, the GRANITE MONTHLY is planning to publish the stories of some of New Hampshire's interesting business enterprises, showing in so far as possible the elements of their success.

—The Editors.

A crowded grandstand on a hot October afternoon. The smell of peanuts and popcorn. The monotonous tones of boys hawking soft drinks and "Official Scores." A portly gentleman in shirtsleeves with hat pushed back on his moist forehead. Beside him, in the shadow of his corpulence, a wide-eyed small boy with the expression of one about to behold mysteries. Beyond the boy a thin stoop shouldered youth with the air of a dusty office clinging about him. And below, the focus of the eyes of these three and of those of the thousands of others who crowd the grandstands and the bleachers, a well worn patch of ground on which are already moving tiny figures in grey and white uniform, warriors in the great contest which shall decide for another year the world championship in the Great American Game. These are familiar things to the baseball fan. Familiar also the thrill which comes as the pitcher releases the first ball of the game and it comes speeding with incredible swiftness toward the plate. Familiar also the thrill which comes as thud of running feet and the sigh of the crowd as the ball drops at last into the fielder's glove far down the field. But were it possible, in the space while the next batsman takes his place, to show you close-ups of bat and glove and mitt, one more familiar thing might be added to the list—the Sign of the Lucky Dog which stands on the top of a Plymouth factory on the Daniel Webster Highway. For the New Hampshire product manufactured in that factory has no small part in the Big League Game.

There are only a few firms in the United States which do a high grade sporting goods business; and among these Draper and Maynard stands high. Refusing to compete with other manufacturers in quantity production of cheap goods, the firm has built up such a reputation for quality that the name is synonymous with the best materials and workmanship wherever games are played. Draper and Maynard is a growing concern, and its growth is based entirely upon the production of the highest grade of sporting goods which can be made. And because competition based upon quality is good clean sportsmanlike competition, Mr. Maynard can say with pride, "We have no competitors. They are all our friends. Why, when we had our fire here in 1912, every competitor without exception wrote us just as soon as the news reached him, offering us the use of any part of his factory for any process of our manufacture, until we could get on our feet again."

Plymouth was a glove town in the old days. Down in Glove Hollow about two miles from the present village, in a little square frame building, a few workmen cut out buckskin driving



Destined for Many a Hotly Contested Field

gloves, bundled them into packages and sent them out to the farmers' wives of the neighborhood to be sewed. The story goes that the industry which made Gloversville, N. Y., almost settled in Plymouth, that the Englishmen bent upon founding the business came first to the New Hampshire town in search of a site but were persuaded away from New England by some enterprising New York Jews who offered them a factory already built for their purposes. Had an enterprising Board of Trade in Plymouth been able to offer counter inducements, the history of the town might have been different from what it has been. But in the light of later developments one cannot think too regretfully of the loss of this business.

It was not very much later, in 1882 or thereabouts, that Arthur Irwin, professional baseball player, designed a padded glove and brought his design to Plymouth to find a manufacturer. In the years that followed, the glove salesmen who went out from Glove Hollow carried as a novelty and curiosity a few samples of the odd glove, and in many cases merchants pushed up glove sales by using in their windows, displays of the freak gloves to draw the attention of the crowds.

From that beginning has grown the great business of Draper and Maynard. From Glove Hollow the business moved to Ashland and thence to Plymouth, and to-day it comprises not only the main brick building which is a familiar landmark of the town, but also several smaller workrooms in various parts of the town, a new storehouse down by the tracks, a knitting factory up the river. And even to-day, though to a much less extent than formerly, farmers' wives in the surrounding country make a little pin money in long winter evenings by sewing covers on baseballs.

The business has been in a unique sense a local institution. To one who has recently visited the Amoskeag or other of our large mills it is something of a surprise to look down the work rooms and see only good Yankee faces. Most of the employees come from Ply-

mouth and the surrounding farms. Nearly all of them are native Americans; all of them take in their work the pride of skilled artisans. And the management is proud of the help. "We have the best help in New England," said the manager, "and we have a fine record for holding our employees. Some twenty-five of them have been with us over twenty-five years each. One of them has been in our employ forty-seven years. He 'got through' for good the other day, but he will be back again before the year is out. And when he comes back his job is waiting for him."

In its human relations, in the homogeneity of its help, the company has a provincial, homely atmosphere. But as soon as one turns to the product itself, one is startled by the fact that in so small a compass are gathered materials of such variety from so many corners of the earth.

Here is the room where men are winding baseballs—some 200 dozen a day the year round. This man is stamping out covers from horsehide—alum tanned. One hundred and forty horse hides a day are required to keep the department running at reasonable speed and some of the hides come from the eating horses of Russia and France and Germany. Over there little two ounce balls of pure Para rubber from the West Indies are being wound with woolen yarn which had its origin on the backs of sheep on the western prairies and far Australia. It takes 1040 feet of yarn to make one baseball. The balls which are made in this fashion are the best grade, some few of them will attain the Official League Stamp. But there are other balls built in the factory—softer playground balls, indoor baseballs, balls which do not require the standard center. In these instead of the rubber from Para may be used sponge from the Florida reefs, bought by the schooner load for this purpose. Instead of woolen yarn to wind around the center, one may find goat hair from Siberia, cattle hair from Chili, scraps from an English tennis ball factory (practically the entire waste from this kind of production finds its way to Plymouth), sweepings from a cotton mill, trimmings from a felt hat factory, shoddy, curled hair. Five hundred cowhides a week go into the manufacture of baseball gloves, footballs, basketballs, etc., and these hides come from Sweden and Switzerland, from English tanneries, from South America. For some grades of baseball gloves and for the softer boxing gloves, sheep skins are imported from Australia or brought from Southern California. Kapoc from Java and from the Philippine Islands, Mississippi cotton and Sea Island cotton, goat skins from Asia, deer skins from Canada: one could go on enumerating the countries which contribute their choicest products for the manufacture of New Hampshire sporting goods. Only the best of each kind of material comes in, for only the best is good enough to use.

But the quality of Draper and Maynard materials does not stop with materials. Several times during its manufacture every ball, every glove, every piece of equipment is rigidly examined for possible defects. And for final testing out of new ideas, there is the "laboratory" ball park across the way, maintained by the company, in which the boys and men of Plymouth, in hotly contested games, try out the very latest things in equipment.

Quality counts. The combination of the best materials and the most expert workmanship has results. It is the claim of the company that nearly 90% of the professional ball players of the country use Draper and Maynard goods. That glove with the signature of Babe Ruth stamped upon it is not just a model named after a great player, with the idea of catching the eye of the customer. It is really made from the pattern Babe Ruth prefers. And he ought to know what a good glove is.

THE "TOWN" PLAYGROUND

The Need and the Methods

By H. E. Young

THROUGHOUT New England today the Playground is considered a city institution and impractical in a town. True, it has been developed in the city where the needs and conditions of city life have shaped its ideas and methods. On the other hand, the great success of the Drake Field in Pittsfield, a town of two thousand people located fifteen miles from the nearest city, proves conclusively that the Playground belongs to the small town as much as to the city.

Outside the one fact that he has more room for play in his own dooryard, the country boy needs the supervised Playground just as much as his city cousin, perhaps more. Each day parents tell us how glad they are to send their children to a place where there is no danger from passing autos. Others speak of the relief that comes from the feeling that someone else will attend to the little ones for a few hours each day. Another comment, frequently made, is that these children are so busy that they can do no mischief and learn no bad habits.



Play Fair

From the point of view of the children, the field offers the chance to have a good time in a hundred different ways. They find a large number of new games and many kinds of apparatus on which to do stunts. Above all, there is someone to watch everything and see that each one plays fairly. In the country the "bully" offers a problem of the same type as the city "gang." On a Playground we have the "bully" at a grave disadvantage, for he does not dare to plague the little ones or try to enforce his will. It does not take long for them to learn that each must wait for his turn and that mere size and strength are of no avail if the majority wish otherwise.

At the outset of this experiment it would have been folly to forecast the phenominal success that has attended this venture. During the past two months more than 24,000 people have been on the Field, an average of over 450 a day. Under these conditions the fact that there has not been a single accident on the Field requiring the presence of a doctor becomes all the more remarkable. Furthermore, we challenge any Playground to rival our record of not a single piece or part of our extensive equipment lost or stolen in the past two years.

Nearly every New England town has a large Common or some sort of Park, a part of which could be used for this purpose without alteration. Aside from the upkeep of the grounds, the expense of the Playground supervision and equipment has cost the Town of Pittsfield less than five hundred dollars during the past year. What better investment can be made in the health and happiness of our children?



May Yohe at the Blue Diamond Inn

MAY YOHE

THOUSANDS of motorists passing over the Dartmouth College road between Newport and Keene have been greeted by an unpretentious sign board, "The Blue Diamond Inn." Unquestionably if Edgar Allan Poe were alive and should wander or rather flivver in that direction he would find ample field in which to let his fancies roam and weave a romantic narrative around that diamond shaped board. Those who know its history realize that there is ample material there to occupy the imagination of a Poe or a DeMoupossant. If one were to search for the origin of that sign he would need to go far away from the quiet hills and rural life of New Hampshire and pursue his quest in the gaiety of the fastest set in America, amid the ancient nobility of old England, in the sunny climes of far away Japan and Heaven knows where else.

Possibly before he started this pilgrimage he might find the beginnings of his story on one of the pages of a Boston paper. The words found there seem commonplace and prosaic enough for the most unromantic. They simply men-



tion the fact that May Yohe, a famous vaudeville star of a generation ago, has been recalled to the stage and is playing a leading part at Keith's Theatre in Boston. Our searcher sees nothing of interest in this statement, but his eye lightens as he glances at the next statement, to the effect that the theatrical managers had brought May Yohe from a life of obscurity in the mountains of New Hampshire, where she was the proprietor of a tea room. Letting the newspaper fall idly to his lap, the curious one closes his eyes, tries to remember what it is about that name that is familiar to him, and what it all has to do with the sign of "The Blue Diamond Inn." And then suddenly it comes to him, and with a startled interest, he realizes that he has indeed stumbled upon vivid, spicy romance, hidden away in the little New Hampshire town of Marlow.

Of all the famous and precious jewels that have ever come to the attention of the world perhaps the best known were the Hope diamonds. These glittering gems have taken to themselves an individuality because of the fact that a strange and tragic story has ever been connected with them. They seem to bring disaster and sorrow to each one of the various world-famed personages who were in turn their possessors. They brought misfortune to Lord Hope, a peer of one of England's oldest families, in the shape of May Yohe. To be sure, at the time he met her she must have been an exceedingly attractive misfortune. She was in the prime of her famous stage career. She was surrounded by admirers. She was something of an institution at Yale, Columbia, and some of the other universities within easy distances from New York. Suffice it to say that Lord Hope married her and lived to regret it. In a short time he had lost both May and the diamonds.

Even while her divorce proceedings were still in their immature stages she fascinated the son of Mayor Strong of New York to such an extent that he is said to have forged checks in order to support her in the proper style for a reigning beauty. Young Strong was at that time an officer in the army but he managed to find time to take May upon a rather unofficial honeymoon to Japan. It is probable that she shook up Japan nearly as much as the recent earthquakes.

Enough of this, however, for the escapades and episodes of May's life would probably fill a book, and those which have been recounted here are simply the current gossip of the theatrical world. There evidently came a time in her life when she wearied of breaking hearts, or perchance the growing years and avoirdupois lessened her popularity upon the stage. She found her way to the quiet hills of Marlow and there opened a little inn and tea room for the accommodation of passersby. There she served them in a most gracious and hospitable manner, making her hostelry famous for its appetizing dishes. The only remnant, perhaps, of the recklessness of her stage career, was her rather brazen use of that famous chapter in her life in naming her wayside arbor, "The Blue Diamond Inn."

The story is told. Once more laying aside her domestic cares, she is now convincing the theatre goers of Boston that she is still a mistress of her former art. A citizen of Ohio once boasted to a citizen of New York that Ohio had given the country more presidents than New York, whereupon his friend responded by asserting that New York had had more murder cases than Ohio. It is a poor state that can't win fame in more than one field of activity. Let those who consider New Hampshire merely as a place of beautiful scenery, peopled by unpolished rustics, remember that for a dozen years we have held hidden in our hills one of the gayest of the gay.

THE NEXT GENERATION

Playgrounds in New Hampshire

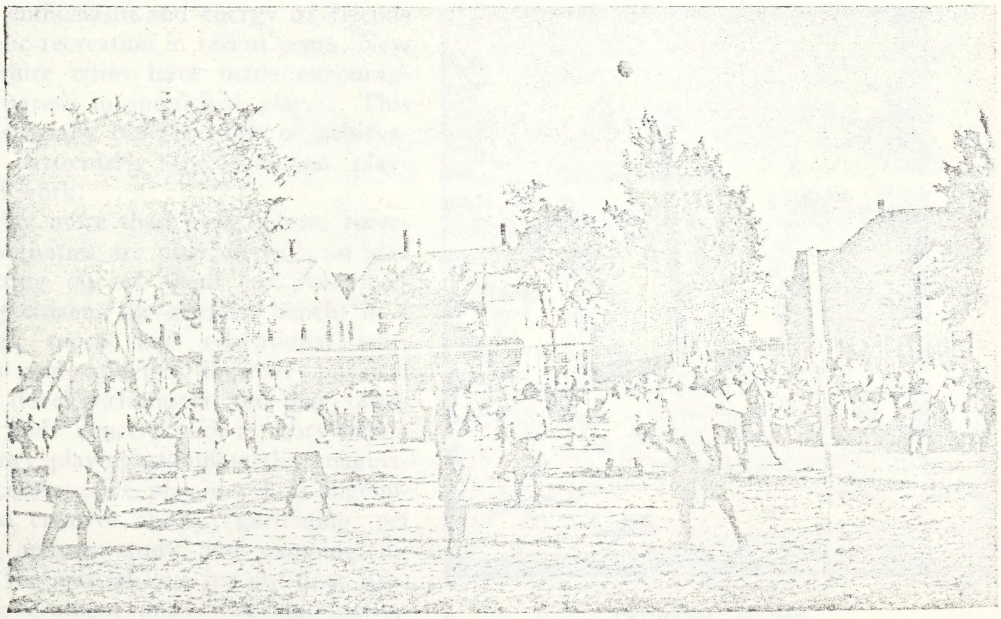
By Theresa E. Schmidt

A visitor in Claremont one August evening saw a picture that brought a thrill. It was not a cinema, nor was it a fire or a remarkable sunset. It was a community at play.

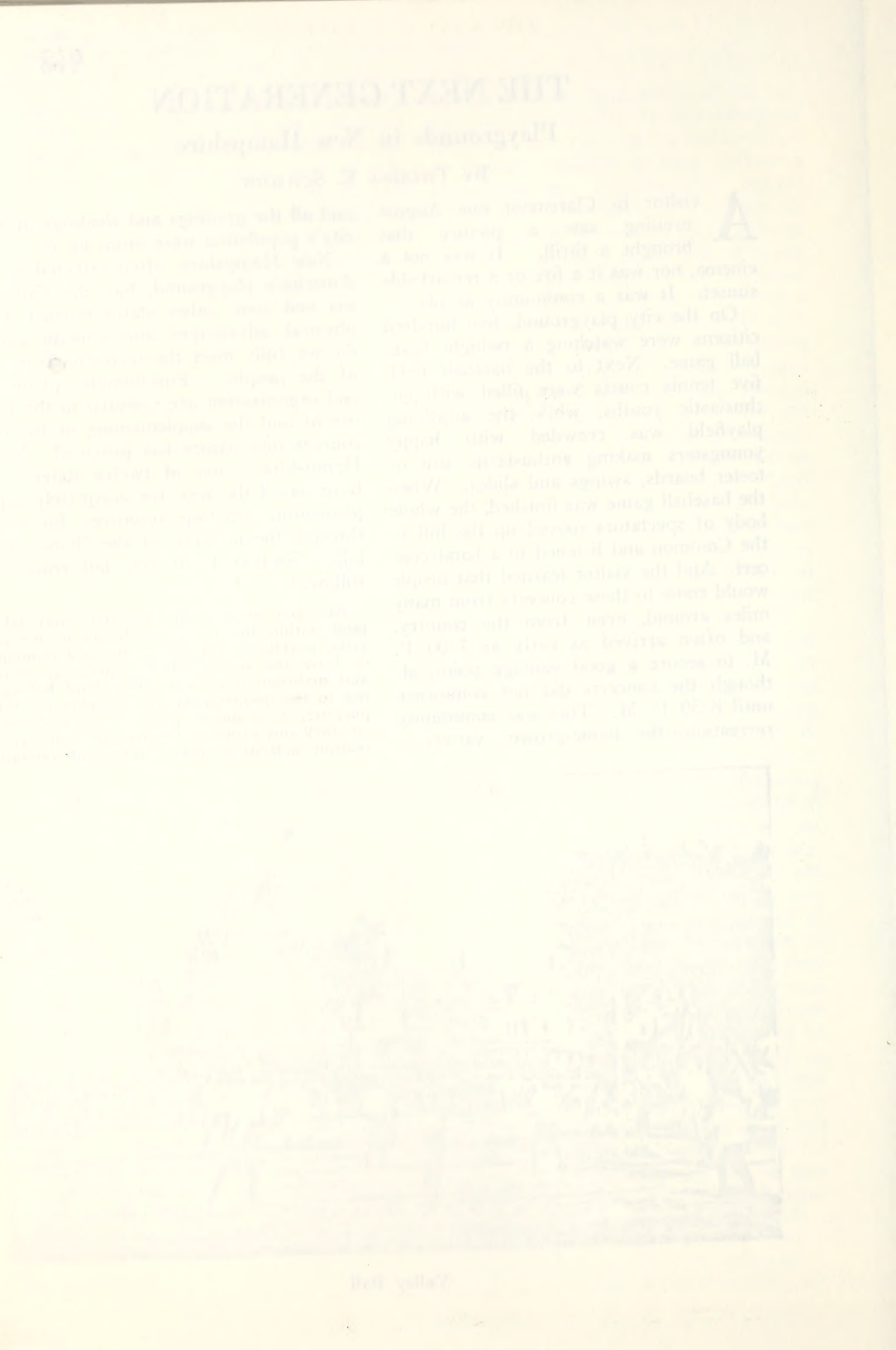
On the city playground, five hundred citizens were watching a twilight baseball game. Next to the baseball field, five tennis courts were filled with enthusiastic youths, while the adjoining playfield was crowded with happy youngsters making enthusiastic use of teeter boards, swings and slides. When the baseball game was finished, the whole body of spectators moved up the hill to the Common and listened to a band concert. And the visitor learned that people would come to these concerts from many miles around, even from the country, and often arrived as early as 7:00 P. M. to secure a good vantage point, although the concerts did not commence until 8:30 P. M. This was community recreation—the home-grown variety,—and all the gradings and shadings of the city's population were enjoying it.

New Hampshire, often referred to as America's playground, has like California and some other states learned that physical advantages and climate alone do not fully meet the recreational needs of the people. Forethought, planning and organization are essential to the full use of and the supplementing of the resources that nature has provided. New Hampshire is one of twelve states that have paved the way for adequately supplementing existing resources for play through the medium of the "home rule bill." Section 1. of this bill reads as follows:

> Any city or town in this state may take land within the municipal limits in fee or gifts, purchase or right of eminent domain, or lease the same and may prepare, equip and maintain it or any other land belonging to the municipality and suitable for the purpose, as a public playground; and may conduct and promote thereon, play and recreation activities; may equip and operate



Volley Ball





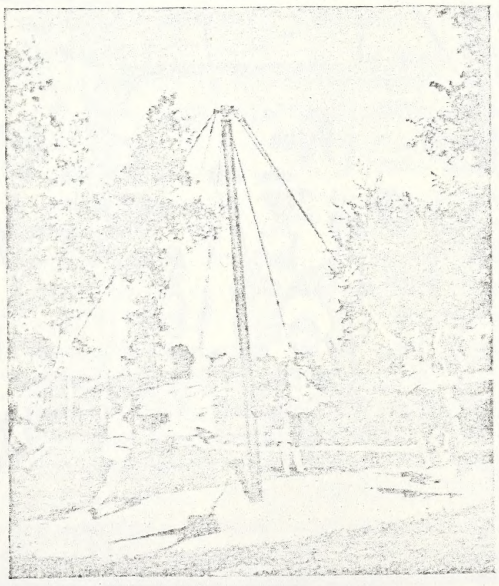
Ups and Downs

neighborhood center buildings, may operate public baths and swimming pools; and may employ such playleaders, playground instructors, supervisors, recreation secretary, or superintendent and other officials as it deems best.

This law is a great advantage to New Hampshire municipalities "Go ahead," it says in effect, "and provide generously and adequately for the play needs of your citizens." Under this law and due to the enthusiasm and energy of friends of public recreation in recent years, New Hampshire cities have made encouraging progress in municipal play. This year especially has been one of achievement, particularly the summer playground work.

To-day more than ever before, recreation activities are planned with an idea of getting out of them for America's coming citizens the greatest benefit in a physical, moral and educational way. Games and athletics improve physical health, develop character, fair play, obedience and concentration; story-telling and story playing stimulate the imagination; constructive play develops ingenuity and creative ability; gardening, pet shows, nature study and camping increase the natural love for out-door life; self government and citizenship activities develop a sense of justice and civic pride——all of these and many more are supplied in a well rounded program under trained leadership. In the larger New Hampshire cities and towns the summer playground work is carried on under the direction of trained workers.

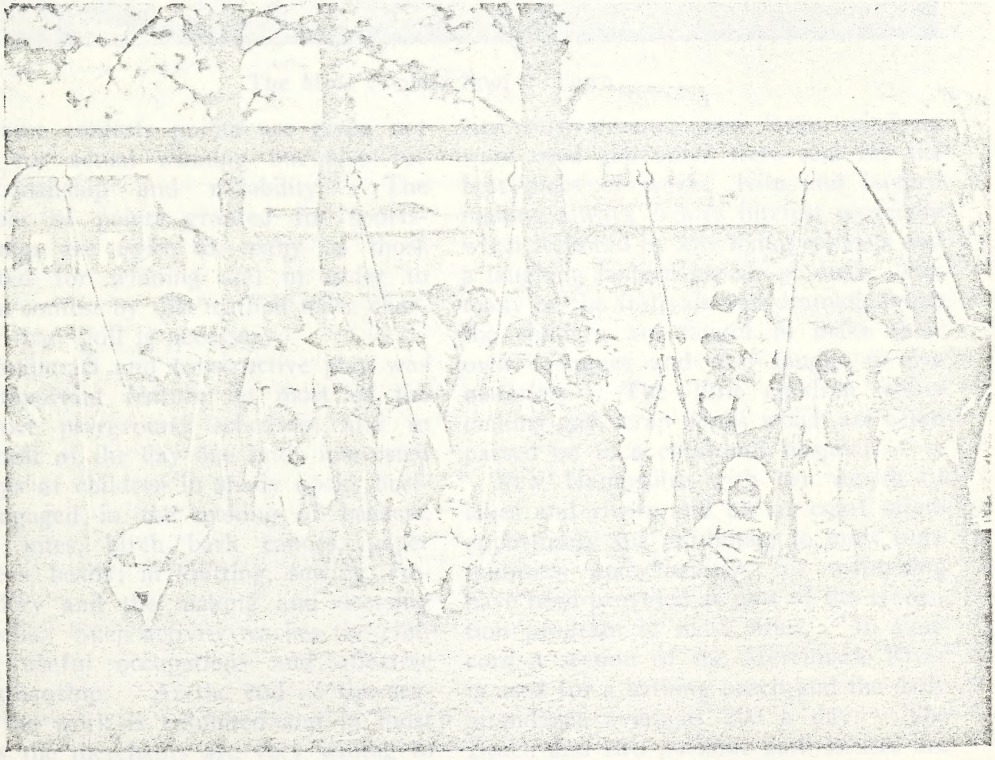
The daily programs are most varied and children may be seen at any time of



Perpetual Motion

the day consulting the Playground Bulletin board to find out what special surprise is in store for them, or when the rival playground is scheduled to play the interplayground game, or whether they are to be on "police duty" for the day. In some cities the children plan their own daily bulletin and make the posters and announcements.

Baseball leagues not only for the boys large and small, but for the girls as well afford much competition and the importance and excitement and surely the cheering rivals that of a Big League game. Sunset Leagues afford recreation and interest to the young men who are employed during the day and in many cities the playground diamonds are reserved for the Sunset schedules. Volley ball, schlag ball and basket ball leagues are equally as popular. Pennants are usually awarded the winning playground. Where municipal tennis courts are provided the courts are occupied from early until late. Tennis tournament officials are the city champions or country club players. Simplified golf is a popular activity of the boys' own choosing. They have improvised their own golf clubs and in one city the boys laid out a regular nine hole course on the common. The Athletic Badge tests, standard physical efficiency tests are being generally used and in several places follow up the work done in the public schools. Interplayground track and athletic meets for both boys and girls have created much friendly rivalry and the honor of the playground not of the individual is kept in mind. As one little playground girl expressed it "I'm not running for myself—I'm running for the playground." And again where an undersized team appeared to represent their playground a playground boy from a rival team said, "Of course they couldn't expect to win but just the same they ought to get a ribbon for courage."



The Primer Class



The Most Popular Spot in Town

In game contests points are given not only for actual winning but also for sportsmanship and reliability. The number of points granted for sportsmanship are twice as many as those granted for winning and in order to win a contest by this method more character than skill is necessary.

Handicraft and constructive play was an important feature on most of the summer playground schedules and in the heat of the day one finds interested groups of children in shady nooks busily engaged in the making of baskets, toys, kites, birch bark canoes, paper flowers, beads; in knitting, sewing, embroidery and the making and dressing of dolls. Such activity teaches the children useful occupations and effective workmanship. At the end of the season the work is exhibited and in most cities the merchants are very willing to clear a window for the display. In one city this summer two large windows were used and votes were cast for the best piece of work. Kite and lantern making always creates interest especially when followed by kite flying contests and a laughing lantern parade at dusk. For many of the festivals and dramatic work the children are taught to make their own costumes and also taught to dye materials. The little children enjoy making gay scrap books which are often passed on to a children's hospital.

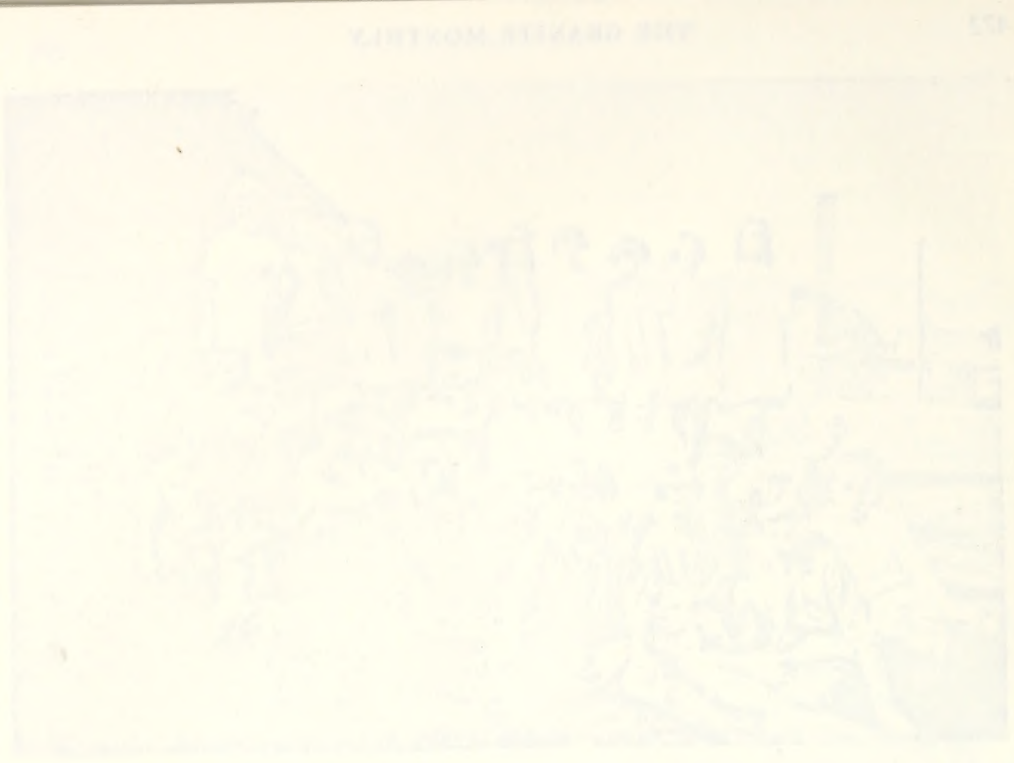
New Hampshire with her wealth of lakes and rivers and bit of coast offers opportunity for swimming to most communities, and facilities for swimming have been provided as part of the recreation program in most cities. In Concord a section of the Merrimack River is used for a bathing beach and the daily attendance averages 200 a day. The Beach and two portable bath houses are under the supervision of two expert in-



Future Citizens

structors under the Recreation Commission. In Manchester 2500 attended the Playground Aquatic Meet at Crystal Lake. The nine events on the program were followed by water basketball and general swimming. In congested areas in Manchester five outdoor showers were installed this summer. Each shower was made of four inexpensive lawn sprinklers attached to piping and the platform was made from old planking used at one time in city construction work. In Nashua a "swimming hole" was under playground supervision and an instructor on duty all day. The interest in swimming by old as well as young has convinced the City Fathers that adequate provision must be made and plans are under way for a pool. In Rochester last year there was a 39% increase in the number of boys in one school that had learned to swim as the result of the instruction received at the playground beach. Dover has a municipal pool which is always an attraction. Claremont has wisely used the space under the grand stand for showers.

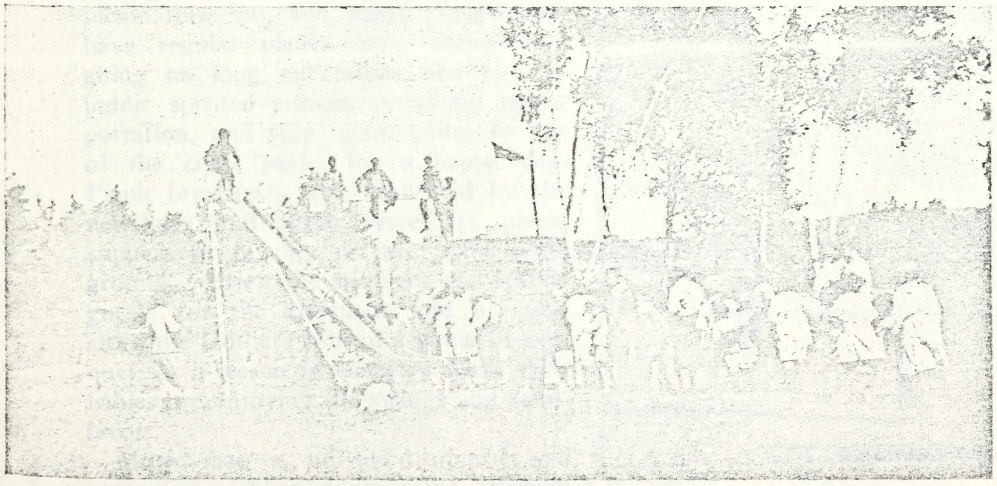
Story telling is an important factor on any playground program and the story teller resembles the Pied Piper of Hamlin days whenever the story hour approaches. In Nashua a volunteer committee organized a group of story tellers and one was sent to each of the five playgrounds every day. The Library furnished the material for new stories and in co-operation with the committee arranged for lectures by professional story tellers. The little children were not the only ones who listened spellbound to the stories, the big boys and girls, and often their mothers and grandfathers came too. Sometimes the story teller came dressed as a fairy and told the beloved fairy tales or another time as a gypsy or in the national costume of another land. The children love to dramatize the stories and the make-believe fairies or the Three Bears seemed very real. The children on Derryfield Park Playground in Manchester gave a "show" every day. In Concord the Playground children dramatized their stories and nursery rhymes and then en-



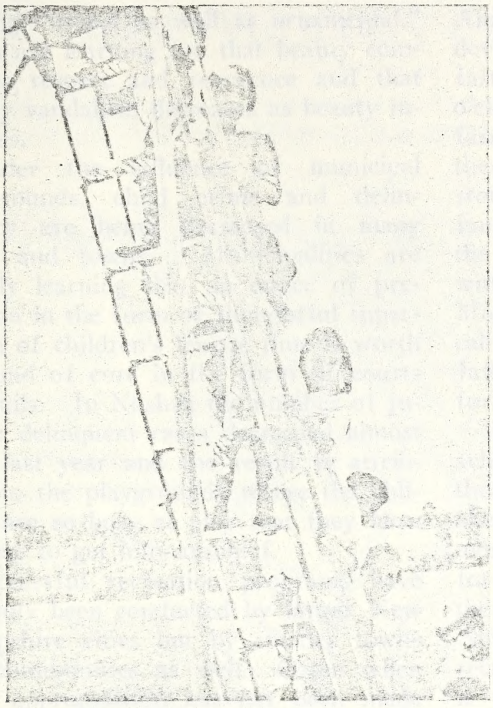
tertained the children and grown-ups in one of the city hospitals. The children performed on the lawn while the patients watched from their windows or from the porches. In Claremont the children gave "The Dearest Wish," a delightful story festival as part of this summer's closing program. Many of the playgrounds presented plays, pageants and story festivals as part of this summer's closing exhibition. The Dover and Portsmouth playground children took part in the tercentenary celebration. Dover also had a special playground afternoon on the week's program. The same "let's pretend" spirit was demonstrated in the sand box play, the dwarf's castles and the fairies' gardens were models that any architect or landscape artist might envy.

Special gala days were featured all summer, some playgrounds planning a special day a week. The "specialities" were most varied, and often the fathers and mothers, big sisters and brothers, came as well as did baby sister or brother. Franklin Park in Boston doubtless never saw such a variety of animals as were displayed in the Pet Shows given on many New Hampshire playgrounds this past summer. Dogs, cats, birds, turtles, ponies, rabbits, grasshoppers, lizards, goldfish, mice and rats were among the many shown. Human pets were included and the children's imagination ran riot as they planned the well known "spark plug." Three thousand children took part in Manchester's Pet Show. A Bicycle Road race in Manchester was an exciting event for the thirty-one boys who participated. the winner of the race of 4½ miles was presented with a silver cup donated by the Kiwanis Club. Marble, quoit, mumbledy peg and other tournaments were run off as special events and created much interest. In one city where there was little equipment the boys made "tin can stilts" and a contest was held. Doll carriage Parades and Doll Shows are looked forward to as "the season's biggest event." The dolls are dressed in their "Sunday best" and usually costumed in the creations fashioned by the little mothers. The doll carriages are decorated and ribbon prizes awarded. Many are unique and artistic and the affair is always a festive one. In a foreign section of one city where the children had no "real" doll carriages conveyances were manufactured out of wooden and cardboard boxes and then gaily decorated.

The Playground Circus is becoming a serious rival of the famous Sells-Floto or Ringling Brothers. The "Greatest



Kelley Glide—Requires a Strong Seat



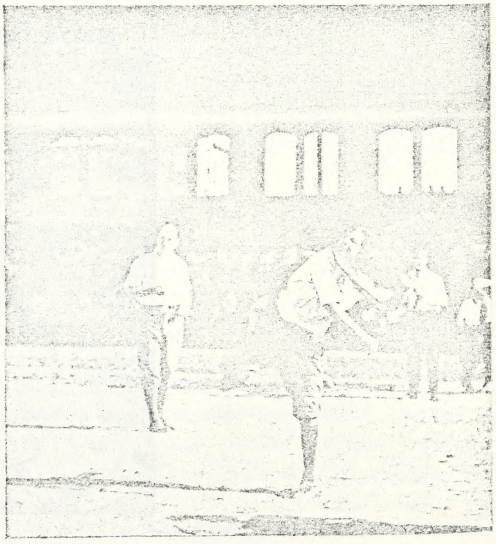
Onward and Upward

Show" of the year has a parade, wild animals, clowns, side shows, pink lemonade and all the attractions that go to make up a real circus. The playground apparatus affords excellent opportunity for daring trapeze work and the clowns thrill their spectators with all sorts of daring stunts. Summer time means picnic time too, and many playgrounds have regular picnic days, occasionally going on long excursions, the city or public spirited citizens providing transportation, and then again going to one of the city's parks for a happy day. Picnic breakfasts have been held for the newsboys and often there are picnic suppers or lunches on the home playground. Often the mothers are special guests for the afternoon and in some cities the mothers join in a game of croquet, or a lesson in basketry while their babies are enjoying the swings and sandboxes.

Music has a universal appeal and serves as a splendid means of bringing people together. Band concerts are always popular and well attended. Rochester has a boys' band which includes boys of playground age. Many of the playgrounds have daily sings and their own playground songs. In some of the foreign sections the children learn to sing the playground song but have difficulty in speaking English. Harmonica bands have been in vogue this summer and have been in demand for many of the gala events. Most playgrounds have victrolas and in addition to the records used for folk dancing, many have classical music and have "artists' concerts." One little playgrounder five years of age begs daily for "The Largo."

Health work is included as part of the season's work. Often the city nurse cooperates and makes daily rounds. Health games and rhymes are taught. Sometimes tooth paste and soap samples are given out with explanation of their proper use. A clean face and hands and teeth as well as other qualifications are demanded for the merit system.

Cities are appreciating the need for adult recreation and are providing horse shoe pitches, checker tables, bowling on the green, rifle ranges, croquet, and tennis for the older ones. Beautiful parks formerly made to look at are now be-



Babe Ruth the Second

coming "useful as well as ornamental." Cities are learning too that beauty commands respect and reverence and that beauty vandalism decreases as beauty increases.

Under the influence of municipal playgrounds, child crime and delinquency are being decreased in many cities and towns. Municipalities are rapidly learning that an ounce of prevention in the form of thoughtful supervision of children's leisure time is worth a pound of cure in the form of courts and jails. In Nashua the number of juvenile delinquent cases decreased almost 50% last year and the result is attributed to the playgrounds where the children are so busy at play that they have no time to get into mischief.

Successful recreation programs have not only been conducted by larger New Hampshire cities but by smaller towns and communities as well. Often when town appropriation has not been made local organizations are carrying on until such time as the budget can be included in the town warrant. The Parent Teachers Association in East Jaffrey is sponsoring the playground and raised the money for this year's supervision. Among the many interesting methods devised for raising money a May breakfast was served from five until nine o'clock on May Morning. The Breakfast was decidedly a Community party, there were mill and factory workers, storekeepers, business men and whole families and clubs. Three buglers from the church belfries awakened the town with "Oh How I Hate to Get up in the Morning" and then sounded the mess call. In this way all the people in East Jaffrey contributed to the playleadership for all the children in town.

Encouraging as New Hampshire's achievements have been in recent years, there are still greater opportunities ahead. The fall, winter and spring months offer numerous opportunities for organized recreation just as they do the summer months. Of the 215 American cities that boast year-round recreation under trained leadership, none is within the borders of New Hampshire. Progressive New Hampshire people will not long continue to leave any stone unturned whereby the spare time of their people may be filled with the rich benefits of wholesome and well organized recreation.

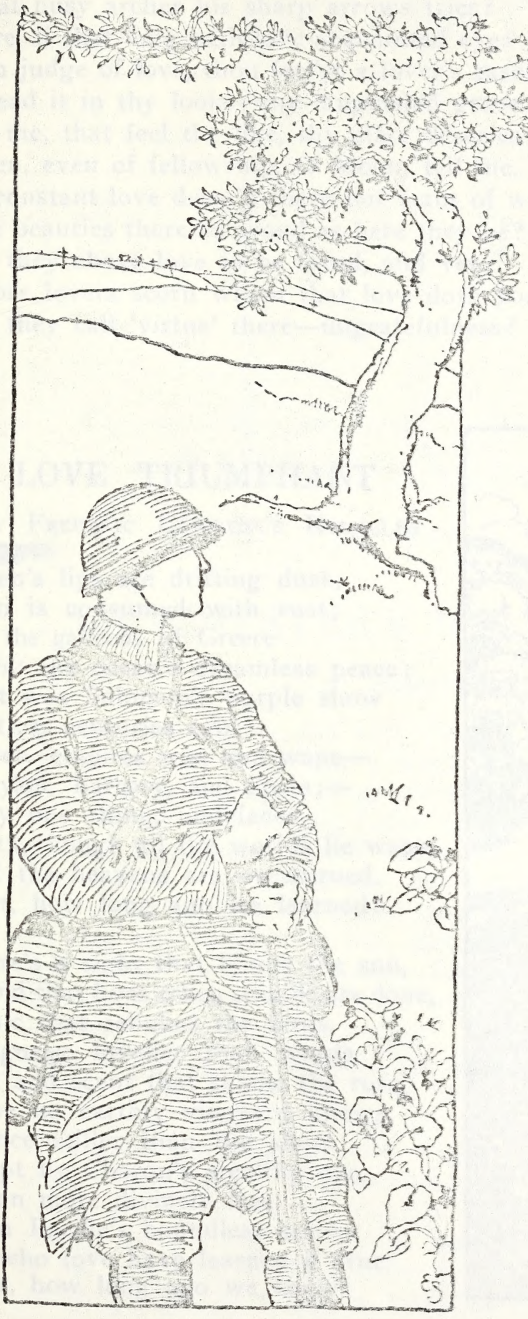


Fifty Pounds of Compressed Energy

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

Compiled by Arthur Johnson

Illustrated by Elizabeth Shurtleff



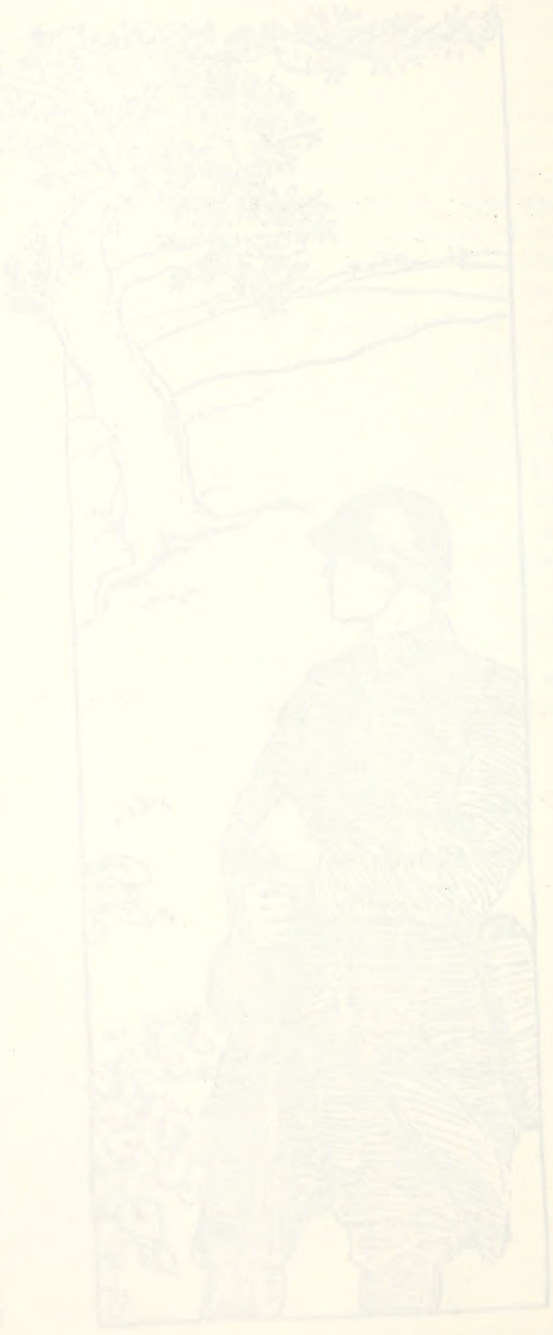
I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

By Alan Seeger

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

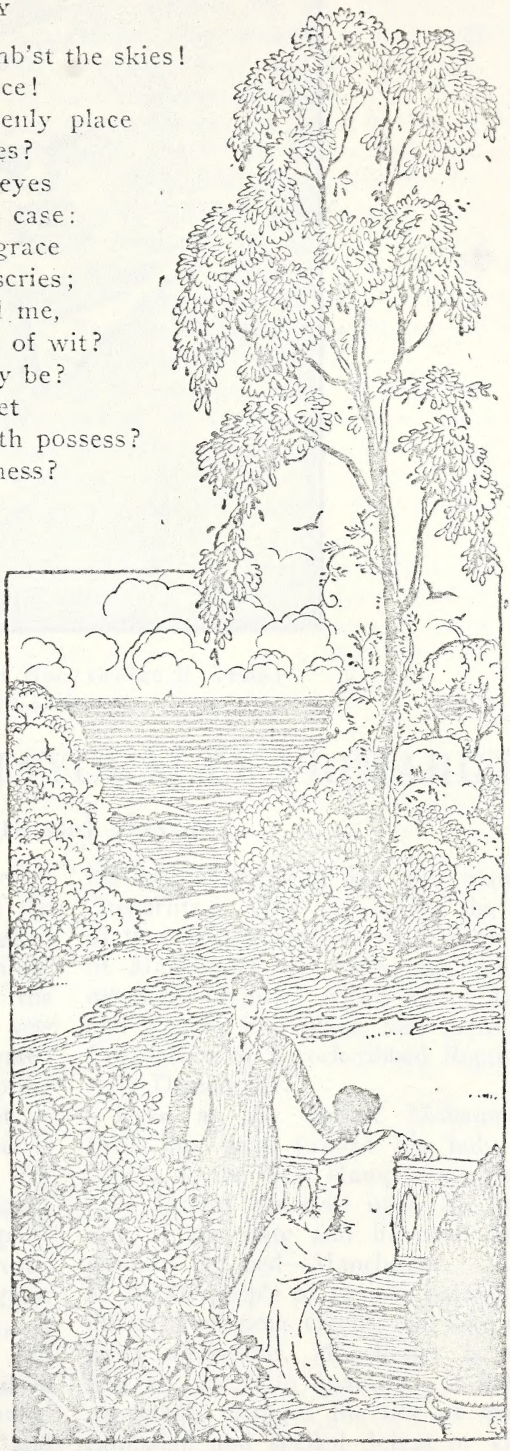
God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear..
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.



HIS LADY'S CRUELTY

By Sir Philip Sidney

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case:
I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries;
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call 'virtue' there—ungratefulness?



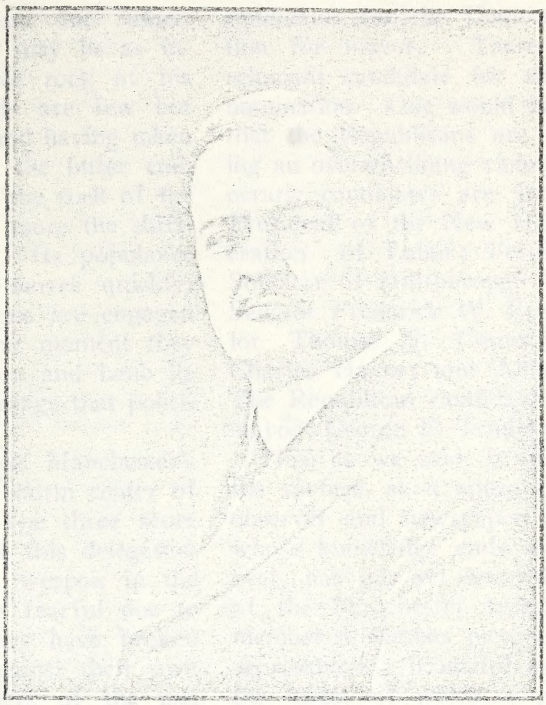
LOVE TRIUMPHANT

By Frederic Lawrence Knowles

Helen's lips are drifting dust;
Ilion is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;
Lost was Solomon's purple show
Restless centuries ago;
Stately empires wax and wane—
Babylon, Barbary, and Spain;—
Only one thing, undefaced,
Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste
And the heavens are overturned.
Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun,
Sound that lives when sounds are done,
Music that rebukes the birds,
Language lovelier than words,
Hue and scent that shame the rose,
Wine no earthly vineyard knows,
Silence stiller than the shore
Swept by Charon's stealthy oar,
Ocean more divinely free
Than Pacific's boundless sea,—
Ye who love have learned it true.
Dear, how long ago we knew!





Present Mayor Hon. George E. Trudel
(Republican)

MANCHESTER'S MAYORALTY PRIMARIES

Mayors and Mayors

JUST prior to the last state election an anxious Republican entered the office of James O. Lyford and asked him how he expected the Labor situation in Manchester would affect the state returns. It is said that that veteran tipped back in his chair, elevated his chin, and lowered his lids, adopting that familiar pose which means that he has the spy glass to his eyes and is searching the lines of the enemy. He spoke something as follows: "The labor unions of Manchester are made up of three classes; aliens who have no vote, a very few Republicans, and a great many Democrats. Consequently, I doubt whether the labor situation will change many votes." Seldom indeed is the judgment of that battle-scarred soldier of the Old Guard at fault, and his keen perception has won many an Austerlitz. And yet, before the night of that terrible election ward after ward of Manchester was piling up that tremendous majority which swept Brown and Rogers into office, and turned the Legislature of a rock-ribbed Republican state Democratic.

Even as the devout Mohammedan turns his gaze toward his holy city, Mecca, so the New Hampshire politician ever fastens his eyes upon the largest city of his state and its most intense political hot bed—Manchester. A city of 80,000 people of various nationalities, different religious creeds, and luke warm party affiliations, Manchester is at its best an uncertain quantity. It has unexpectedly changed the tide of many a campaign and spelled defeat or victory

for many an aspirant for office.

A North countryman may be as inscrutable as the massive rock of his mountainside, His words are few but his actions are definite, and having taken a stand, he is fixed to the bitter end. Manchester is far from the rock of the mountain. It resembles more the shifting sands of the sea. Its populance moves in masses and moves quickly. One moment two factions are engaged in bitter strife,—the next moment they are at peace and the lion and lamb lie down together. Is it strange that political leaders are baffled?

For several years past Manchester's delegation has been the storm center of the state Legislature. The three score members which compose this delegation have been a dangerous weapon in the hands of friends and a fearful one to enemies. At times they have broken forth in open revolt against their own party leaders. Members of the last Legislature can easily recall the stormy scene when Raymond B. Stevens, the Democratic floor leader, tried in vain to hold his cohorts in check and guide their action upon the fact finding resolution. They have been known to turn against their own captain and the writer remembers hearing that astute Manchester politician say in a rather plaintive way, "A fellow can vote with them on 99 questions and vote against them on one, and they will forget the 99 and remember only the one." He probably had in mind the new Carpenter Hotel, which is said to have cost him the mayoralty office of Manchester.

To-day when the first murmur of an approaching state campaign is being heard, a campaign in which the two parties will fight on a more equal basis, and consequently more desperately than ever before in New Hampshire politics, the people of New Hampshire are watching Manchester. They have reason to watch for the Queen city is engaged in one of the bitterest municipal contests of its history. The situation on the surface is this: There are six candidates for the Democratic nomination for mayor. There is one very reluctant candidate for the Republican nomination. One would infer from this that the Republicans are not anticipating an overwhelming victory. The Democratic candidates are John L. Barry, President of the New Hampshire Federation of Labor; Ferdinand Farley, Solicitor of Hillsborough County; State Senator Frederick W. Branch; Councillor Thomas J. Conway; Ex-Mayor Charles Hayes; and Alderman Brown. The Republican candidate is the present mayor; George E. Trudel.

This, as we said, is the situation on the surface, as it appears to the casual observer and newspaper reader. One whose knowledge ends with this, however, has not yet learned the alphabet of the Manchester language. We remember a famous picture puzzle which represented a beautiful sylvan scene in the midst of which a pair of happy lovers were seated on a log. As one gazed at the picture, however, the branches of the trees and the outlines of the rocks and underbrush began to reveal the forms of all kinds of ferocious animals. Our knowledge of Manchester's politics is very meagre and is derived merely from second-hand information and by a pilgrimage which we made through the streets and public places of that city. Unsophisticated as we were, however, we soon began to realize that the real scene of Manchester's fight and the battlefields where history is being made to-day is not the City Hall, the headquarters of the Labor Union, or even the offices of the various candidates. We would say rather that the secret would be found in various other places about the city, some of them well known and some of them obscure.

Behind the counter of a certain cigar store stands a young man of quiet demeanor who meets your eye with a clear, straight-forward gaze, and talks with you very casually about the weather, the comparative excellence of Pippins and Dexters, and will sometimes consent to

discuss with you his private political opinions, implying, however that they are of no more consequence than those of any other citizen of Manchester. If the truth were known, however, it is probable that this same retiring young man is one of the real powers in the Democratic party of Manchester, and consequently a real factor in New Hampshire politics. He belongs to what is known by some outsiders as the Kirby-Mullen-Verette faction of Manchester democracy. He is at the present time a staunch supporter of John L. Barry. He will inform you that John L. Barry is the only one of Manchester's mayoralty candidates who has a definite platform. He tells us no news when he states that Mr. Barry is a labor candidate, having fought long for the enactment of the 48-hour law, and that in state politics he desires the abolition of the city police commissions. In the city contest, however, Mr. Barry has two projects in mind. The first one has to do with the establishment of a park at Lake Massabesic. According to his version, there are two bodies of water included under his name. The one which is situated nearer Manchester and upon the bank of which is the pumping station which furnishes Manchester's water supply is the natural outlet of the other, being on a lower level, and having a bog bottom. Mr. Barry would extend the intake of the pumping station across to the other body of water, which he claims would be better adapted as a reservoir, having a sandy bottom, and thus throw open the present reservoir for a public park. He feels that this plan would afford Manchester a better and safer water supply and at the same time afford a beautiful recreation place outside the city accessible to the people of the city, both rich and poor. His other project has to do with the building of a new City Hall containing an auditorium suitable for the city's requirements, the whole edifice to be a memorial to Manchester's soldiers in the late war. Certain opponents of Mr. Barry claim that that gentleman has no knowledge of the financial condition of the City Government and of the fact that her present sewerage system will draw upon her revenue for the next twenty years. Nevertheless, we were impressed by the definiteness and clarity of the candidate's views. Moreover, the young man behind the counter proceeded to tell us in glowing terms something of the life of this candidate, of the fact that he was an orphan placed in St. Joseph's School at the age of eleven, that he had forced his way upward without the advantages of education, with all the handicaps of the rather rough environment in which a young cigar-maker works, and of his election and several re-elections to the presidency of N. H. Federation of Labor.

"A man must be strong," said our friend, "to have the entire force of the corporations of Manchester thrown against him at every point in his career and still press forward. They must consider him important to train all their heavy artillery upon him now."

We objected to that last remark, saying that as far as we could see the Amoskeag and other corporations were taking no part in the present campaign. At this remark he rather smiled at our ignorance, and implied that he believed the corporations were secretly helping other candidates. Pressed to be more explicit, he suddenly lost interest in the conversation, and began to arrange plug tobacco in his showcase. Before we left, however, he did murmur something about the fact that Tom Conway had been employed by the Manchester Light & Traction and that Fred Branch was a brother to Judge Branch, evidently the appointment of judges being mixed up with corporations in his mind.

Still proceeding on the basis that the story of the Manchester situation was to be found elsewhere than in the City Clerk's office, we journeyed to the storm center of Manchester politics of the last twenty years. We found the storm center seated in an armchair at police headquarters. Chief Healey told us

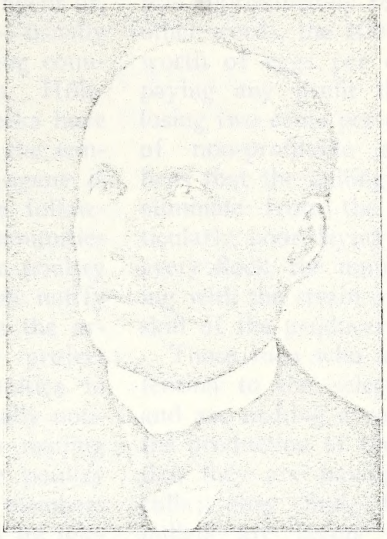
several funny stories about two Irishmen named Pat and Mike, showing that he hasn't forgotten that he is Irish although the rest of his countrymen in Manchester evidently have done so. The Chief would do nothing but laugh at any mention of politics but we went away satisfied for we had seen a local celebrity. It is doubtful whether the people of New Hampshire realize that Chief Healey has been an issue in almost every campaign of this generation. The bitter fight in last winter's Legislature over the police commission was mainly an attempt on the part of the Democrats of Manchester to rid themselves of Healey. The first clash between Governor Brown and his council over the appointment of Judge Center was purely a Healey matter. A Manchester Democrat told us that the Republican party in that city was composed of W. Parker Straw, Ex-Governor Albert O. Brown and Chief Healey, and the venom with which he spat out the last name revealed to us where his heart was, or rather, where it wasn't. But what has the Chief to do, you ask, with the fight for Mayor. In order to answer this question, you must go back down to Elm Street with me, and up into a certain law office. We find there a rather small man, seated on a table with his coat off, talking at the rate of about sixty words to the minute, whose quick birdlike movements of the head, and dynamic gesticulations mark him as being one of that nationality which comprise a third of Manchester's population, a Frenchman. As he turns his sharp eyes upon us we feel a thrill of fear, and realize that we must be careful because we are standing in the presence of Hillsborough County's aggressive young solicitor, Ferdinand Farley. Mr. Farley used to be a Republican, as did many other Manchester citizens, but he is now a Democrat, as are a great many other Manchester citizens. He is a graduate of Harvard and very popular with the French of Manchester. So popular that many are conjecturing as to whether George Trudel would even succeed in splitting the French vote with him should he receive the Democratic nomination. Mr. Farley ran for Solicitor as an anti-Healey man. He is now accused by some of his opponents of being two friendly with the hated monster. We rather doubt the truth of that statement, for in our experience we have always found that one can't be too friendly with a policeman. Be that as it may, labor has apparently turned against Farley, and Barry and Rivierre are said to be condemning him bitterly, although he granted them the use of his lawn once during the strike.

But we must hasten if we are to even look in behind the scenes of this theatre. Over on Granite Street there is a little German delicatessen store kept by Reinhart Hecker and his son Frederick. Frederick was the man who introduced the 48-hour bill in the session of 1921. Those who have visited the little store inform us the German population of that side of the city who were formerly Republicans, and in 1922 were Democrats, are inclined to be holding themselves aloof from this primary contest.

A visit to Guy Foster, the newly appointed chairman of the Republican City Committee, gives us little result, except that the Republicans will give out no statements until after the primaries. Mr. Foster does enlarge upon his personal admiration for Mayor Trudel, claiming that he was not unjust to the strikers during his administration, and that when all the facts shall become known, the present administration will be justified by its efficiency and business ability.

And now after our pilgrimage is finished we know that we have penetrated only to the outer court of the temple. We have barely glimpsed the situation in Manchester. We are confused by the questions of race which seem to obscure the suituation. We hear many conflicting remarks. The French will stick together. The French will not attend the primary. The Germans are holding aloof. The Irish are divided into fac-

tions (nothing new about that). The native sons, Hayes, Brown and Branch, will eventually unite. All this is exceedingly confusing to us. We have barely caught a scent of the religious aspect of the situation and we have felt that it is too delicate a matter to touch upon. The selection of a French bishop rather than an Irish one has excited jealousy Protestant Republicans are not enthusiastic for Trudel. All these and many others are the remarks that have come to us, and we can only pass them on.



Former Mayor
Hon. Charles C. Hayes
(Democrat)

One thing is certain. Manchester is thoroughly awake. She has many sincere and able leaders. She cares little for the name Democrat or Republican. It would perhaps behoove political leaders throughout the state of New Hampshire to realize that underneath the confusion and the race and religious prejudice of Manchester there are certain real issues involved, that the corporations are not all oppressing the poor, and that the labor leaders are not all demagogues and that the harmony and prosperity of New Hampshire is likely to be affected very largely by developments in Manchester in the near future.

CULLING CAMPAIGN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

For More Profitable Poultry

By A. W. Richardson

They Lay GOLDEN Eggs

"There is money in hens" say our farm experts.
Perhaps this is New Hampshire's opportunity and yours.

Are You Interested?

IF the reader of this article will realize that the average production per hen, of all the hens in the state of New Hampshire, is something like 70 eggs and then bear in mind that 70 eggs at the average price which was received during the past twelve months will not pay the hen's board, then he will realize the value of a culling campaign.

The average commercial poultry grower has, in the past three years, become more or less thoroughly familiar with the methods used in culling out the non-productive and non-profitable hens. This information has reached him partly through the printed page in our various farm papers and poultry papers, and to a large extent through a series of culling demonstrations which have been carried on during the last three years by members of the staff of the Poultry Department of the University of New Hampshire, working in co-operation with the several county farm bu-

reaus. At the annual meeting of the county agents held in Durham, in December usually, the program of demonstrations is laid out. A certain length of time is given to each county agent or, in other words, to each county,—usually a week; however, in the following counties: Merrimack, Rockingham, Hillsborough, and Strafford, two weeks have usually been assigned. During the winter months when the county agent is making up his program for the following season's work those communities which signify a desire to have a poultry meeting or culling demonstration notify the county agent and he makes the arrangements with the poultry project leaders in the various communities to put these meetings on. He usually notifies all of the members on his mailing list of these meetings and the poultry project leader notifies all the members in his neighborhood, very often by telephone.

At the time the demonstration is held, the representative of the Poultry Department going to the owner's poultry plant, usually culls over one pen, removing all those birds which in his opinion are non-profitable or non-productive. A record has previously been kept for a week of the total production; then a record is kept the week succeeding the demonstration of the production of those birds which remain, together with the production of the culled hens.

The following set of figures obtained in Strafford County on the culling demonstrations held this summer gives a fair idea of what this culling can and will do. The average production of 329 hens was 33 percent. Of the 329 hens, just 100 were removed. These birds produced in seven days after they were removed 118 eggs, or 16 percent production. The 229 birds which remained after culling had taken place produced in the succeeding week 724 eggs, or 45 percent production. At the present prices of grain, it costs approximately 7c per day to feed a hen which would mean that the 100 culled birds would eat 70 cents' worth of grain in a day. The culled birds produced approximately 17 eggs per day. The price of eggs at the time the culling was carried on was approximately four cents a piece; in other words, the 100 birds laid 68 cents' worth of eggs per day and instead of paying any profit the 100 birds were losing two cents per day. It is this type of non-profitable and non-productive hens that the culling has been trying to eliminate from the flock. These particularly poor laying hens are found in every flock, the number of course varying with the strain of hens and with the skill of the producer.

Those men who are paying some attention to the selection of their stock and are making a real effort to increase the production of their stock are finding that they are having fewer and fewer culls; they find, further, that their pullets are laying earlier and earlier each season and laying later and later the succeeding fall. In other words, their pullets are laying over a longer period of time, beginning to lay approximately a month earlier than they used to and two months later in the fall than they were previously in the habit of doing.

The following figures obtained from the Extension Service office give the number of demonstrations held, together with the total attendance. These figures apply to the year 1922. There were 124 demonstrations held, and the total attendance was 2490. If one assumes that each person who attended made an earnest attempt to cull his flock, then it easily can be assumed that the number of flocks which were culled and the total number of hens which were culled and removed and sold made a great saving to the poultrymen of the state in that one season alone; and, of course, this saving continues through succeeding seasons, and the results of the information furnished at these culling demonstrations go on in an ever widening circle.

THE STORY OF A KENSINGTON WARRIOR AND LEGISLATOR

MAJOR EZEKIEL WORTHEN

By Samuel Copp Worthen

PART II

THE bold backwoodsmen of New Hampshire were not slow to resent encroachments upon their liberties, and none more eagerly leaped to arms at the trumpet call of the Revolution. No class among them responded more readily or did more efficient service in the Council and in the field than the veterans of the French and Indian Wars. Thirty years had passed since Ezekiel Worthen served at Louisburg in Pepperell's victorious army and eighteen since his flight from the horrible butchery of Fort William Henry. His service to the commonwealth well merited a life of peaceful retirement; but the stirring days of '75 and '76 found this veteran of more than three score and five years one of the most active among the patriots of New Hampshire. During the first two years he was one of the leaders of his state in directing the progress of the Revolution. His service embraced not only the shaping of defensive legislation, but the equipment of troops, the fortification of the coast and the actual command of military forces.

The eve of the Revolution was characterized in New Hampshire as elsewhere by clashes between the Legislature and the Royal Governor. Ezekiel Worthen was a member of the Assembly which convened at Portsmouth on April 7, 1774, and which, after serious disagreements with Gov. John Wentworth, was dissolved. The members before separating recommended the election of a Provincial Congress to take measures for the public welfare, independently of the authority of the Crown. Such Congress or Convention, known as the "First Provincial Congress of New Hampshire," met at Exeter on July 21, 1774. The Colony was drifting rapidly toward rebellion. In December about 200 men descended upon Fort William and Mary at New Castle on Great Island at the entrance of Piscataqua Harbor, overcame the garrison and removed a quantity of powder, some small arms and fifteen light cannon. The Second Provincial Congress met in January and continued the work of separation.

The Third Provincial Congress, in which Kensington was represented by Capt. Ezekiel Worthen and Mr. Benjamin Prescott, began its brief session two days after the battle of Lexington. The Fourth Provincial Congress met at Exeter on May 17, 1775. It consisted of 134 delegates, 31 of whom held military titles. Stackpole says "it was a remarkably able body of men, wise, patriotic and as firm as the granite hills of their province."[1] To them fell the task of preparing New Hampshire for war—offensive and defensive. Captain Ezekiel Worthen took a conspicuous part in this work, both as a member of the Convention, and as one of the leaders in executing its military measures. Early in the session (on May 19th) Capt. Worthen was appointed one of a committee of three to select carriages suitable for the light field cannon then in the possession of the provincial authorities.[2] His colleagues were Enoch Poor and Nicholas Gilman, both men of ability and distinction.

The British frigate, Scarborough, commanded by Capt. Barclay, and the sloop of war Canceau, were then threatening Portsmouth. They seized

1. Stackpole's *History of New Hampshire, Vol. II. p. 88.*
2. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire, Vol. VII. p. 477.*

all inward bound ships, confiscating the provisions on board for the use of the British Army, and stopped all fishing boats which attempted to leave the harbor. In retaliation they were refused supplies,' and shots were exchanged by one of their boats and a guard on shore. Conditions were critical and an open conflict expected. Capt. Barclay began to dismantle the Fort in order to prevent its equipment from falling into the hands of the Provincials, and they hastened to add to their scanty supply of war material by carrying away eight more cannon from the battery at Jerry's Point, on the southeast corner of Great Island.

The town of Portsmouth was in momentary fear of attack, and among other defensive measures the Convention voted on June 5th to raise a company of field artillery, to be equipped with the light cannon taken from the battery on Great Island. Stackpole says, "A company of artillery was raised for the defense of Portsmouth and cannon were planted on the Parade by a skilled engineer, Capt. Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington."[3] The authority under which he acted was doubtless the following resolution of the Convention adopted on June 7th:—

"Resolved that the Committee of Portsmouth, together with Captain Ezekiel Worthen be desired to provide a number of Fascines, and also to procure proper Carriages for those Guns removed from Jerry's Point; and also such other materials as they may think necessary for erecting a Battery to hinder the passage of ships up to the Town; and also that they Endeavor (if it can be done with secresy and safety) to get what shot may be at the Fort at New Castle; and that all these matters be done with the utmost secresy the Business will allow of, And then determine upon some suitable place for a Battery where the materials when completed may suddenly be removed to."[4]

The Chairman of the Committee of Safety of Portsmouth, the Hon. Hunking Wentworth, an uncle of the Royal Governor, was then about 79 years of age, and his health had been somewhat impaired by epileptic attacks. He was a man of high standing and sincere patriotism. The object of the Convention in designating Capt. Worthen to act with the Portsmouth Committee was evidently to furnish them with an expert on military affairs capable not only of giving sound advice but of executing efficiently such plans as might be adopted. Portsmouth was the only seaport of New Hampshire, an important town and the point most exposed to attack. Hence his appointment was a high tribute and indicates the esteem in which he was held by his colleagues of the Provincial Congress.

Gov. John Wentworth made some disparaging remarks about the mental and physical qualifications of his venerable uncle as a leader of the rebels in arms against his government, but the event proved him to be no mean antagonist. The Governor found his capital an increasingly uncomfortable place of residence, and after a vain attempt to regain control of the situation by convening the old Assembly (which was, theoretically at least, held under authority of the Crown), took refuge on the Scarborough and sailed for Boston on Aug. 24, 1775. Thus ended the last vestige of British rule in New Hampshire.

Meanwhile Capt. Worthen continued to discharge his duties, both legislative and military. On June 27, he was appointed chairman of a committee to fit up and send cannon "and proper implements for their use" to the army at Medford. The Portsmouth Committee had devoted much attention to plans for fortifying the harbor, designating a sub-committee to make recommendations,—doubtless under the advice of their military expert. This committee on fortifications, prepared the following

3. Stackpole's *History of New Hampshire, Vol. II. p. 95.*
4. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire, Vol. VII. p. 506.*

report, a copy of which was transmitted to the Convention:

"In consequence of a vote of this Committee, to us directed, we have viewed the various advantageous pieces of ground for erecting Fortifications to annoy our Enemies from making attacks or committing any outrageous Insult upon the Defenseless Capitol of this Province and we do report as follows, viz.

"1st. That we most humbly conceive that an Entrenchment hove up on the height of Seavy's Island so called with two twenty four Pounders & four or six smaller Cannon (filled also with musquetry) would greatly Retard the progress of any ships of war sailing up the River.

"2dly. That a Battery erected at Pierse's Island of light & heavy Cannon wou'd greatly annoy the Enemy's advance, if not totally disconcert their Intentions (by carrying away Masts, Rigging, etc.)

"3dly. That John Langdon Esqr's Island[5] is a most Extraordinary Piece of Ground (formd by nature) for a Fortification that commands the River from Henderson's Point so caled and capable of mounting fifty Heavy Cannon and wou'd Inevitably oblige any ship to Remove that would attempt to lye before the Town.

4thly. That a Battery of six Heavy Cannon on Church Hill wou'd be of Infinite service in cannonading any ships of War whatever from Henderson's Point up the River and Before the Town.

Annexed to this is an Inventory of Cannon & stores now in the Town—all of which we submit to the Superior Judgment of the Committee of the Town to Represent to the Provincial Congress.

Portsmouth August 23rd 1775.

TITUS SALTER,
GEO. TURNER,
ROBT. PARKER,
GEO. WENTWORTH,
GEO. GAINS,
Committee

"A true copy
By order of the Committee
H. Wentworth, Chairman"

The Provincial Congress acted promptly on these recommendations and on Aug. 25th, 1775, the very day after the Scarborough sailed for Boston, appointed Capt. Ezekiel Worthen as engineer to supervise the erection of the fortifications. The resolution adopted was as follows:

"Voted that Captain Ezekiel Worthen Proceed Immediately to Portsmouth as an Engineer and there Take care & have, in conjunction with the Committee of safety of Portsmouth the oversight & Direction of Laying out & Erecting Batterys for the Defence of Piscataqua Harbour & get the Guns fixt & mounted therein and all other Necessarys for compleating the Batterys."

The Portsmouth Committee was thanked for its plans and informed that an engineer had been designated and other measures taken for their execution. Capt. Worthen at once began and vigorously prosecuted the work to which he had been assigned. He hired a number of master carpenters as foremen, and organized volunteer companies[6] of citizens who gave their services gratis[7] in the interests of the public welfare and for the protection of their homes. It is said that almost every inhabitant of Portsmouth and vicinity took some part in this work. Pursuant to the plans "an Entrenchment" was "hove up on the height of Seavy's Island" near Henderson's Point and was named Fort Sullivan. On the opposite shore of Pierce's Island a fortification was erected, which was called Fort Washington. These forts commanded the main channel of the Piscataqua at "The Narrows," where it passes between the two islands mentioned, about a mile below Portsmouth. The forts were manned by companies of coast artillery or "Matrosses" as they were then called. The company at Fort Washington was commanded by Capt.

5. Now known as Badger's Island.
6. *History of New Hampshire (Jeremy Belknap, 1831) Vol. I, P. 360*
7. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire, Vol. VIII. p. 68.*

Titus Salter and the company at Fort Sullivan by Capt. Eliphalet Daniels. Companies of infantry and at least one of field artillery were also posted about the harbor and on the islands.

In the early part of October the Prince George from Bristol, England, was seized at the entrance to the harbor by order of Capt. Salter and 1880 barrels of flour taken, of which 500 were kept for the citizens and soldiers at Portsmouth and the rest sent to the Continental army. About this time to the fortifications, and many citizens secreted or sent away their valuables, while some fled into the interior. The extent to which Capt. Worthen was consulted at this time is indicated by a letter from Hunking Wentworth, Chairman of the Portsmouth Committee, to the Committee of the Province, dated Oct. 5th, and stating that "with the advice of Capt. Worthen" he had ordered the enlistment of an additional company to be stationed at the fort on Seavy's Island.



A Map of Piscataqua Harbor Showing the Defenses of Portsmouth at the Time of the Revolution

there was an alarm on account of the approach of Capt. Mowatt with three armed British ships. The Provincial Committee of Safety advised the Portsmouth Committee to lay across the river from Pierce's to Seavy's Island a boom made of condemned masts secured with iron and strong enough to hinder the passage of ships. Troops were rushed

Gen. Sullivan was dispatched in haste by Washington to take command. He strengthened the forts, had a pontoon bridge built from Pierce's Island[8] to the mainland and had the boom laid across the river as recommended. The boom broke, whereupon an old vessel was sunk to obstruct the channel, and fire ships and rafts were prepared to float

8. Or according to Stackpole, Great Island. A letter from Gen. Sullivan written at the time states that the bridge was built from the island on which Fort Washington was situated—that is to say, Pierce's Island.

down the river upon the appearance of the enemy.

In this emergency it has been said that, after all, Portsmouth owed its safety less to warlike preparations and hosts of armed men than to the charms of one young lady. A chronicler[9] of the town relates how Capt. Mowatt, commander of the British fleet, landed privately at Kittery Point and being entertained by Col. Nathaniel Sparhawk, a prominent loyalist, was so fascinated by his beautiful daughter, Mary,[10] that he heeded her entreaties to spare the neighboring town. There may be some basis for this romantic tale, but it is not unlikely that the discovery of Portsmouth's excellent state of preparedness had its effect on the Captain's plans. At all events he kept on to Falmouth (Portland), a large part of which he laid in ruins.

It appears that Capt. Worthen must have spent a considerable part of his time at the forts and with the troops about Piscataqua Harbor during the months of September, October and November, 1775, in the discharge of his duties as engineer and military adviser. This is indicated by a letter preserved in the fourth volume of the *Revolutionary War Rolls of New Hampshire,* dated Fort Washington, Nov. 14, 1775, and signed by Capt. Worthen and Capt. Salter, the name of the former taking precedence (in the order of signature) over that of the commander of the garrison. The writers certify that Capt. William Cooper of Southampton assisted at the fort with eleven men during the month of September and came again with seventeen men "in the late movement,"—perhaps referring to the alarm in October due to the expected attack by Capt. Mowatt.[11]

The Fourth Provincial Congress came to an end on Nov. 15th, having guided the affairs of the Province ably during a very critical period. The Fifth Provincial Congress met at Exeter on Dec. 21st, and Kensington was again represented by Capt. Ezekiel Worthen. This body was elected on a basis of representation fixed by the preceding Congress and adopted a "plan of government" said to have been the first written constitution adopted by any American Colony. The plan was approved by the people and on Jan. 5th, 1776, the Congress resolved itself into the "Assembly of the Colony of New Hampshire."

Capt. Worthen was appointed Dec. 30, 1775, on a committee directed to "repair to New Castle" on Great Island at the entrance to the harbor, examine the situation and report "what men and Cannon" were required there and how they should be placed. He was one of three members of the House designated on Jan. 22, 1776, to contract for the building of a "Row Galley" for the use of the Colony. On the following day he was chosen to submit to the "Honble Board" or upper House for its concurrence, the election of John Langdon and Josiah Bartlett as delegates to the Continental Congress, one of whom[12] was soon to immortalize his name by signing the Declaration of Independence on behalf of New Hampshire. At about this time he also acted as one of a committee to consider what "wages" should be paid to members of the Assembly.

On Jan. 27, 1776, it was "Voted that Capt. Ezekiel Worthen be Chief Commander of the Forces at & near Piscataqua Harbour, and that he with the Soldiers there Erect such Batterys on & near Great Island as shall be Necessary to prevent the Enemy from landing there; and that he receive a Major's Commission and have a Major's pay."[13]

9. Charles W. Brewster in *Rambles about Portsmouth, p. 187.*

10. Mary Pepperell Sparhawk, a granddaughter of Sir William Pepperell, in whose army Capt Ezekiel served at Louisburg. She afterwards married Dr. Charles Jarvis of Boston.

11. *Revolutionary War Rolls of New Hampshire, Vol. IV, P. 21.*

12. Bartlett.

13. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire, Vol. VIII. p. 64.*

It does not appear when his commission as major was issued or how long he held the position of commander-in-chief at Piscataqua Harbor. He is called "Major" by Nathaniel Adams in his *Annals of Portsmouth* and by Jeremy Belknap in his *History of New Hampshire* and is elsewhere given that title, but he seems to have been generally known as "Captain" in most of the subsequent records.

On the same day it was "Voted that Capt. Turner be and he hereby is Discharged from the service of this Colony as Captain of a Company of Artillery—and that Major Ezekiel Worthen take Command of said Company."[14] George Turner of Portsmouth had become captain of the Field Artillery Company on Nov. 14, 1775, and in December was posted at New Castle "with all the field pieces under his care to guard and defend it against landing of enemies." A controversy seems to have arisen as to the relative rank of Capt. Turner, Capt. Titus Salter, commanding the garrison of Fort Washington, and Capt. Eliphalet Daniels, of the "Matross" or Coast Artillery Company at Fort Sullivan,—the former being disposed to assert authority over the other two. The question was set at rest by the removal of Capt. Turner, the assignment of Major Worthen to the command of his company and the formal designation of Worthen as "Chief Commander" of all the troops in that vicinity.

The importance of Major Worthen's work at Piscataqua Harbor as Engineer and Commander-in-Chief is indicated by a petition of the Assembly of New Hampshire to the Continental Congress, dated Jan. 27, 1776, in which it was stated that at least the sum of 30,000 pounds had been spent in erecting batteries, mounting cannon and other defensive measures, and that 1400 men had been under arms at the same time, and a greater number would be required in future. Moreover large numbers of citizens had worked without pay on the forts and batteries as heretofore related.

In March, 1776, he served on a committee of the House for "officering and commissioning" a regiment, and during June and July he acted as muster-master and paymaster of several companies. He was one of six coroners for the County of Rockingham appointed on June 11, 1776 by the Assembly. On June 25, it was voted that he, "together with one to be appointed by the Honble Council" act as a committee to purchase material and oversee the building of a bridge 14 feet wide from Great Island to the mainland, and it was recommended that they employ four carpenters with as many of the troops at New Castle as required, giving the latter "one jill of rum each, per day, besides their wages and rations as soldiers."

With the year 1776 the service of Ezekiel Worthen in the Legislature of New Hampshire came to an end. He had nearly reached his 67th year, and perhaps failing health brought a desire to be relieved of the duties to which he had so long devoted his time and energy. There is no record of his taking part in any public affairs during the year 1777, but in 1778 his name again appears in the town books of Kensington. On Feb. 9th, he was named on a committee to instruct the representative of the town what action to take on the proposed "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union of the United States of America." The committee approved the Articles, with one or two minor exceptions.

He was chosen to represent Kensington in the Constitutional Convention held at Concord, June 10, 1778. This body drafted a proposed constitution for the State, which was not, however, ratified by the popular vote.

At a town meeting held on Aug. 16, 1779, he was elected a delegate to the

14. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire, Vol. VIII. p. 67.*

15. *New Hampshire Vital Records.* His wife died on June 24th of the preceding year. They had eleven children, several of whom were citizens of exceptional ability and usefulness.

Convention about to meet at Concord on the 22nd of September to regulate prices, with a view to checking the depreciation of the currency.

Another Constitutional Convention met on June 5, 1781, and after several attempts succeeded in framing a Constitution acceptable to the people. Kensington sent no representative, but Ezekiel Worthen served on the committee chosen by the town to examine and report upon the first draft submitted. The date of his election was Dec. 17, 1781. This was the last appearance of the venerable patriot in connection with any public matter. He was gathered to his fathers on the 17th day of September 1783.[15] He had witnessed the passing of New Hampshire through many perils and vicissitudes (in which he personally played an important part) and had lived to see her take her place as a sovereign state. He may justly be reckoned among the founders of the Commonwealth; and members of his family,[16] to the most remote generations, may well contemplate with pride the life, character and achievements of Major Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington.

16. The writer of this sketch cannot claim Major Ezekiel Worthen as an ancestor, but traces his line from Samuel Worthen of Weare, a Revolutionary soldier, who was a son of Major Ezekiel's cousin, Samuel Worthen of Hampstead.

WHY A TRAVELING DENTAL CLINIC?

An Important Branch of Health Work

By Daisy Deane Williamson

SURVEYS of rural school children show that from 95 to 100 per cent of them have dental defects that need immediate attention. In many New Hampshire communities there is no resident dentist; in many others there is no dentist within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles; and in some places a dentist is even farther away.

Parents, as a rule, are not wilfully negligent in having their children's teeth cared for, but the inconvenience of getting to a dentist is responsible mainly for the existing condition. This difficulty is being overcome in New Hampshire by the operation of traveling dental clinics.

In 1921 under the leadership of the Home Demonstration Agent, four towns in Hillsborough County united in establishing such a clinic. Various sums of money from these communities, from local organizations, and from individuals were donated toward the purchase of the equipment necessary. Some instruments, owned by a local Red Cross Chapter, were loaned for the use of the county. The general management of the clinic was in the hands of a Farm Bureau Committee, but when in operation in a town a local committee was responsible for its management while there.

The dentist was paid a salary. Each child paid for its work at a flat rate of two dollars per hour. Some local organization took care of the expenses of children who could not afford to pay. Any deficit on the salary of the dentist or his assistant was borne by the community.

The clinic was held in school houses or such other buildings as the local committees decided upon, and time from the children's school hours was granted by the school authorities to have the dental work done.

The work in the four communities was a piece of demonstration work to prove to the rest of the county the value of traveling dental clinics. The results were so gratifying to parents, school authorities, and other citizens, that three other towns became interested. A re-

port of the work done in these seven towns at the end of the year showed that the dentist had worked 126½ days and had taken care of the teeth of 754 children.

In this same county 12 towns this year used the clinic. The dentist worked 106 days. He examined 626 children and treated 494, putting in 1284 fillings and extracting 418 bad teeth.

It is interesting to note that towns that have used the clinic continue to use it each succeeding year.

Last year Rockingham County Farm Bureau started its dental clinic work. Four towns have made use of the clinic, and several others are ready for it this year.

One town in Cheshire County rented one of the county equipments last year and under the auspices of the Red Cross put on a piece of demonstration work.

Two communities in Grafton County this year carried on a similar demonstration under the management of interested citizens. One town reported that of the 64 children who were found needing dental care, 60 had the work done. Plans are being made to raise funds for the establishment of a permanent clinic in the county during this year.

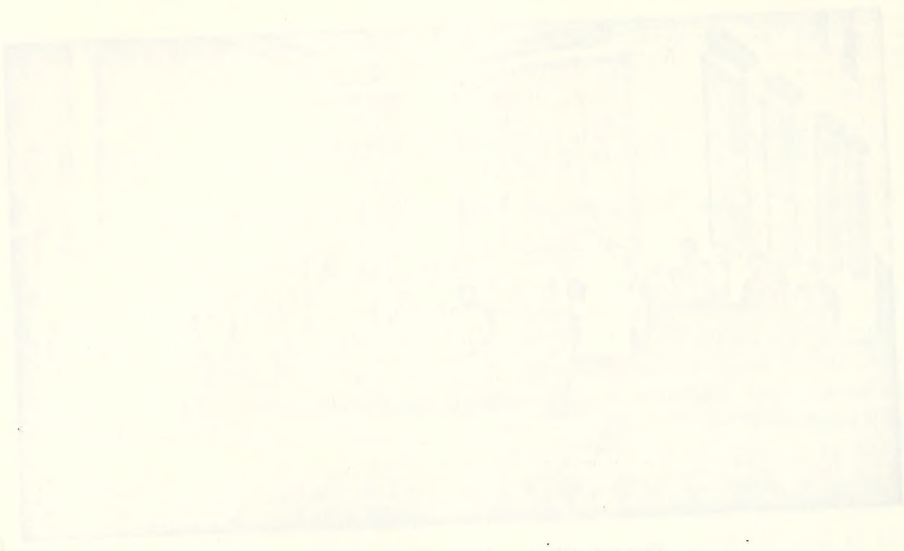
Belknap County Farm Bureau has been working on the project for the past few months and expects to have its clinic in operation October 1.

Educational campaigns are being conducted along with the operative procedures by the dentists and teachers. Toothbrush drills, charts, and lectures help to instill correct hygienic principles, and to create a desire for and pride in "clean mouths."

The Extension Service of the University of New Hampshire is trying to arouse state-wide interest in this project. The school authorities, teachers, and nurses everywhere have been much interested and co-operative. Dentists and physicians have helped to create a realization of the needs of such work. Surely with all health agencies helping with the education of the public as to the benefits to be derived from having the teeth properly cared for, it will be but a short time until every county will have its traveling dental clinic, and every community, however remote it may be from town centers, may get the service which it should have.



Dental Clinic—Hillsboro County



THE WO'THLESS FELLER

By William M. Stuart

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A mowing machine rusting in the field. A farmer always a "little behind on his work." These are familiar sights, even in thrifty New Hampshire.

If the situation contains a challenge for you, read this story.

A great fear was upon Mose Duryea. He shook with apprehension and his heart felt as though it were being clutched by the hand of a dead man. He stole to the window of his darkened bedroom, raised the shade and gazed out upon the ominous signs of nature in wrath. A coppery gloom had spread over the land. Jagged forks of lightning played above the hills to the west and the silvery linings of the beech leaves of the windbreak, which protected the farmhouse, were gleaming through the murk like elves' eyes.

Then there came a particularly vivid blaze followed by a rending crash as though a super-dreadnaught had fired a broadside at the house. With a groan of abject fear Mose sank to his knees by the window, mechanically pulling down the shade as he did so. Then he crept into his City of Refuge—the space between his bed and the floor immediately under. He had heard that lightning would never strike a feather bed, and this gave him some degree of solace.

We say Mose crept into his City of Refuge. It would be more accurate to say he attempted to creep. For the space which offered him sanctuary was so limited that he stuck fast like a rat which tries to force its body into a mouse hole. He dug his toes into the rag carpet and shoved wth all his might. The bed shook under the pressure and two of its legs actually rose from the floor. The struggle seemed doubtful until another appalling crash of thunder so filled the agonized farmer with spasmodic strength that he suddenly completed the feat, which in some ways paralleled the efforts of a camel to enter the eye of a needle.

Perhaps it would have been highly amusing to an onlooker to observe the struggles of Mose; but it is more probable that scorn rather than mirth would have been provoked. For a full-grown, healthy man of pure Anglo-Saxon lineage, and the father of a numerous family, to thus forget his manhood and enact the part of a craven, would, in the average man, arouse a feeling of disgust.

However, it is but justice to Mose to state that under no other circumstances would he have thus exerted himself. He was unalterably opposed to violent, or even moderate, exertion, and nothing but the driving force of fear could compel him to labor so strenuously as he had just done.

As the storm of hail, wind and a deluge of water swooped down from the hills, Mose cowered in his secret place and trembled at every groan that came from the timbers of his rickety house. Crash followed crash and the drumming of the hail on the window-panes merged into a steady roar.

Mose cowered, prespired and prayed.

"Mose, one of them colts is ketched in the barber-wire fence!"

It was the high-pitched and ex-

cited voice of Sairy, his wife, that pierced the clammy consciousness of Duryea.

Followed a silence broken only by the roaring of the storm.

"He'll cut his laigs all to pieces in a few minutes if he ain't got out," insisted the voice. "What'll I do? Try to call Digby on the phone?"

As the words of Sairy finally become intelligible to the demoralized understanding of Mose, he shook anew with apprehension. One of the incomparable blacks caught in the barbed-wire and in danger of being ruined! Unthinkable! Why did things all have to happen at once? If he only dared go out into the storm, he could soon rescue the animal. But the lightning—if he ventured forth he would surely be smitten by a bolt. And it would be terrible to die thus.

"I'd never know what struck me," groaned Mose aloud. There'd jist be a turribul flash 'n then I'd be a goner 'n the next thing I knowed I wouldn't know nothin'."

"Well?" persisted Sairy.

"Oh, let me be a minit, Sairy. Let me think."

Sairy could never get Digby on the 'phone, for the line was doubtless out of commission. It was probably disconnected on account of the storm. Anyhow, Digby would refuse to come out into this cyclone.

"Oh, Lord!" moaned Duryea, "that poor colt's sawin' his legs off on that con-demned wire. What'll I do? I'm feared I've got to risk it. They ain't no other way. Oh, Lord!"

"Well?" reiterated Sairy with growing impatience. "Ain't you goin' to say nothin' a tall—so's I can hear you? All I kin make out is them terrible groans of yourn. Why don't you tell me what to do? If you can't git your thinkin' cap on I suppose I'll have to go out and see what I kin do with the colt. But, Mose, if I was you, I'd——."

"Sairy, I—I'm comin'," quavered Mose.

Under the bed a tremendous struggle, both physical and emotional, was in progress. The bed seemed all of a sudden to become animated. It rocked and careened, advanced a space from the wall and, indeed appeared to be advancing toward Sairy, who stood in the door waiting for Mose to further elucidate his intentions. That he had any idea of going out into the storm was, of course, not to be entertained by Sairy. She had lived with Mose for a great many years, comparatively speaking, and she had yet to observe him give any indication of having the slighest grain of physical courage. His energy and his courage were both on a par—they were negligible quantities.

The legs of the bed beat the floor and with a final lurch Mose emerged, sprang to his feet and rushed for the kitchen. Rapidly he donned a long overcoat and tore bareheaded out into the storm.

Sure enough, there was one of the prized blacks caught in the strands of the wire fence which separated the horse pasture from the orchard. Bending before the storm and quivering at every burst of thunder, Duryea ran to his favorite animal and tugged at its leg. Fear added to his great strength. It was the work of but a few moments to release the colt and lead it to the stable.

Then Mose rushed for the house as though all the demons of Hades were at his heels. As he burst into the kitchen, Sairy met him with a strange look in her eyes.

"Here, Mose," she murmured softly, "come right up to the fire and dry yourself. I declare, you're as wet as a drowned rat. I declare, I—."

But Mose frantically removed his coat, threw it into a corner and made once more for the bedroom.

"Stoves are dangerous in thunder-

storms," he gasped. "Lightnin' comes down the chimbley."

Saying which, he attained the sanctuary of the feather bed and trembled in his wet garments until after the storm had passed and the sun shone once more. Then he emerged from under the bed, lighted his pipe and adjourned to the front porch where he seated himself comfortably in the Boston rocker and sighed with relief.

"Guess we're ruined," called a neighbor who drove by. "Crops all gone. Your field of clover down on the lower place is as flat as a pancake."

"Oh, I guess we'll pull through somehow," answered Mose as he contentedly puffed away on his pipe. "I calc'late I'll go down and cut that cover termorrer afternoon—if it dries off. It'll be all right if it's cut right away. Wa'n't figgerin' on startin' hayin' jist yit, but guess I'll have to now."

"You don't let nothin' bother you, do you, Mose?" observed the neighbor as he clucked to his horse. "Even work don't keep you awake nights, does it? You kin lay right down an' go to sleep alongside o' work. Git dap!"

The fact that Mose was known throughout the neighborhood as a coward, militated not one whit against his peace of mind. He had been insulted so often that he had grown case-hardened. And the neighborhood, trusting in physical might as the arbiter of points of honor, had learned that it might safely cast the other weaknesses of Mose in his teeth without fear of redress. He was, therefore, subjected to contumely by those in the vicinity who considered the Marquis of Queensbury as a patron saint.

After smoking several pipefuls in succession and cogitating on nothing in particular, Mose leisurely arose and sauntered out to the field near the barn to repair his mowing-machine in preparation for the morrow's labor. According to his wont, he hed left the mower where he had unhitched from it the previous summer.

Having "tinkered," as he called it, the machine into a condition where it would function—more or less—he cast himself down on the pleasant greensward in the shade of a tree. Careless of the still damp grass, he lighted his pipe and proceeded to drink deeply of contentment. The amount of thinking that he did was negligible, since it required effort to think.

"Mose!" The voice conveyed menace.

Mose started to rise, but changed his mind. He merely switched around and reclined on his elbow while facing his neighbor, Robert Digby, who was leaning over the line fence and glowering at him unpleasantly.

"Mose, this is Thursday, the thirteenth, ain't it?"

"I calc'late 'tis, Rob."

"An' Saturday—day after termorrer—is the fifteenth, ain't it?"

"I reckon so, Rob."

"Goin' to pay that note, all right, be yuh?"

"I don't see how I kin jist now, Rob. You see, I ain't started hayin' yit, bein' as how it's so hot. I calc'lated to have some cut before this and sold to Ike Johnson. He's buying clover, you know."

"Too hot to work, eh?"

"Well, fer a man of my build it ain't safe to expose myself too much. Heered of a feller once what was sunstruck 'n——."

"Mose, what did I lend you that fifty dollars fer?"

"Why, to buy grass seed with, of course."

"Did you sow it?"

"Why, no, Rob. You see the season was so cold an' wet 'n all that, that I jist didn't git 'round to sow it."

"Got it yit?"

"Well, not precicively—all of it.

You see, the dumb rats got n and et a heap of it. Then the roof leaked 'n a lot of it growed. I fed some to the chickens. 'n the children got in 'n lost a lot of it playin'."

"How be you a goin' to pay that note a tall, Mose?"

"Oh, I don't know, Rob. Guess I'll pull through somehow."

Digby waxed exceeding wroth.

"Look here, Mose Duryea!" he shouted as he waved his fists in the air, "by the Lord Harry, if you don't pay that note by Saturday night, I'll sue you an' git a judgment! Do you hear me?"

All his life Mose had been a pacifist. He was a firm believer in the doctrine that a soft answer turneth away sass. Also Digby had been known to use his fists effectively on occasion. So Mose merely answered quietly:

"I calc'late I do, Rob."

"I'll put a 'tachment on that span of colts of yourn," bellowed Digby. "Guess that's the only thing what ain't 'tached, ain't it?"

The heart of Mose sank within him. Next to his children he loved his team. They were as the apple of his eye and constituted the one thing he really enthused over. Fine, prancing blacks, better fed than his wife, free from chattel mortgage, young and handsome—how could he part with them?

"'Bout the only thing what ain't 'tached," reiterated Digby, "except mebby yer fambly. You big, lazy, wo'thless feller! Why don't you git out and work like the rest of us has to? But you remember now—I'll sue you Saturday night 'nless that note's paid. 'N I'll take yer team."

"Come on, Polly," he said to his eight-year-old daughter who had accompanied him, "let's go now 'fore I git mad."

But Polly, who could twist her irascible parent about her finger, and knew it, did not choose to go.

"I'm going to stay and play with Ruth awhile," she called as she ducked under the fence and sped to Duryea's seven-year-old girl, who, as usual, was near her dad. Well Polly knew that the quarrels of the parents would not be visited upon the heads of the children.

While Robert Digby was the possessor of much land, red barns and fat kine, he had but the one child, and her he loved not wisely but too well. She was permitted to follow her own sweet will in nearly everything; for the quick-tempered, but kindly, farmer could not bear the thought of his daughter enduring pain.

The girls played around the orchard for a time, then ran to the house for cookies, leaving Mose still reclining on the ground in the shade of the tree. In all his life he had never come so near worrying as at this time. Lose his team? Never! He would work first.

Speaking in general terms, the world of humans, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts.

The first comprises those to whom the ten talents of ability have been given, but who lack the ambition to use them. The second is composed of those with a surplus of energy, who feel the call of high endeavor; but when they attempt to go forth and conquer they find to their dismay that they are one-talent men, or men with no talent at all. The third part consists of those who have neither ability nor ambition.

True, there is a fourth infinitesimal part—rather too small to be considered—made up of those who have both the ambition to do and the ability to perform. When we find such an one, we dub him "Genius."

Mose Duryea belonged to the third classification. When at extremely rare intervals he did hear a faint call to action and attempted to respond, the result was about as effective as a

dime squawker competing with the Smithville Cornet Band at the county fair.

In the South Mose's condition would probably have been attributed to the hookworm, but in the neighborhood of the farm which he encumbered the parasite aforesaid had not been heard of and the farmer's disinclination to work had no legitimate excuse.

He had inherited the farm free of incumbrance. But since the regime of Mose it had been fairly well covered with mortgages, judgments, weeds and other nuisances. The buildings had been allowed to deteriorate, half the plow land needed breaking up, and the refuse from the stable had been permitted to bank midway to the top of the horse barn, raising doubts in the minds of the neighbors as to whether it would be the more practicable to move the barn or its by-product. Duryea did not keep many cows. He said a dairy made too much work.

When Mose wrought at all it was from the combined pressure of stern necessity and Mrs. Duryea. Unlike the builders of old, he was totally indifferent as to whether the seen part was wrought with any care whatever. Weeds and brush filled the corners of his tumble-down fences, his farm machinery was parked in every field, and piles of boards, obolete equipment and debris of all kinds littered both the barnyard and the alleged lawn of his residence. But he did not worry. His invariable reply to his neighbors who complained about the times, politics, the preacher, the weather or the turpitude of the administration, was: "Oh, I guess we'll pull through somehow."

The personal appearance of Mose Duryea was such as to command instant attention. At first glance the casual observer might rashly conclude that the rubicund farmer had swallowed a lamberquin and allowed the tassels to protrude. However, this was merely his straw-colored mustache which he wore a la Viking. Also it was entirely obvious that he was a devotee of My Lady Nicotine.

His girth was generous and indicated that both his appetite and his digestion were in good working condition. His usual habiliment gave proof that either he or Mrs. Duryea—presumably the latter—was careless in the matter of interpreting Matthew 9, 16 v. His coat, if not of many colors, was at least of many shades of one color.

In the matter of shoes, Mose was not fastidious. Sometimes they were mates; at other times not. They were kept from falling from his feet by the simple expedient of the liberal use of bag strings and binder twine. The soles were so thin that when he by chance stepped on a dime he could easily detect whether heads or tails were up.

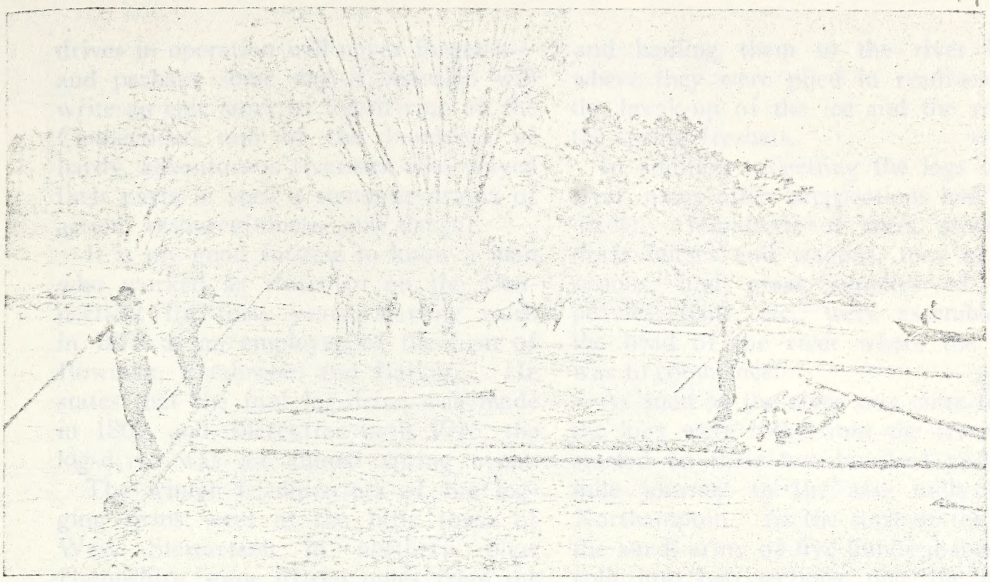
His seventy-four inches of stature were crowned by an antique straw hat, which, both for purposes of ventilation and to provide egress for an obstreperous tuft of reddish hair, had parted with a considerable portion of its crown.

He was forty years of age, the husband of one discontented, overworked wife and the father of six healthy, contented children.

After due consideration of all the facts bearing on and appertaining to the case, the concensus of opinion among the adults of the neighborhood was to the effect that Mose Duryea was a "wo'thless feller." And from reasons before given, they hesitate not to tell him so when opportunity served.

With this verdict the children did not agree.

To be continued next month



Watch your step!

LOG-DRIVING ON THE CONNECTICUT

An Industry of the Past

By Alexander D. Gibson

A historian, writing a history of Vermont in 1907, has this to say of the Connecticut River: "Its chief commercial use is to float logs from the upper portion of its valley to the manufacturing towns below." Now, sixteen years later, log-driving on the Connecticut is a thing of the past, for a log-drive has not been seen on the Connecticut for eight years, and it is very questionable if that method of transportation will ever be resumed.

In the halcyon days of the Connecticut Valley Lumber Company, beginning in 1869, the spring log-drive was an annual event on the river. Owning enormous timber-holdings on the headwaters of the Connecticut in New Hampshire, the Connecticut Valley Lumber Company and its predecessors chose the river as a means of transportation for the huge quantities of logs which were cut every winter to fill the orders of the saw mills at Holyoke and Mount Tom in Massachusetts.

The headquarters of the Connecticut Valley Lumber Company are found in the extreme northern part of New Hampshire where, in the heart of a remote and solitary region, lie the so-called Connecticut Lakes, four in number. Formerly, forests of extensive virgin evergreen timber surrounded these lakes, and extended for miles into the interior. Forty-five years of lumbering have stripped the lake region of its first growth of timber, and no longer does the Connecticut Valley Lumber Company, or the "C. V. L.," as it is familiarly known to the valley dwellers, find it profitable to use the Connecticut for the transportation of its yearly cutting of timber to the market.

It is eight years, at least, since the last fifty or seventy-five million feet of timber were cut in northern New Hampshire and driven down the river to the large saw mills at Mount Tom, near Northampton. But those whose good fortune it was to witness one of the log-



drives in operation will never forget it—and perhaps some day a historian will write an epic story of log-driving on the Connecticut, and of the hundreds of hardy, adventurous rivermen who played their parts in such a romantic drama of action, resourcefulness, and danger.

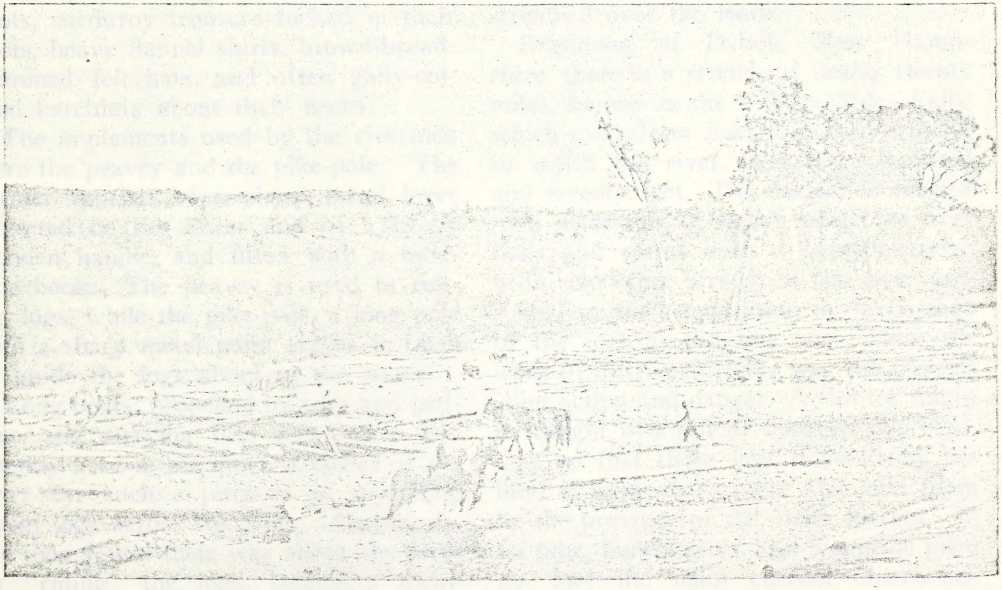
It is my good fortune to know a man who worked as riverman on the Connecticut for forty years, starting work in 1873 as an employee of the firm of Bowman, Estabrook, and Barker. He states that the first log-drive was made in 1869, and, thereafter until 1915, the log-drive was an annual spring event.

The winter headquarters of the logging firms were at the little town of West Stewartson in northern New Hampshire, some fifteen miles from the Connecticut Lakes. Here lived the lumber kings of the North, such men as Bowman, Estabrook, Van Dyke, and Merrill, men whose fortunes were reckoned in terms of millions, and whose influence was so great as to make them real dictators of the North. Late in the fall, and throughout the long winter the woodsmen were busily engaged in the forests about the lakes, cutting the logs, and hauling them to the river banks where they were piled in readiness for the break-up of the ice and the rise of the spring freshets.

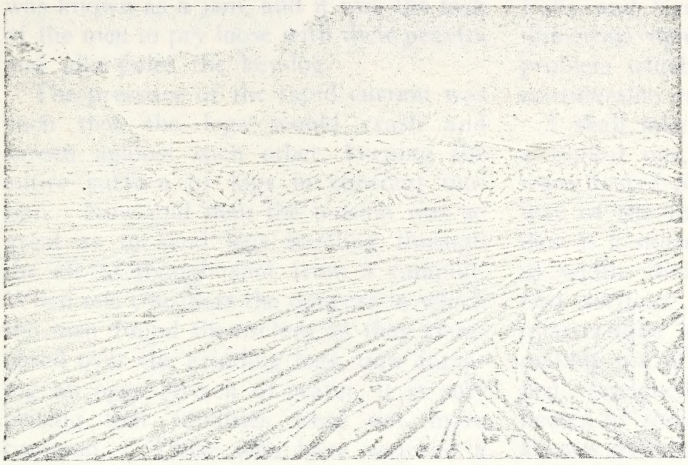
In addition to getting the logs to the river, many other preparations had to be made. Hundreds of men, scores of draft horses and wagons, tons of provisions, and great supplies of axes, peavies, tents, etc., were assembled at the head of the river where the drive was to commence.

As soon as the river was clear of ice, the logs were rolled into the river, and started on their two hundred and fifty mile journey to the saw mills below Northampton. At the start of the drive the small army of five hundred men was split into two sections, one, the larger, accompanying the main body of the logs, and the other, or "rear drive," following at some distance for the purpose of setting free the logs which had strayed into shallow water, or which had grounded upon ledges or sand-bars.

The men who made up these two gangs were hardy resourceful chaps who had spent the greater part of their lives in the woods and on the river. Rough



The Tractor will not supplant the horse here.



Fallen Monarchs

in manner and speech, they loved hard work, and openly counted and accepted danger as a part of their task. The "law of the strong arm" ruled the camps of the rivermen, and "free-for-alls" were frequent among them. The money which they received for the spring's work was frequently squandered as soon as the drive reached the mill city, its destination.

Their dress was both picturesque and practical, consisting of heavy spiked boots, corduroy trousers tucked in their boots, heavy flannel shirts, brown-broad-brimmed felt hats, and often gaily-colored kerchiefs about their necks.

The implements used by the rivermen were the peavey and the pike-pole. The former consists of a sharp metal lever mounted on the lower end of a heavy wooden handle, and fitted with a movable hook. The peavey is used in rolling logs, while the pike-pole, a long pole with a sharp metal point serves to push or guide the logs about in the water.

Long boats, propelled by oars and paddles, and carrying four men, were frequently used in the quiet stretches of the river for such a purpose as stretching boom logs across the river. Ordinarily, the men found their way about the river by "riding" the logs, balancing themselves on the floating giants with a peavey, and keeping their foot-holds secure by means of well-equipped or spiked shoes.

The first fifty miles of the trip down the Connecticut were usually uneventful because the river runs slowly and quietly over a comparatively smooth river bed.

Accompanying the river gangs was the commissary department which was moved in large four-horse vans for the first part of the journey, following along the river bank. All cooking was done over portable ranges, or sometimes over an open fire. The cook knew his business, and the food which he supplied was both substantial and palatable.

Scores of tents provided sleeping quarters for the men. The tents and the other supplies were carried in the vans, and were protected from the weather by sheets of canvas which were stretched over the loads.

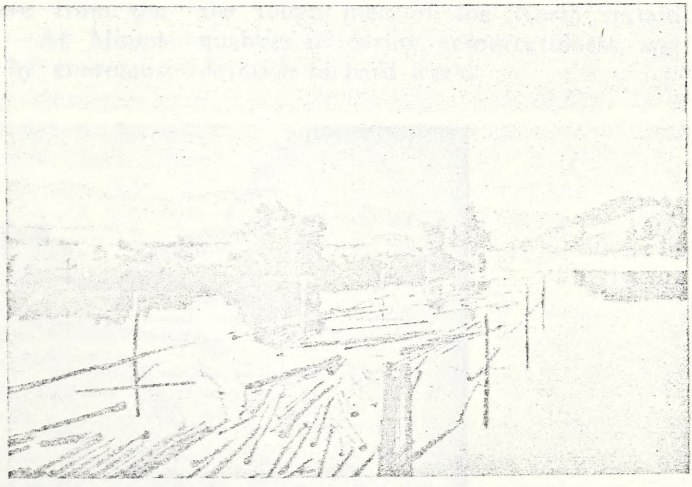
Beginning at Dalton, New Hampshire, there is a stretch of nearly twenty miles, known as the Fifteen Miles Falls, which extends to East Barnet, Vermont, in which the river falls three hundred and seventy feet. The descent is marked by a succession of rapids where the river boils and tosses over a boulder-strewn bed. No other stretch of the river presented so much opposition to the passage of the logs as did this one. Here the work of the river-drivers was full of constant action and danger. A full log might be caught in a rift or between two boulders so that those logs immediately behind it were also caught and held there by the pressure of the swift current. In no time, hundreds of logs would be piled up, and the main current obstructed. This resulted in the formation of what

was known as a jam, and it was the task of the men to pry loose with their peavies and pike-poles the key-log.

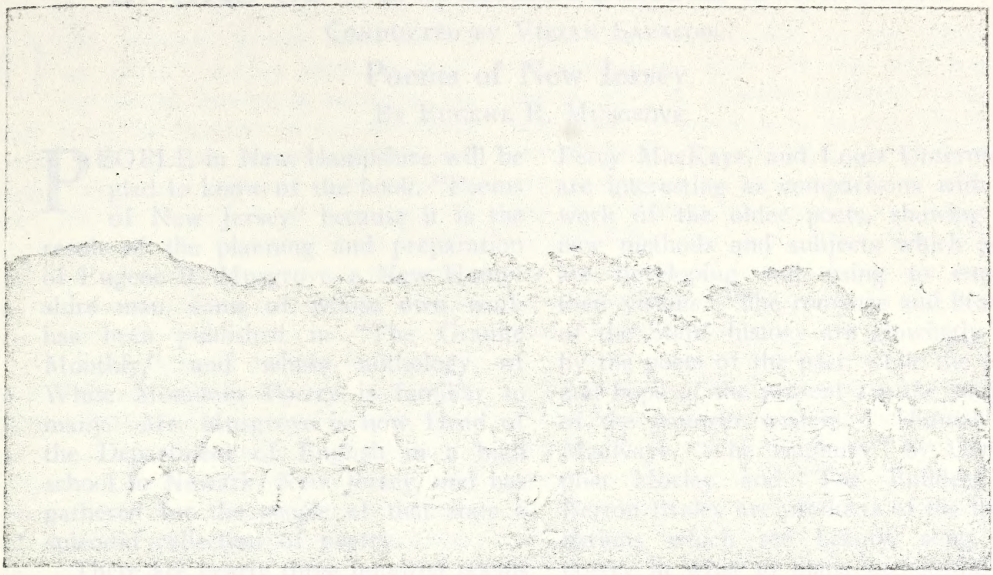
The pressure of the rapid current was such that the logs would crash and careen against each other, keeping the entire surface of logs in constant motion. Now and then the tension was so great as to send logs hurtling through the air as though shot from a catapult. When one considers the dangers in which the men found themselves as they clambered over the grinding logs, now jumping an open stretch of water, it is surprising that fatalities were not more common. Those who have watched a gang of experienced rivermen at work on such a jam will never forget the ease and complete confidence with which these men performed seemingly impossible feats of balance as they ran and jumped over the tossing logs. Once the key-log was freed, the hardest part of the work was over, for the logs were swept forward by the current, while the men, each riding one of the forest giants, kept them from bunching up. When a jam could not be broken up in the above manner, dynamite was pressed into service, and with a mighty roar logs and sheets of spray shot into the air. That work of this sort was dangerous is shown by the fact that in one year alone, thirteen river-drivers lost their lives, the rapids of the Connecticut and the perils of the log jams causing the fatalities.

Once below the Fifteen Mile Falls, the river, swelled by its tributary, the Passumpsic, offered few natural obstructions to the log drive, with the exception of short stretches of rapids at McIndoes, Bellows Falls, and Vernon. However, there are numerous dams, and these presented a problem which the rivermen solved with considerable ingenuity and skill.

I shall take the dam at McIndoes as a typical one, and show how the logs were floated past this obstruction. Midway of the four hundred and fifty foot dam is a sluice or gap, some twenty feet in width, dividing the dam neatly into two sections. Starting at a point a quarter-mile above the dam, the men, making use of piles driven into the river bed, stretched two lines of logs connected by short chains. These two lines, known as booms, formed a channel in the middle of the river, leading directly to the sluice. Some distance above the channel booms, and at a narrow point in the river, were placed other heavy boom logs which stretched across the river from bank to bank. The main body of logs was thus held in the wide channel above the booms, and, when conditions were favorable, the center section of the boom was opened, thus releasing a part again. The logs thus released were guided into the channel and floated through the sluice-way to the quiet water below the dam. The process was repeated until the entire drive was past the obstruction.



Drifting

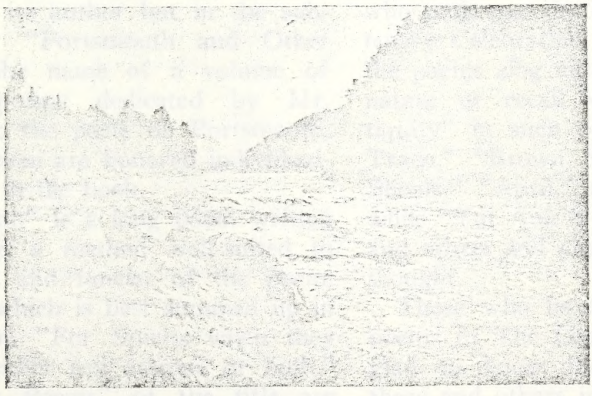


No delicate appetite

At McIndoes half of the five hundred men were dismissed, as their services were no longer needed in the more quiet stretches of water below. At Wells River large rafts were constructed for the transportation of the horses and provisions. These rafts were propelled by oars and long poles or sweeps.

Late in June the head of the drive would reach Mount Tom, nearly three months after the departure from the headwaters of the river. At Mount Tom the logs were held by enormous booms until the saw mills were ready for them. The men were paid off after having been instructed when and where to report for the next year's drive. Certain trusted men were given the work of driving the horses back to the woods.

Thus ended a year's log-drive. Now, such an event is only a memory, but a cherished memory to those who love action on a big scale, and who admired in the rough men of the North certain qualities of daring, resourcefulness, and devotion to hard work.



All Clear at Last

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOOL.

Poems of New Jersey

BY EUGENE R. MUSGROVE

PEOPLE in New Hampshire will be glad to know of the book, "Poems of New Jersey" because it is the result of the planning and preparation of Eugene R. Musgrove, a New Hampshire man, some of whose own work has been published in "The Granite Monthly," and whose anthology of White Mountain Poetry is familiar to many. Mr. Musgrove is now Head of the Department of English in a high school in Newark, New Jersey, and has gathered for the people of that state a splendid collection of poetry.

There are nearly three hundred poems about nature, the Jersey shore, the Revolution, cities and towns, buildings and monuments, and heroes of war and peace. These subjects are dealt with by such well-known and loved poets as Bryant, Cooper, Irving, Longfellow, Lowell, Noyes, Van Dyke, Whitman, and Whittier. The contributions of Christopher Morley, Sara Teasdale, Percy MacKaye, and Louis Untermeyer are interesting as comparisons with the work of the older poets, showing the new methods and subjects which poets are developing and using to express their visions. The romance and bravery of the State' history are glowingly told by the poets of the past, while the pride and hope of the present are the subjects of the younger writers. *"Edison"* by MacKaye, "The Engineer" by Christopher Morley, and "The Builders" by Berton Braley are products of the imaginations which see beauty, song, and poetry in what to many are sordid and material things.

In addition to the masterpieces of genius, there are the poems of many whose love for their State has produced a sincere and oftentimes beautiful tribute to her greatness. "Poems of New Jersey" would be a wise and interesting addition to any library.

(The Gregg Publishing Co.)

"Portsmouth and Other Poems"

BY BENJAMIN COLLINS WOODBURY

ANOTHER smaller book of poems has just been published whose particular interest to New Hampshire lies not alone in its author but in the subject itself. "Portsmouth and Other Poems" is the name of a volume of thirty-nine poems dedicated by Mr. Woodbury to the poets of Portsmouth, several of whom are honored individually by poems in the book.

"Portsmouth" is a long poem written in vers libre, a method well-suited to the thoughts and fancies of the poem, the idea of which is best summed up in the quotation, "For Spirits when they please can either sex assume or both." The "Other Poems" of the title are shorter. Out of the thirty-nine poems all but ten are sonnets, well-organized and clear in thought. Following the dedication is a song of rejoicing pouring out the mirth and laughter of those who took part in Portsmouth's Tercentenary Celebration. The remainder of the poems sing either of the beauties of nature or recall wistfully "a lost antiquity" in such poems as "East India Trade," "Brown Study," "The Isle of Shoals," "April," and "The Sea Gull," while "Tut Auk h-Amen", "Musagetes," and others add charm by a variation of thought.

Those who have read some of these poems in The Granite Monthly will be glad to know that they may possess these and others in the more convenient form of a book.

(Press of Geo. H. Ellis Co.)

THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

OUR summer guests are leaving us. Just at a time when the cooling air of autumn is sweeping the haze from the summits of our mountain peaks, leaving them sharp and blue and clear; when our hillsides are bursting into all the color of a spectrum; in short, just at the best and most beautiful time of the year, they are returning to the schools, offices and society of far-away cities.

As they greet old friends and mingle with business colleagues and associates they will doubtless exhibit their coats of tan, boast of the added, or subtracted pounds, (depending on the sex) and relate what New Hampshire has "done to them." It is improbable, however, that they will give any thought to what they have "done to New Hampshire."

Some of us who are by no means ancient in years can remember when the first "summer boarder" came to our town. We recall how the rumor spread about that there was a man staying down to Brown's who "didn't do any work nor nothin', just *boarded*." He became an object of great curiosity and no small concern, and many a good farmer scratched his head and surmised, "he must be rich to pay six dollars a week and not work."

Since that time an avalanche of summer boarders and summer residents has swept over New Hampshire, and few of us have realized the change they have wrought in the life of our state. He who says that the New England Yankee is slow to adopt new customs has been proven wrong, for our people have gone to unbelievable lengths in assimilating the culture, the attitude of mind, the graces and manners of our city guests. We are indebted to them for a great reawakening in the life and thought of our state. It was only the other day that a famous New York newspaper man residing for the summer near Campton, gave to one of our publications a most inspiring article upon New Hampshire which has been copied in the press throughout the state. It was only last month that a famous surgeon from Baltimore, a guest at a summer hotel near Whitefield, performed a most delicate operation in the presence of several New Hampshire physicians. These contributions must have their effect but we are prone to fear that perhaps we have copied the vices as well as the virtues of our out-of-state friends.

Affectation ill becomes the New Hampshire Yankee and yet we see evidences of it on every hand. For example:—consider the matter of names. In the olden days a New Hampshire farmhouse was content to be simply home. Its unpainted clapboards and spacious barns were distinguishable only to those eyes to whom it had become endeared by long years of association. To-day since the advent of our great summer resorts the most essential thing about a New Hampshire farmhouse is a six syllable name. The house may be large or small, beautiful or ugly, a hundred years old or in the process of construction, but it must have a title. While traveling through the state we were impressed by the fact that our people had not shown the proverbial Yankee ingenuity in naming their homes. We counted fourteen "Buena Vistas", eleven "Fair Views," four "Pleasant Views," a half a dozen "Maplewoods", and then the whole "Inn" family, consisting of "Motor Inns" to the number of some half a hundred, "Walk Inn," "Euben Inn," "Weben Inn," and everything but "Stumble Inn." We even found a cafe in Portsmouth in which each table had a romantic name attached, while we notice that through the North country they are commencing to name their cemeteries with all kinds of appellations not all of which cause one to think of mortality.

This wholesale transformation of farms into summer resorts has not had

an entirely good effect upon the average New Hampshire citizen. Whereas in former times our hillsides were thronging with herds of sheep and cattle and the New Hampshire farmer was wringing his existence from her rocky hills, the present day find him endeavoring to reap his year's harvest from his summer guests to live more or less as a parasite for the remaining seasons. The Yankee is not well adapted to be an innkeeper. His hospitality in the years gone by has been of a homely yet dignified nature which allowed him to keep his full measure of self respect and to welcome his guests with the Master's sentiment, "He who would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all." The rather cringing service which he has to give to his commercial guests has robbed him of his sturdy independence. More than this, it has led to a certain petticoat government, for after all, the housewife reigns supreme in the culinary department, and consequently, wears the famous raiment usually attributed to the male in the summer hotel business. It was said of a famous steel magnate who had forced his way upward from a factory foreman, that when he began to manicure his nails he lost his forcefulness of character. With this thought in mind, we recall some of the good New England farmers we have met this year, uncomfortable in their stiff collars and white linen, and ill at ease in their attempts to say "pumpkin" in place of the good old fashioned "punkin" and "isn't" instead of "aint."

The foregoing has been uttered in a more or less facetious strain but we honestly believe that although our summer guests are becoming more and more a part of New Hampshire, and a very welcome part, and although we owe them much, it will be best for the real prosperity of our state if we strive to fill her with other industries than that of the summer resort, and to so develop our own institutions that our citizens shall not lose that natural poise which has for so many years been the greatness of New England. In Churchill's "Coniston" we recall one sentence which seems to portray the real citizen of New Hampshire: —"We shall leave them to their peace of mind.....those staunch old deacons and selectmen, who did their duty by their fellow citizens as they saw it and took no man's bidding."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

In This Issue

Miss Theresa Schmidt is Field Secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. She made an extensive tour of New Hampshire playgrounds this summer.

Mr. H. E. Young and his wife have been in charge of the very successful playground of which he writes. He is a teacher by profession.

In the postoffice at Canisteo, New York, the postmaster, Mr. William M. Stuart, spends his spare time writing stories which are finding their way already into some of the leading magazines.

Miss Daisy Deane Williamson is State Home Demonstration Leader of New Hampshire University.

Of the article on Log Driving on the Connecticut, Mr. Alexander D. Gibson writes:

"An industry of hazard and risk which once claimed the services of hundreds of men, but which in these days has fallen off to such an extent that the near future may witness its extinction.

"The writer has lived for fifteen years at McIndoes, about seventy-five miles from the source of the river, and saw, as a boy, gangs of river men pass through the town each spring. From these men, and from his own experiences the writer gathered the material for this article.

"The geographical details are from Bacon's History of the Connecticut Valley."

Professor A. W. Richardson is known as one of the highest authorities on matters pertaining to poultry in New Hampshire. He supplements his teaching at Durham with work on his own poultry farm and personal contact with poultrymen throughout the state.

Mr. Samuel Copp Worthen, Genealogist of the New Jersey Society, S. A. R., in this second part of his study of a New Hampshire hero, takes his Kensington Warrior into the days of the Revolution.

During the year which has passed, readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY have learned to remember with pleasure and anticipate with interest the articles which have appeared from month to month under the initials "H. F. M." One had only to read the beautiful descriptions contained in "As the Road Unrolls," the fascinating portrayals of quaint old Dover and Portsmouth, and the penetrating analysis of our railroad situation which drew the commendation of Mr. Storrow himself, to recognize the same style which marked the GRANITE MONTHLY'S interviews with New Hampshire's prominent citizens, and the same originality and whimsical humor which characterize "The Editor Stops to Talk." In other words, "H. F. M." was the modest designation of the editor, who in the past year has won a great deal of admiration throughout the state.

In this issue the GRANITE MONTHLY must bid a regretful farewell to "H. F. M.," but also a cordial welcome to Miss Helen F. McMillin who will continue as one of our contributors. She leaves New Hampshire to become a Publicity Director of Wellesley, taking with her the best wishes of all readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY. "The Sign of the Lucky Dog" is her contribution in this issue, and further articles will appear from time to time.

CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Coolidge, Pinchot, Coal, and the Presidency

There is glory enough for both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Pinchot in the settlement of the coal strike without either being jealous of the other. Two good men should agree to work together. And we expect these two will so agree, if outsiders will attend to their own business. The fact that Governor Pinchot was able to induce miners and operators each to give up something, and find a place of agreement does not entitle him to the nomination for president next fall.

—Journal Transcript, Franklin

The settlement of the coal strike makes Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania more than ever a national figure. For a good many years, now, his name has been fairly familiar to the people of this country, but only a comparatively few have appraised justly his ability and his mettle.....His entrance into the coal situation and his successful management of it are alike characteristic of the man.....Governor Pinchot thought, and rightly, that the impending coal strike, being largely a Pennsylvania proposition, came within the scope of his official duties. He communicated that feeling to President Coolidge and the latter promptly acquiesced; at once

gave the Governor a full and free hand; and now is the first to recognize and to emphasize the great service the Pennsylvania Chief Executive has rendered the nation in bringing the negotiations between the coal miners and operators to a successful conclusion.

—Concord Monitor

We confess to disappointment in Gov. Pinchot's "compromise." What the American public must have is cheaper coal; his project adds 60 cts. a ton. That is giving the public away, in the interest of Pennsylvania mine owners and operators.....

—Granite Free Press.

About to meet Gov. Pinchot, coal operators and miners announced that there was no change in their position. A consumer who had just paid for some hard coal announced that there was none in his pocketbook.

—Laconia Democrat

Governor Pinchot certainly scored heavily in a political sense when he successfully mediated in the coal strike .....The sole fly in the ointment was the feeling of cynical pessimism which pervaded the public that, as usual, the consumer was to be made to pay the price of peace in the mining regions by means of an increase in the price of coal.

Evidently, quite conscious of this defect in the record he had made, the governor of Pennsylvania let no grass grow under his feet when the agreement between mine unionists and mine owners was signed. Within a few hours Governor Pinchot launched an entirely new offensive, this time to prevent, if possible, the passing of the buck to the public in the form of higher prices for coal. With signal shrewdness, the governor sped a message over the wires to Washington, appealing to the President to invoke the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission over the freight rates charged by the coal carrying roads, with a view to instituting lower rates on anthracite and thus absorbing a part of the cost of the ten percent increase in wages to be paid the miners.....Contemperaneous political history holds few instances of such valiant public service, supplemented by conspicuously effective political maneuvering. Obviously, Gifford Pinchot's training under Roosevelt was not wasted. T. R. himself, preeminently the ablest politician of his time and generation, never acquitted himself more adroitly. When the coal strike loomed darkly on the horizon, the politicians universally expected that it would provide President Coolidge, at the very outset of his term, with some such opportunity as that which came to him when governor of Massachusetts. Coolidge was looked to with a feeling of assurance as just the man for such a crisis, and the expectation was general that the hard coal miners would provide the same sort of stepping stone to enlarged popular respect and confidence that the striking policemen had supplied in Boston. But the crisis came and found the President powerless. He could not deal with the mine operators as Roosevelt did, because, unlike those of Roosevelt's time, these operators were ready for arbitration. There was no need to force it upon them. In this instance, it was the miners themselves who refused arbitration, and in such case the President was without moral or physical force to compel their return to work. You can seize mines and operate them, if the miners themselves are ready to go to work; but when the owners are quite ready to open their mines and submit all questions in dispute to arbitration, but the men who work in the mines refuse to carry on, seizure of the mines is a futile gesture. Thus, when the hour for action came, it was Pinchot, who had real power as governor of Pennsylvania, and not Coolidge, who lacked any but very hazy and attenuated powers,

who stood in the breach and emulated Roosevelt in forcing a settlement.....

—Manchester Union

There is now a row on between the friends of President Coolidge and Gov. Pinchot to settle who shall have the credit of settling the coal strike. There is not a whole lot of credit for either in the way it was settled.

—Lebanon Free Press

The settlement of the coal strike in the anthracite regions appears to have been accomplished. Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania has succeeded in effecting a compromise between the owners and the miners, both sides having made some concessions. What might have been the result had this strike continued is hard to conjecture, but that it would have caused untold suffering, not only among the consumers but the miners themselves goes without saying.....

—Peterborough Transcript

It is a question who is to receive the credit for the settlement of the coal strike. Gov. Pinchot is pleased, as well he might be, and President Coolidge is also pleased with the work which he delegated to the Governor of Pennsylvania. If Gov. Pinchot will now insist on the removal of the tax which his state has placed upon coal, he will further please the coal burning public.

—Journal-Transcript, Franklin, N. H.

The vice presidency has never been a stepping stone to the presidency. Roosevelt won the presidency as successor to himself succeeding a deceased president. His personality did it. If Cooldige proves another exception his personality, not his previous accidental occupation of the executive chair, will have done it. He will be a candidate probably; so will Pinchot. There is no reason why anybody should talk of a "row" between them, as sensational newspaper writers are doing. Neither is that kind of a man. Each has perfect right to aspire to the nomination and election; each respects the equal right of the other. If not, neither is fit for president. Both are eminently so.

—Granite Free Press

"I doubt very much," Mr. Stevens said, "if Coolidge can even get the nomination, but if he does I do not think he will be elected. The entire middle and far west is distinctively radical or liberal in its views. Recent elections, especially that of Magnus Johnson in Minnesota, indicates that the voters can carry their sections against conservative Republicanism."

—Concord Monitor

Whatever else Pennsylvania is bound, and her governor for her, to get full pay for her anthracite. Pennsylvania has all the anthracite in the civilized world. We pay the state of Pennsylvania 37½ cts. a ton—if we remember the amount right—for every ton of her coal we burn. Until lately the provision of the constitution prohibiting export taxes, was held to apply to traffic between states as well as to exports to foreign countries. But Pennsylvania has passed a law to this effect and the U. S. court sustains it. If such is her right every state has equal right to tax its every product sent to other states; 48 states can play at that game. It is a bad condition; and that is one much needed amendment—e pluribus unum—of the federal constitution. In the meantime we MUST use our "white coal" more. A work of great importance in this line is the building of a dam—already half completed—about 600 feet long and 62 feet high, across the Pemigewasset river, just above Bristol, with foundations admitting of adding 30 feet more at some future day. As now building, it will flow back more than five miles, and produce a lake of that length, and varying width. The company will

erect lines of wire, 300 miles or more, to Bristol, New Hampton, Plymouth, Ashland, Meredith, Laconia, Franklin, Tilton and even farther, furnishing light and power as demanded. Laconia is to have 2000 horse power of it, adding greatly to her manufacturing possibilities. If the 30 feet is added it must flow back into the Squam river at Ashland and almost if not quite to Plymouth. And a commission has already located 100 other places where water can be stored and used as power. By all means encourage every movement in this direction. Gov. Bass is wisely leading in this line of state development.

—*Lebanon Free Press*

The First Faint Rumble of the Political Campaign

Delegates to the National Convention

As regards delegates to the next Republican national convention from New Hampshire the score at present is like this: Ex-Governor John H. Bartlett and Chairman Dwight Hall are announced candidates; Senator G. H. Moses is a receptive candidate; Senator Henry W. Keyes is not a candidate.

—*Concord Monitor*

Senator Moses says that New Hampshire is likely to have ten delegates to the next Republican national convention, instead of eight, as formerly. Even at that we don't anticipate that there'll be any difficulty in finding enough who are willing to go and pay their own expenses.

—*Rochester Courier*

According to Hobart Pillsbury's letter in the Sunday Herald this state is not to send a pledged delegation to the Republican National Convention. But we are of the opinion that, unless sentiment changes very materially before the next primary, no man will be sent to the convention unless he is pledged to vote for Mr. Coolidge.

—*Franklin Journal Transcript*

Messrs. Huntress of Keene and Brown of Whitefield are frank to say that they would like to be district delegates to the next Republican national convention. —*Concord Monitor*

Democrats are more diffident about coming forward with intimations of a desire to represent New Hampshire as delegates to the national convention next year. The only ones known here thus far to express a willingness to go to the convention are Gordon Woodbury of Manchester and Clyde Keefe of Dover, solicitor of Strafford county.

Major Robert C. Murchie, national committeeman and State Chairman Jackson are being mentioned as possible Concord delegates, although neither has indicated any desire to go yet. Senator Coulombe of Berlin and Mayor Henri A. Burque of Nashua are also being suggested as good material for delegates.

—*Concord Monitor*

Some Striking Remarks

This one struck back.

John H. Bartlett, first assistant postmaster-general, in a telegram to the Monitor-Patriot, takes exception to statements made in a news story concerning his candidacy as a Coolidge-pledged delegate to the Republican National convention. At the same time William E. Wallace, formerly Mr. Bartlett's secretary, who wrote the article, which the Monitor-Patriot printed in good faith, takes oath that the story, in all its essential details, was accurate and according to statements made to him by Mr Bartlett the day before its publication.

—*Concord Monitor*

This one is likely to in the next campaign.

Speaking at a meeting of the New Hampshire Lumbermen's Association which he joined in Manchester, former

Congressman Raymond B. Stevens of Landaff said: "Fifteen years ago I ceased to practise law to enter a more honest business. I went into politics; then to enter a more honest business I became a lumberman."

—*State News Items*

This one has "started something" already.

Report says George H. Moses has told Hiram Johnson where to get off in the presidential campaign. If he can make the senator obey it will help settle the question. But Johnson is not reputed to be of the mildly obeying sort.

—*Franklin Journal-Transcript*

"A Typical "Coal Remark"

Gov. Brown and his fuel commissioner, John W. Storrs, were disappointed at the trend of affairs at the meeting of governors in New York City. The New Hampshire governor believed the federal fuel administration would have something to suggest, some definite work proposed that would bring results, and when he listened to lengthy resolutions offered he is said to have exclaimed.

"To hell with resolutions, show me how we are to get coal and then get busy. It's coal the people want in our state and not resolutions."

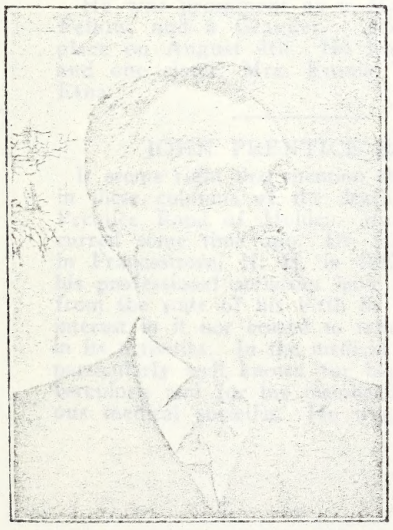
—*Laconia News and Critic*

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DR. JOHN R. COGSWELL

The medical profession, New Hampshire fraternity, and the town of Warner, have all sustained a loss in the death of Dr. John R. Cogswell.

Dr. Cogswell was a native of Landaff, a graduate of the New Hampton Literary



Dr. John R. Cogswell

Institute and Dartmouth Medical School. His professional activities in the town of Warner extended from 1873 until 1906 when he retired. He was a lifelong and active member of the New Hampshire Medical Society and President of the Center District Medical Society.

He was a member of Warner Grange, Central Lodge I. O. O. F., Harris Lodge A. F. and A. M., Woods Chapter No. 14, St. Gerard Commandery Knights Templar of Littleton, Pomona Grange of which he was Lecturer, Rebekahs, and Order of the Eastern Star.

In politics Dr. Cogswell was a Democrat and during his life he served in almost every office which his fellow townsmen could give to him.

His death occurred in Warner on September 17th.

JUDGE WILLIAM F. NASON

Judge William F. Nason, one of Dover's leading citizens, passed away on Sept. 13th after an illness of nearly two years. Judge Nason was born in Sanford, Me. in 1857. He obtained his elementary education in the schools of Kennebunk. After his graduation from High School he studied law in Maine for two years, then came to New Hampshire where he studied under Buel C. Carter of Wolfeboro. Admitted to the bar and established in Dover in 1879, his success came so immediately that he became City Solicitor in 1883. He served five terms in the New Hampshire Legislature where he was known as one of the most forceful speakers in the House. He participated in the long and bitter railroad fight of 1887. Later he served as County Solicitor of Strafford County, Justice of the Municipal Court of Dover, Mayor of Dover, and Police Commissioner. He is survived by a very accomplished wife, Dr. Inez Ford Nason.

REV. ALBERT E. HALL

The people of Chester are grieving over the death of one of their most beloved citizens, the Rev. Albert E. Hall. Mr. Hall died on August 29th at the age of 86. The past twenty years he spent as a citizen of Chester. Before that time he served pastorates at Dalton, Chesterfield, North Conway, Warner and Auburn, all in New Hampshire. These pastorates were small but his service was large in its faithfulness, and he seems to be typical of the steadfast New England clergyman of the last generation. He is survived by Mrs. Hall, who is 80 years old, and by three grandchildren.

DON SEAVEY BRIDGMAN

The town of Hanover and the state of New Hampshire have suffered a great loss in the death of Don Seavey Bridgman. Born in Hanover on the 4th of April, 1856, and educated at a near-by school in Norwich and at Dartmouth College, he left the town and state of his birth to avail himself of business opportunities in Illinois and New York only to return and become one of Hanover's most prominent and trusted citizens. In business he was successful as a farmer and banker. In politics his record shows the esteem of his fellow citizens who elected him year after year a selectman of Hanover and representative to the General Court. In the 1923 session he was chairman of the Grafton County delegation, and was generally considered the logical candidate of his party for the next State Senate.

He was prominent as a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a Granger. His death took place on August 4th. He leaves a widow and one sister, Mrs. Emma Waterman of Etna.

JOHN PRENTICE RAND

It seems right that mention should be made in these columns of the death of Dr. John Prentice Rand of Holden, Mass., which occurred some time ago. Dr. Rand was born in Francestown, N. H. in 1857, and though his professional activities have led him away from the state of his birth he never lost his interest in it nor ceased to take a large part in its activities. In the medical world he was particularly well known for his study of tuberculosis and for his membership in numerous medical societies. He was, however, an author and lecturer. He was a life long member of the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire and the New England Historical Society. He was also a Mason. His love and affection for New Hampshire is demonstrated in the lines following which were taken from his volume of poems called "Random Rimes."

"Home, home is the spot that we first loved and cherished,
The place of our childhood, where'er it may be;
Oh tell us, no never, that first love has perished;
New Hampshire, our first love, our home is with thee;
With thee, Old New Hampshire!
Our home is with thee!"

DR. GEORGE W. FLAGG

Dr. George W. Flagg, former prominent Keene physician, died at Nantucket, Mass., September 5th, at the age of 75 years.

He was born at Lowell, Mass., and from the early 70's until 1906 practiced medicine in Keene. He was a very early trustee of the Elliott City Hospital, and was influential in the establishment of that institution in Keene.

He had a long and useful term of service as a physician in this city, remarkable in his diagnoses, of much value to the community and especially to his many patients. He served the city in every way possible connected with his profession and was a member of the board of health for several years. His interest and experience was especially valuable during the scarlet fever epidemic of 1901.

Besides his many other activities Dr. Flagg was deeply interested in the New Hampshire National Guard and the Golden Cross. He was appointed surgeon of the 2nd Reg. N. H. N. G., with the rank of major in 1880 and served till 1894. He was a charter member of Keene Commandery, United Order of the Golden Cross, 1880, and Grand Commander of the Jurisdiction of New Hampshire, 1885. Afterwards he was Grand Keeper of the Records from 1893 to 1918, a period of 25 years. He was four times sent as the Supreme Representative to the Supreme Body of the Golden Cross.

Dr. Flagg is survived by a widow, one sister and three brothers.

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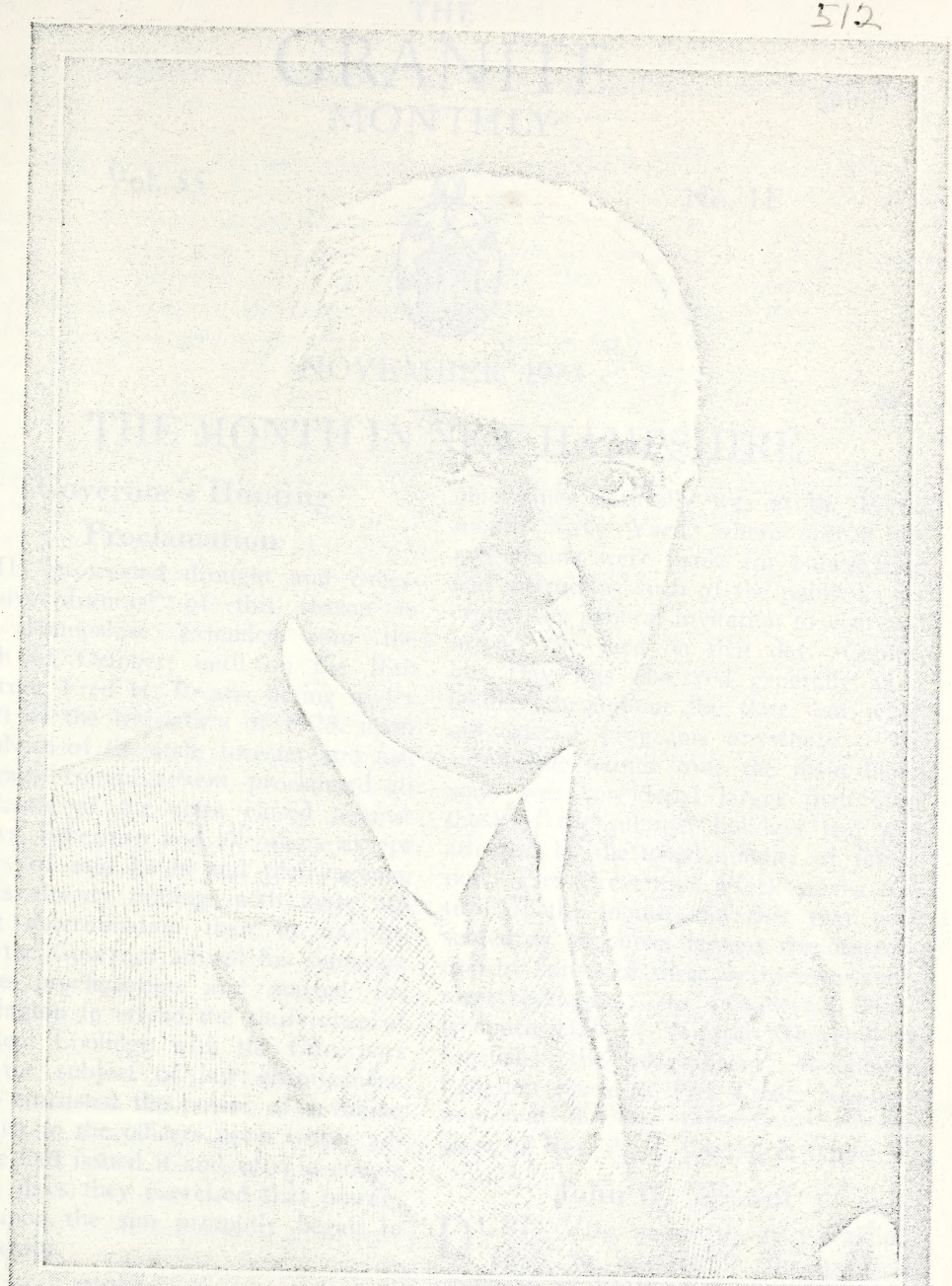
THE GRANITE MONTHLY



UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE vs. CONNECTICUT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
OCTOBER 20, 1923—SCORE: 0-0

In This Issue—IS NEW HAMPSHIRE COMPLETED?

20 cents per copy $2.00 per year



WILLIAM SIDNEY ROSSITER



THE
GRANITE
MONTHLY

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Vol. 55 No. 11

NOVEMBER 1923

THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Governor's Hunting Proclamation

THE "protracted drought and excessive dryness" of this season in New Hampshire extended into the month of October, until on the 18th Governor Fred H. Brown, acting under an act of the legislature of 1923, upon the advice of the state forester and fish and game commissioners, proclaimed all woodlands of the state closed against hunters, fishermen and all others except owners of said lands and their agents. It was already raining, with more apparent determination than in months, when the Governor affixed his signature to the proclamation and started for Washington to attend the conference of President Coolidge with the Governors upon the subject of law enforcement. So he entrusted the power of revoking the edict to the officers upon whose advice he had issued it and after a couple of wet days they exercised that power; whereupon the sun promptly began to shine again.

Celebrations

WITHOUT issuing any proclamation Governor Brown designated October 27 as Navy Day in New Hampshire as in other states and Major Frank Knox of Manchester was named as New Hampshire chairman by the national chairman, Commander Marion Eppley of New York. The center of Granite State observance naturally was at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, where special arrangements were made for entertaining and instructing such of the public as accepted the general invitation to visit and inspect the yard on that day. Columbus Day was observed generally as a holiday throughout the state, but without special programs anywhere. Its automobile parade over the main highways was considered larger than even those of the summer holidays and was attended by the usual number of fatalities. Fire Prevention Week was a fixture of the month and this year presented as its object lessons the destruction by flames of three well known summer residences; the wonderful Harlakenden Hall of Winston Churchill at Cornish; the magnificent Woodbury Langdon estate at Fox Point, Newington; and the less pretentious country place of Rev. A. Z. Conrad at Amherst.

John G. Winant

DURING the month the first real impetus to interest in the political campaign of 1924 was given by the announcement of Captain John G. Winant of Concord that he would be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor at the primary of next September. His action has not brought any opponent into the open thus far, although the Boston Herald has expressed editorial preference for Major Frank Knox of Manchester as the Republican candidate and

former Congressman Raymond B. Stevens as the Democratic candidate for Chief Executive of the Granite State.

Captain Winant was in command of the second Liberty Squadron of the American air forces on the French front during the world war. He has served two terms in the state House of Representatives and one in the state Senate, and has been a leader in agricultural and labor legislation as well as a staunch supporter of other forward looking movements. He is secretary of the National Monetary Association and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests and president of the New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association. His statement of the platform upon which he will make his campaign is promised for an early day and is awaited with interest.

Conferences and Conventions

PROBABLY the largest postal conference ever held in the state was a Concord event of the month and was addressed by Assistant Postmaster Generals Bartlett and Glover, the former our well-known ex-Governor. Another distinguished visitor of the month to Concord and New Hampshire was Leonidas P. Newby of Indiana, commander of the Knights Templar of the United States.

The State Woman's Christian Temperance Union held its annual meeting in Concord during the month, heard speakers from far and near and adopted vigorous resolutions in favor of liquor law enforcement and against prize fights, "carnivals," suggestive dances, movies, books and styles. It had taken final adjournment before Senator Moses made his now famous characterization of the Volstead Act as a "jackass law," or it would have had a declaration to make, no doubt, in that regard.

Other important state meetings of the month were of the Baptists at Concord, of the Teachers' Association at Laconia, of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Rochester, and of the bankers at Whitefield.

Clubs and Fraternities

THE Woman's Clubs and the Rotary Clubs and the Chambers of Commerce and the Boards of Trade entered upon their winter's schedule of meetings. The farmers harvested large crops of apples and potatoes. Business conditions in general were good.

Bektash Temple of the Mystic Shrine took an option on the purchase from the estate of President Benjamin A. Kimball of the Concord & Montreal railroad of his estate on South Main Street, Concord, which he bequeathed to the state of New Hampshire as a home for its governors, but which the legislature of 1923 refused to accept.

Progress was made in the organization of a state Chamber of Commerce by the choice of Frank H. Foster, banker, of Claremont, as president; Perley H. Washburn of Lisbon, vice-president; Ervin W. Porter of Concord, secretary; and Leo L. Osborne of Sunapee, treasurer.

Controversies

THE hard-fought and much-debated case of Partridges v. Fruit Buds reached its court of last resort when Governor Fred H. Brown was called upon for the first time to act as an arbiter between the state departments of agriculture and fish and game under an act of the legislature of 1923. The Governor visited in person some Londonderry orchards which were considered typical of existing conditions and examined the alleged damage to the trees by the game birds.

Following an address by Senator George H. Moses before the Concord Chamber of Commerce on forest conditions through the country, the Chamber went on record as opposed to what the Senator termed the attempted "coercion" of the states by the federal government as to uniformity in the taxation of forest lands. —H. C. P.

IS NEW HAMPSHIRE COMPLETED?

By William S. Rossiter

PRESIDENT HETZEL'S TRIBUTE TO MR. ROSSITER

In the realm of public affairs, the author of the following article, Hon. William S. Rossiter, is not only a diagnostician of ability, but a practitioner who stands ready with sympathy and understanding to help and to remedy. Benefit ought to follow from service of such a character given freely to the state of New Hampshire.

RALPH D. HETZEL,
University of New Hampshire

LIKE the Lord of the Vineyard, the Census Enumerator appears decennially to take national account of stock. We have become so accustomed to the answer of each state, "Increased in population and wealth," that it is something of a jolt to find creeping in here and there evidences that the man who buried his talent has successors—evidences that somehow in such cases the process of state-building has been about completed.

Is New Hampshire completed? Of all the states in that aristocratic group "The Original Thirteen," New Hampshire alone has the record of having lost population at any census.

The increase of the total population of the state has not reached as much as ten per cent in any decade since 1850. That is, the rate of increase in New Hampshire has not equalled even half the rate of increase shown by the nation at any census for seventy years. The population of New Hampshire decreased from 1860 to 1870, while in 1920 the increase from 1910 amounted to less than 3 per cent. The population record of the state is therefore obviously one almost of stagnation. Are we completed? Progress means at least a reasonable percentage of increase. Stationary population reflects rather stagnant conditions, and almost always indicates rather heavy emigration. At the Fourteenth Census (1920), out of 251 towns in the entire state, 179 showed decreases. Of the 167 subdivisions having fewer than 1000 inhabitants, 137, or approximately 82 per cent, showed actual loss in population. Indeed, if Coos County be eliminated, out of 137 towns only 15 increased in population. The natural effect of this change is that the citizens of New Hampshire are becoming increasingly residents of the large towns and cities, and hence with little change in total population the weight of the cities and towns becomes constantly greater.

Consistently with this changing relationship of country and city, the farms of New Hampshire decreased in number from 27,000 in 1910 to 20,500 in 1920. The land in farms decreased by nearly 750,000 acres, while the improved land in farms decreased in about the same proportion. Indeed, the number of acres of improved farm land in the state has decreased in every decade since 1860, and it is less than one third of the figure for that year.

Here is a condition which in some respects is actual decline and in others strongly suggests that our racial task of development is completed. Under such circumstances the line of greatest ease in an atmosphere already less charged with progress and energy than of old is to do nothing; to assert that matters are all right and to leave well-enough alone. Many people are prepared instantly to take that attitude.

It was the privilege of the writer to publish in a magazine of wide influence during the past summer an article discussing in some detail the present status of the north-country states, for conditions are almost identical in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. This paper elicited many letters from persons in all three states as well as from other states in the Union. It was significant that from one of the three states in question—not New Hampshire—the replies were largely along a fatalistic line. They indicated a willingness to let matters drift, and to be content with stagnation. They admitted completion and considered it an asset. One, for example, a distinguished citizen of New England, wrote by way of protest against stirring the subject up. A few sentences paraphrased from his letter are worth quoting:

"My old home was in a small town in the heart of the mountains in the central part of the state. I think my town reached the maximum of its population about 1840, and since that time every decennial census has shown a reduced population, but in spite of that the town is a much livelier proposition and a far better place to live in than at any time in the past * * * People live in greater comfort than in my boyhood days * * * * The children are brought, with few exceptions, to a central school in the village, where grades are maintained and where a four-year high school is operated that fits the children for the lower grade colleges. The number of acres tilled is less than it used to be. The number of animals owned is greater, and they are of a superior quality to that which was owned in the valley when I was a boy."

It seems as though it would be hard to ignore the fact that from this community there has been a steady drain of its best people; that while the schools must be maintained at a better standard than of old, there are pathetically few scholars to attend them. Moreover, roads must be built in a fashion never dreamed of by our ancestors; and thus schools and roads make taxes unbearable because the population has become so small. It is becoming harder and harder in most of the small towns to find men who are capable of filling even the village offices. It is becoming harder and harder, also, in many communities to raise enough upon the farms, with markets uncertain and distant, to support the family, and in consequence the natural economic result follows of very few children. The farms are frequently manned by elderly people. A condition, therefore, which began fifty or more years ago and has slowly developed is now acquiring a much greater momentum, and the plain fact confronts us in rural New England that the north-country small towns, after long stagnation, are rapidly reaching a crisis in their history. The writer of the sentences quoted above is decidedly wrong in one particular. No small community can be pervaded by a cheerful, wholesome, progressive atmosphere which is continually shrinking in size over a long period, and thus ever losing a proportion of its best citizens.

Again, it is suggested that north-country declines are the result of economic and racial changes which obey fixed laws and which can be influenced but slightly by human effort, however well directed; that increase of population can be secured only by importing the least desirable foreigners; and that it would be better to leave well-enough alone, avoid agitation and prolong the patient's life and, in particular, the "passing of a great race," as long as possible. Better might the writer have said: "Progress is impossible or, if possible, undesirable. We are completed. Let us stagnate." In this instance a half-truth is built into a large falsehood. Almost every noteworthy

achievement in human life is the direct result of deflecting economic laws which otherwise would have effected fixed results. Races do not die or depart if the environment is favorable to their continuation. Stagnation will foster the operation of economic laws and the loss of the best elements of our naturally alert Anglo-Saxon stock.

Another says—pertinently, too: "What has New England north-country to offer, in the last analysis, even under the most favorable conditions, to make it really worth while for a young man to shut his eyes to the great out-of-doors of the nation and cast in his lot permanently at home?" That's a fair question. The answer is not to be found in mere confident assertion. Curiously enough, it is suggested by a striking picture revealed by the Fourteenth Census of the United States.

The forty-eight states of the union are divided into 3000 civic areas known as counties. Out of 1000 counties dotting the entire vast domain of the republic, to the eyes of the statistician who analyzed the figures of 1920, men and women were pouring hither and thither into the other 2000 counties in such numbers that they reduced the population of the county they left to a figure lower than that shown at the preceding census, so that one-third of all the counties—roughly one-third of all the nation's area—showed loss of population, while the remaining two thirds were called upon to make up the loss, and in addition to supply the national increase. This extraordinary picture is really a statistical prophecy.

The Anglo-Saxon race is at its best in the development of new lands and in confronting and overcoming great obstacles. In Professor Turner's noteworthy book on the influence of the frontier in American history he makes abundantly clear both the extraordinary effect upon our national progress of the slow, steady forward movement of the line of wilderness-breaking which has been advancing across the continent, and the revolutionary change in character, energy and point of view to be expected in the new period upon which we have now entered, and which, with the absorbing task of settlement over, we turn to the less strenuous tasks of consolidation and normal living.

To this new aspect of national affairs the nation as a whole is not yet accustomed. So long have the discontented in every state had the traditional outlet for ambition by taking up quarter sections, or by seeking the untrodden but inviting areas of California and Washington and Oregon, or by exploiting untouched mining resources, or, later, by settling on the irrigated lands of New Mexico or other far western states, that it is bewildering in our time to find it hard to know where to go.

Yet it is this same discontent with the old home that has made the United States. It began before the republic was thought of. It was first most clearly manifested in Connecticut. There the colonists, nearly all of whom were farmers, raised large families. Their sons and daughters quickly found—as early as 1760—that there was not room on the paternal farm for both parents and children. Dense population and farming do not mix. Therefore the younger generation, true to racial instinct to achieve and develop, packed their scanty belongings on horses and, with the wife on the pillion, trekked up the then only known path to new lands. That path led along the Connecticut River to New Hampshire and Vermont. The town names in Vermont today tell an eloquent story of that earliest migration movement.

But if it is the rush to break new country, to settle, to achieve, and if our present colossal national structure is the monument to this racial quality,

are we not facing a grave situation when we find our house about settled, when the painters and plumbers are almost ready to leave, when the carpets are all down, the chairs all arranged and dusted and the pictures hung? Then what about ourselves—what are we going to do with ourselves? In our bewilderment, we are tumbling out of one thousand counties into two thousand others, with no real assurance of betterment. The new country is about all explored. In the large, this extraordinary irregular movement of population here and there is the logical aftermath of the ending of the frontier period.

It is obvious that from now on the newer states in which has been occurring the transformation from wilderness to reasonably complete settlement, must confront a swarm of unfamiliar problems of their own. Some of these problems, especially as they bear on agriculture, are already of national concern. But the older states have their problems, and our three north-country states in particular face a distinct and very grave problem. It is completion. Is this condition permanent? Are we to consider reaching such a state of completion as an actual asset? Our race, with its instinct facing eagerly toward achievement and action, is singularly ill-adapted to sit still and merely participate mechanically in the workaday affairs of old settled communities. In consequence, in the north-country states, long settled and with few natural or industrial advantages, there has been a tendency to swing to the other extreme, to a condition of extreme conservatism little more than lethargy. In some cases it is stagnation. Harshly defined, it is race deterioration. It is as though Nature said, "Achieve and be strong; rest and you die." From the rather inert mass of each community there struggle to the surface annually a considerable number of the younger element, comprising a large proportion of the more alert and energetic, who desire and must have a wider field of action. These depart to other localities where they hope to secure more favorable environment. Thus it has worked out that in many particulars for the last half century or more in the three old, settled north-country states very little progress has been made. The population has either remained about stationary or has tended to decline in most of the communities. It has come to appear as though they were about completed.

But perhaps here in New Hampshire we are not completed. Perhaps there is awakening just ahead for us, and a large task to be performed yet, for a new and extraordinary factor has appeared. A condition plainly has arisen now in our American life. There is an economic law, if you will, now first becoming effective, and in some respects it is irresistible. It arises from the fact that the national area at last is practically settled, and the answer to the man who tries to think prosperity grows as population decreases; to the man who sees inability to meet competition and hence a dying race; and to the man who asks what the youth can find in northern New England to tempt him to stay as against trying his luck in the West or South, is contained in that statistical picture of men and women from a thousand counties all over this broad land, instead of moving in a well-defined stream west and still further west, as the censuses of '80 and '90 and 1900 revealed, now running confusedly hither and thither about the land. The scent for the working-out of the race instinct as manifested in this land for two hundred years is now lost forever. America is about settled. The corner lots are gone. Not New England alone but all America must find new

outlets for our racial activities and ambitions. Here is again New Hampshire's opportunity.

The Middle West, which has been contented with its farming possibilities, is crying aloud with discontent over unfavorable agricultural conditions. The far West, notably California, is struggling with the problem of an attempt to assimilate more people than they actually need. A distinguished Californian recently wrote that he was delighted to observe an attempt to create opportunities in New England because they might lead to a return of some of the thousands who have come to California and are unassimilated and in reality a burden upon the community. New Hampshire's sister states in turn are falling into the grasp of the same problem of being completed that we have so long known. Let us awake ere they find themselves, and take our account of stock.

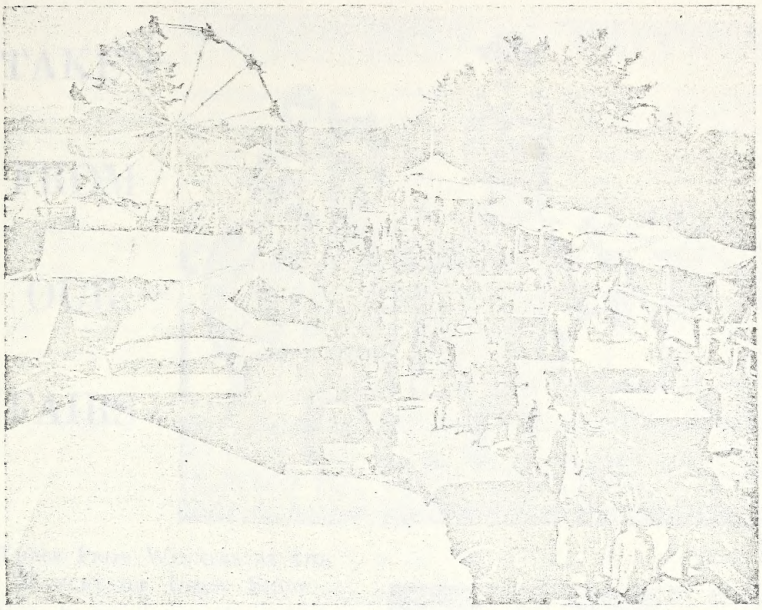
We are a small, compact area favorably situated at the door of the greatest urban markets in America. What are we capable of doing best and most profitably? Having decided that, let us go after markets and claim our own. The future prosperity of many of the states of the union not specially favored by nature is likely to depend more and more on business management.

The vast population of the United States will tend to eddy and flow back to what in earlier days seemed less favored areas, as numbers and congestion increase. Men and women will cease to emigrate as freely as in the past, because the chances of successful change grow less as numbers increase. Thus racial instinct for achievement will find its outlet in taking advantage of opportunities for organization and development of enterprises made possible by the new conditions.

The north-country has come upon a period of new life and achievement if it will have it so. More than ever before, its destiny is within its own control. Shall we not bestir ourselves and turn the old racial longing to develop and to create into new and equally important activities within the old settled communities: the application of business ability, capital and energy to developing and marketing with skill exceeding that of our competitors all that New Hampshire can produce? Thus shall we arouse courage and increase strength; and from the long list of one thousand counties out of which in 1920 men and women were pouring forth, behold, the counties of New Hampshire will be withdrawn. New Hampshire is yet far from completed.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The GRANITE MONTHLY being New Hampshire's state magazine is naturally deeply interested in the efforts of the group of men and women who are devoting their energies to the project of bringing new life and vigor to our state. The magazine in its July number expressed its commendation and sympathy concerning the article "Three Sentinels of the North," the appearance of which in the Atlantic Monthly marked the beginning of this movement. In the September issue Captain Winant gave an account of the conference at Durham. The article above by the author of the "Three Sentinels of the North" is a continuation of this same thought, and we are glad to announce that in the December GRANITE MONTHLY there will appear another article of the series entitled "A New Hampshire Program" by Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass who has been identified with the work of rejuvenating our state, especially in respect to the development of its water power and other natural resources.



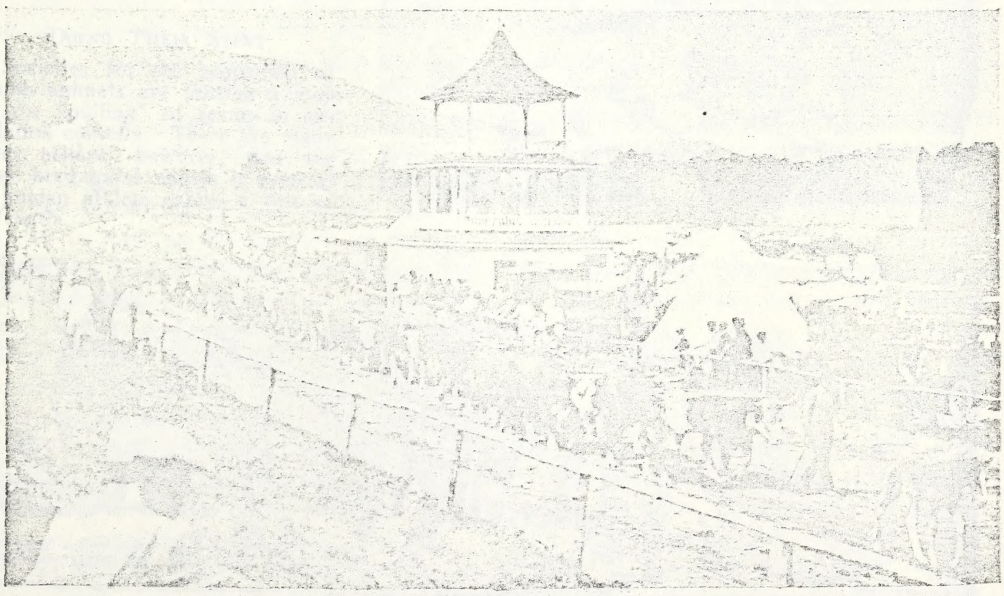
A FEW TYPICAL SCENES

THE MIDWAY

ABOVE—A typical scene of the most congested point of the fair ground. Rochester, Plymouth and Hopkinton fairs are said to have had the greatest attendance of their history this year.

HERE ARE THE OXEN, WHERE IS THE GOVERNOR?

BELOW—"Last but not least came the Sandwich Fair with a Governor, a Congressman, a General and 68 yoke of oxen on exhibition."—*Concord Monitor and Patriot.*



TAKEN FROM OUR FAIRS



THREE PRIZE WINNERS AT THE MANCHESTER HORSE SHOW

Or, to be more exact, it might be well to say *six* prize winners. New Hampshire has three annual gatherings which still ignore the avalanche of automobiles and term themselves horse shows.

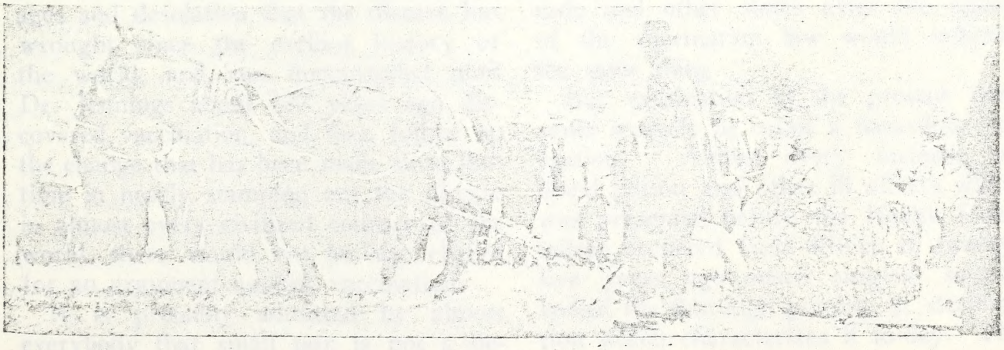


AN EXCITING FINISH

There was little indication of the practice of gambling at this year's races. A true lover of horse flesh needs to have no money at stake to receive a thrill at the finish.

DOING THEIR STINT

Societies for the protection of dumb animals are putting a stop to the "pulling" of teams in exhibition contests. There are many who believe, however, that the high bred horse enjoys it even as a human athlete enjoys a test of strength.



A CONTROVERSY ON VACCINATION

A Boston newspaper recently made the statement that the people of New Hampshire "subsist on politics all the year round." What he probably meant was that it is characteristic of Granite State folk to hold strong opinions. There are a number of questions upon which our people differ vitally and which are the subjects for discussion in many a village store and city lounging place. The GRANITE MONTHLY feels that its pages should be an open forum for honest opinion on both sides of these controversies. In the following articles Dr. E. C. Chase of Plymouth, one of the two members of the medical profession who were in the last Legislature, and Arthur Brooks Green, of Lincoln, scientific engineer, graduate of Exeter and Harvard, represent two fields of thought on the much debated question of compulsory vaccination. The fact that there is a hot clash of opinion between them and that each passionately believes in the truth of his cause is shown by the italicized words. A controversy on another question will appear next month.

Why I Voted Against the Anti-Compulsory-Vaccination Bill

BY DR. E. C. CHASE

"There is no one so blind as the one who won't see."

THE subject of small pox is so old and so much has been said and written about it that it seems as though nothing more can be added. However, as I listened to the arguments against vaccination last winter in the House of Representatives, and before the committee of Public Health, I soon realized that the laity were very ignorant in regard to the matter. The chance of their being informed was very small, for there is no one so blind as the one who won't see. I also discovered that it was entirely useless to try by argument or proof to convince the majority of that house that the laws that had been worked out by intelligent and painstaking men in years past and placed on the statute books were of any use.

As regards small pox and vaccination, if any intelligent person would take the pains to look up the account of the ravages and desolation that the disease has wrought since the earliest history of the world, and run uncontrolled until Dr. Jennings about 127 years ago discovered vaccination, and then follow up the change that has been made since that time in nearly stamping out the disease in almost every civilized country of the world, there would not be any chance for an argument against vaccination.

It is probably admitted by almost everybody that small pox is not a desirable or a pleasant feature of any community. One malignant case of that dread malady is a more effective argument than the words of any physician. Consequently, admitting for the moment that the process of vaccination carries with it a certain hazard, it is still necessary for the opponents of vaccination to prove that there are other means of preventing small pox epidemics. This they have never done. Upon the floor of the Legislature a gentleman from Concord, Mr. Kendall, told of his experience near the Canada line when a terrible epidemic was raging on the Canada side and scarcely a case appeared across the line. Germs and microbes have little respect for a boundary line and it would seem that the compulsory vaccination which New Hampshire had and Canada lacked was the determinant factor. The return of small pox to Colorado and other states after the repeal of the vaccination law would indicate the same thing.

But vaccination at the present time could scarcely be called a hazardous operation. Almost every instance of blood poison and other ill effects which was presented before the Health Committee occurred from fifteen to twenty-five years ago when surgical science lacked the thorough practice of sterilization which characterizes it to-day. The

oft quoted case of small pox in the Philippine Islands, small pox which was said to have occurred under a thorough system of compulsory vaccination, actually occurred at a period when the American authorities had entrusted these measures to native officers and doctors. The task was poorly executed by the natives, a terrible epidemic broke out, and the American government was obliged to take over the duties of health preservation once more. The epidemics were immediately suppressed, which is ample proof of the fact that vaccination was the only safe precaution.

I am loath to have the efforts of our State Board of Health, who have worked hard and long for the interest, welfare and health of the people of our state, who have advised and framed such laws as seemed best for us for that purpose, set aside. Nor do I wish to see the disease that has for so long a time been kept down be allowed to spread again as it did in the middle ages. Some of the uninformed ask why we do not vaccinate everyone instead of taking the innocent little school child. The answer is very simple. This would be done if an epidemic should start, but we are trying to get everyone protected when there is no epidemic, and as every child is supposed to attend school it is thought best to have it attended to at the beginning of school life. If the law is obeyed and all children vaccinated they are immune for life. If that course is kept up it is obvious that we soon shall all be protected. I fail to see why I should leave the trail that my medical forefathers have blazed, that has proved to be of such wonderful benefit to the human race, and wander off upon some untried path, and so I refused to vote for the bill.

Why I Oppose Compulsory Vaccination

By Arthur B. Green

"The man had become so learned that he refused to learn."

IF a physician is engaged in private practice, his patients come to him of their own free will expecting to receive and pay for his careful advice and treatment. Under the conditions of private practice, therefore, there is little need for public discussion of what the patient may seek, or the physician may give. On the other hand, if the physician joins with others in large numbers of his own particular school and urges a uniform measure for adoption by the public, which embraces patients of all schools, then the matter assumes public importance and should be discussed publicly. This is the case with vaccination.

If, then, this practice is to receive undivided public support, there is a tremendous burden of proof thrown upon those who advocate it, and this proof must not rest on medical technicality, but it must be perfectly plain to every intelligent person. Unfortunately the practice of vaccination has got its support from physicians of a single definite school of thought and from such laymen as have not investigated the matter from any other point of view than that of the physicians of this one school. They have sought to show by means of statistics that vaccination prevents small-pox; that vaccination is not harmful; and that vaccination is the only way in which to eliminate small-pox in epidemic form. They have, however, omitted to show the one point necessary to establish their case beyond any shadow of a doubt, and that is, they have not been able to advance a single instance in which the population of a territory subject to regular vaccination has developed a diminished general death rate.

But inadequacy is not the only charge to be brought against the small-pox sta-

tistics which are quoted in support of vaccination. The figures themselves have been highly colored to say the least; have been usually selected by medical authorities whose mission in life they conceive to be to advance the theories of their own particular school, and almost never by laymen. It was found in England not long ago that when the office of caring for vital statistics was taken from a physician and placed by law in the hands of a layman there gradually developed some surprising changes in the causes which were set down for death. It was not longer possible to record a death from measles in an unvaccinated person as being due to small-pox, or a death from small pox in a vaccinated person as being due to measles.

Small-pox figures were badly garbled in another instance when the advocates of vaccination pointed to the fact that in the Franco-Prussian War the German soldiers were well vaccinated, and the French were not, and that there was a widespread epidemic of small pox among the French soldiers, while the German soldiers were practically free from the disease. The fact of the matter was that the statistics in the first place had not been accurately kept at least on the French side, and that when the facts which were available were finally sifted out carefully, it appeared that the statement was true—but the French soldiers contracted their small-pox after being made prisoners in German camps, while active French soldiers on the fighting front were practically free from that disease.

Perhaps the one area of the earth's surface in which the last twenty years have seen the most rigid enforcement of compulsory vaccination is the area of the Philippine Islands under the jurisdiction of the United States Government. Periodic and regular vaccination of the populace was begun there in 1905, and up to recently strong claims have been made as to the absence of small-pox in this tropical country. Most rigid was the enforcement of vaccination in Manila. In some other parts of the Islands, particularly in the part known as Mindanao, the religious beliefs of the people led them to resist the in-roads of the vaccinating physicians. In the year 1918 the Philippine Health Service was obliged to report the most serious epidemic of small-pox in the history of the Islands. Not only was the epidemic severe and widespread, but the percentage of deaths among those who took the disease was amazingly high. The peculiar fact to be noted is that the percentage of mortality, that is, the ratio of deaths to cases was 65.3% in Manila, the best vaccinated region, and 11.4% in Mindanao, the least vaccinated region.

Unfortunately, however, the health authorities failing to learn a lesson from this harrowing experience determined to vaccinate even more thoroughly, and forced their practice upon the territory which had formerly resisted it. As a result the epidemic instead of being stamped out spread to the districts in which it had been slightest.

I said at the outset that it was not enough to stamp out small-pox, but the general death rate must be decreased. We have seen that vaccination does not stamp out small-pox, and here is an indication from the report of General Leonard Wood in 1921 that vaccination in the Philippines actually had the effect of setting up if not small-pox itself, then certainly a great number of other maladies of an acute and serious nature. He says, "There has been a steady increase in recent years in preventable diseases, especially typhoid, malaria, beriberi and tuberculosis."

I also said at the outset that the physicians who urge vaccination upon us have tried to show that vaccination is the only way in which to prevent small-pox. I have shown that it has not prevented small-pox and that it has set up most terrible and serious consequences in its

own account. I would add that physicians who offer vaccination as the only preventive ignore part of their own field of knowledge. The pure homeopathists practice a preventive against small-pox which is administered internally, which has no harmful effects, which is not given wholesale in the same way to every body, but is given in a way to account for the differences between persons and the differences between the forms in which small-pox occurs in fact. Instead of giving a single remedy for all cases, the pure homeopathists have a whole list of remedies from which to select in the given case. Consequently, the patient may have the benefit of a careful study of the particular kind of epidemic small-pox against which he is to be protected. This method has gained recognition in one of our progressive states.

It is an amusing experience and illustrative of the type of mind which backs up a compulsory medical outrage that one of these pure homeopathists in a state which did not recognize his method of protection made it a practice to immunize the children of his patients internally as I have described. Then after a period to send them to a brother physician of the other school for the regular vaccination, by the injection of virus into the blood. After a period of some five years this neighboring allopathic physician awoke to the fact that none of the vaccinations made on children coming to him from the homeopathist had been successful. Instead of seeking out his homeopathic brother for an explanation, he simply refused to vaccinate any more children that came from his office. The man had become so learned that he refused to learn.

HOW ONE COMMUNITY TURNED THE TIDE

By Earl P. Robinson, County Agent Leader

SOME places they are talking about quitting farming and moving to the city. But over in Epsom they say that the carpenters are all rushed with work and have more jobs scheduled with farmers than they can do in weeks. And furthermore, the writer did not hear the doctrine of reduced production advanced. He did learn that many were increasing their enterprises. In fact the activity of carpenters is in considerable part due to the expansion of business on poultry farms, and in lesser degree to the setting up of new poultry establishments. Since there are so many communities in Northern New England where a decreasing population, a decreasing number of farms in operation and a reduced acreage of crops and number of livestock indicate communities hastening on to dissolution, it seems the part of wisdom for all public spirited citizens to study communities that seem most successful in stemming the tide and swinging back toward vigorous and healthy development. Epsom is such a community. Once a thriving dairy town with milk shipped out to Manchester and Boston, it later experienced hardship, discouragement and defeat.

Then something happened. They gave up dairying for poultry.

The story of the beginnings appears to be about like this. Mr. S. W. Bickford, becoming dissatisfied with the unsettled condition of and small returns from dairying about fifteen years ago, began to look around for a more remunerative type of agriculture, and noticed Mr. A. N. Peaslee of South Pittsfield, who had been in the poultry business for years and appeared to be very successful. Mr. Peaslee was helpful in his advice and encouragement with the result that Mr. Bickford got a good start with poultry more than a dozen years ago, and has progressed rapidly since then.

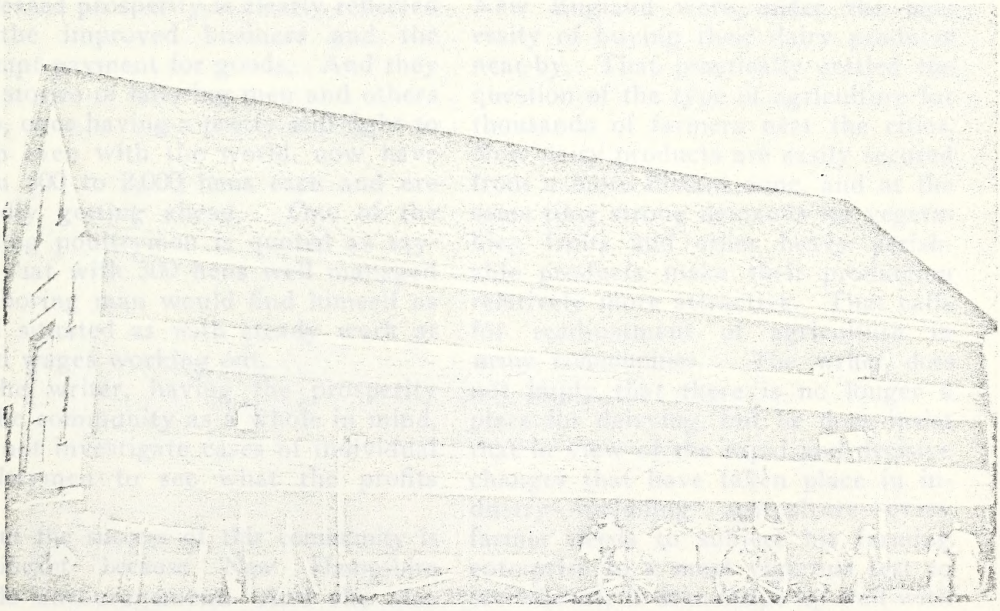
Mr. Bickford states that the introduction of the coal burning brooder stoves had considerable to do with his expansion of the business. This new apparatus enables a man to take care of much larger flocks of chicks than does the old style of brooder with lamps. Another man who was a pioneer in the business in Epsom was Mr. W. C. Burnham.

Another thing that has been of great importance in the development of the industry is the fact that Senator Walter Tripp of Short Falls, for years a merchant in the community, watching the developments taking place, noted with deep concern that there was less and less milk being shipped out each year. Realizing that a decreased output from the town meant a decreased income and consequent hardship and perhaps failure in the end, his voice was soon upraised in encouragement of the poultry enterprises that were starting in a small way. Mr. W. C. Pickard, employed in Mr. Tripp's store, was also spreading the gospel of poultry raising, with good success. There undoubtedly were others in the community pointing the way toward a happier economic situation.

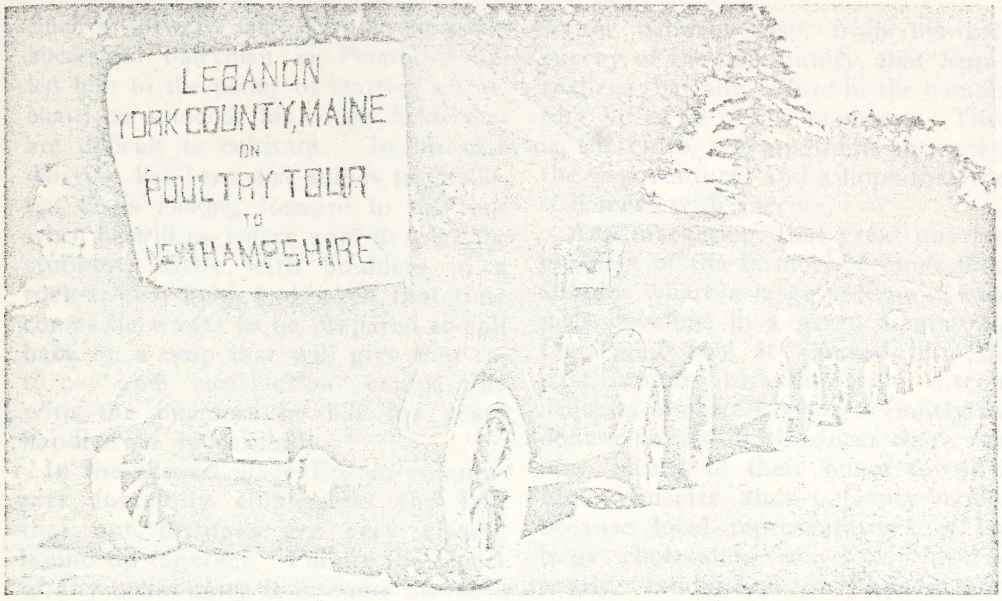
These men were among the first to recognize that Epsom was not holding its own with the old type of agriculture, and with considerable courage and initiative they launched into something that from the evidence looked more profitable. And subsequent developments seem to have proved the wisdom of their choice.

Today Epsom is known far and wide as a poultry center. The assessors' figures give it the largest number of hens of any town in New Hampshire. In January, 1923, one thousand and eighty-five cases of eggs were shipped from the two railroad stations of the town, bringing in close to $30,000.00. The buyers of baby chicks from many states come to Epsom, and even New York City commission men accorded it distinction by establishing buyers at its two shipping points, Epsom Depot and Short Falls.

Within the past six years, Professor



A Barn Transformed to a Poultry House



Maine Poultrymen Visit Epsom

A. W. Richardson of the State University, with his sound advice, infectious enthusiasm and substantial help in improving methods and meeting the problems of the business, has rendered a splendid service.

The store-keepers report that the increased prosperity is clearly reflected in the improved business and the prompt payment for goods. And they tell stories of laboring men and others who, once having a pretty stiff fight to keep even with the world, now have from 500 to 2,000 hens each and are rapidly getting ahead. One of the leading poultrymen is quoted as saying that with 300 hens well managed a laboring man would find himself as well situated as with steady work at good wages working out.

The writer, having the prosperity of the community as a whole in mind, did not investigate cases of individual poultrymen to see what the profits are.

But the success of this community is significant because New Hampshire needs encouragement. And she also needs examples. What do we get from the success of Epsom that will turn other towns from their drift toward failure, right-about-face toward permanent success?

In the first place many communities will have to make radical changes to adapt themselves to changed conditions. Once the cities of Southern New England were under the necessity of buying their dairy products near-by. That practically settled the question of the type of agriculture for thousands of farmers near the cities. Now dairy products are easily secured from a more distant zone, and at the same time strong demands for vegetables, fruits and other heavy perishable products make their production relatively more attractive. That calls for readjustment of agriculture in many communities. The writer does not imply that there is no longer a place for dairying, but he does insist that in view of the rapid and decisive changes that have taken place in industry—including agriculture—every farmer needs to subject his farming enterprise to a most vigorous test to see whether it does shape up well with the new conditions. Try to see where one is likely to arrive in twenty years.



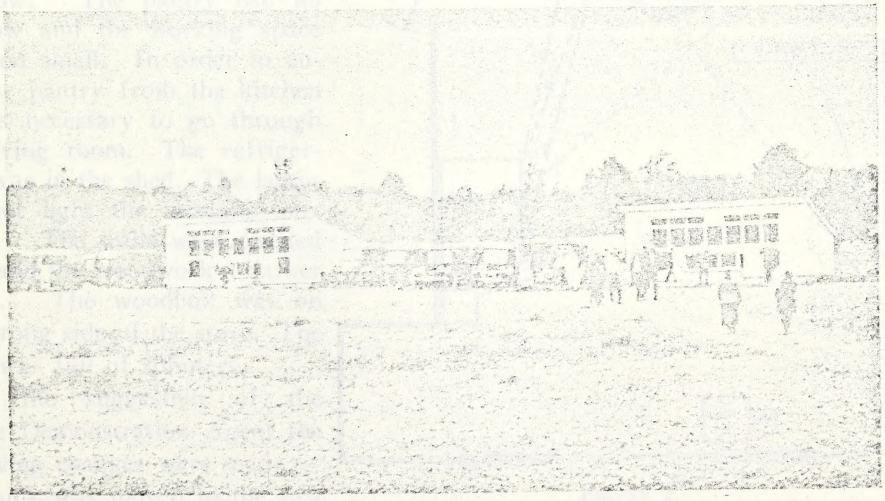
Such a forward view by a prominently successful dairyman in Peterboro has led him to the policy of starting an orchard on some of his rough fields that are difficult to cultivate. In his case dairying has been and still is profitable, but he is looking forward to the time when he will no longer want to wage the stubborn battle with boulders in a rock-strewn field, and when that time comes he wants to be prepared to fall back on a crop that will give him returns and satisfaction comparable with the business he has for years handled so successfully.

In the second place Epsom community forcefully emphasizes the fact that our fortunes are very closely bound up together. Failure for a part of any community is in some measure failure for all. And success for many also betters the fortunes of all.

Take the matter of production. There is no place so favorable for a beginner to start as in Epsom or some other community where there are many successful poultrymen. He can get his stock easier, can watch the methods employed and learn from the failures as well as the successes. In such communities new discoveries and better methods make their first appearance, and there also warnings of danger are first sounded. The writer believes also, from his brief survey of the community, that Epsom realizes that any failure in the community hurts all of the members. There is, therefore, a sympathetic interest in the new ventures and a hope that they will meet with success.

And marketing, that great unsolved problem of the farmer, becomes much simpler where a large volume of business develops in a given community. One man said it amused him this past summer to witness the discomfiture of hucksters who previously had done a flourishing business there, who now return to their home towns in Massachusetts almost empty-handed, because local representatives of two large wholesalers from New York, recently established in Epsom and Short Falls, have put the market above what it had been. There are rumors that these firms plan to establish a service of carload shipments of poultry. That means reduction of handling and shipping costs, which will at least in some measure benefit the poultry raiser.

It appears, therefore, that Epsom has prospered. That should encourage every community in the state and should suggest the means of turning the tide where it is now flowing in the wrong direction.



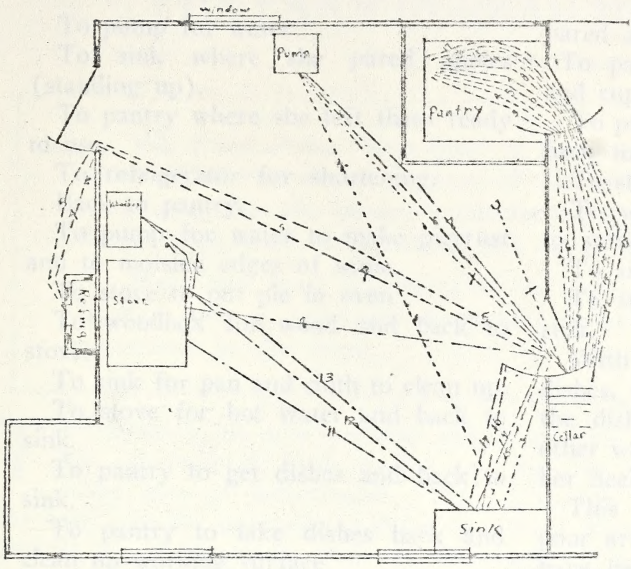


FIGURE 1.

The Home Demonstration Agents of the Extension Service of New Hampshire have waged quite successfully this year a campaign for better arranged kitchens. The drawings below are of a real kitchen in New Hampshire—one showing the old arrangement and the other the new.

In the first, these inconveniences were found:—The pump was on the east side, and the sink on the west side. The handle of the pump was on the left side (and the woman was right-handed). The sink was too low. The pantry had no window and the working space was too small. In order to enter the pantry from the kitchen it was necessary to go through the living room. The refrigerator was in the shed. The lamps did not light the working surfaces. The walls were painted gray and the woodwork a darker shade. The woodbox was on the wrong side of the stove. The floor was full of splinters.

At the suggestion of the Home Demonstration Agent the following changes were made:—The sink was moved to the east side near the pump, and it was raised to the proper height. The handle of the pump was changed to the right side. A window was put in the pantry above the working surface, and a door opened into the kitchen. A closed cupboard in the pantry was made for the dishes. The refrigerator was set in the pantry. Reflectors were placed on the lamps. The woodbox was put on the other side of the stove. Linoleum solved the floor problem, and a new coat of tan paint made the kitchen a more cheerful place to work. A comfortable chair, and a small table with a magazine or two on it will help the woman to take advantage of a few minutes' rest between duties.

Consider making a pie in these two kitchens. The steps involved are traced in the two diagrams, starting in each case from the circle and along line 1.

Formerly the woman had to make the following journey, shown in Figure 1.

To cellar for apples.

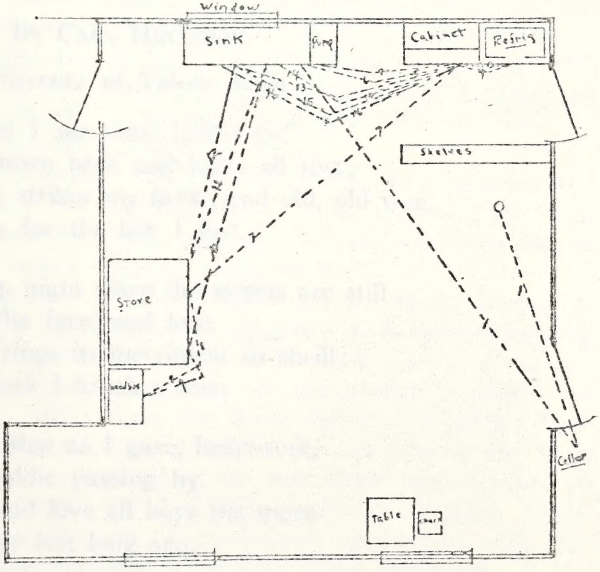


FIGURE 2.



To pump for water.

To sink where she pared apples (standing up).

To pantry where she left them ready to use.

To refrigerator for shortening.

Back to pantry.

To pump for water to make piecrust and to moisten edges of same.

To stove to put pie in oven.

To woodbox for wood and back to stove.

To sink for pan and cloth to clean up.

To stove for hot water and back to sink.

To pantry to get dishes and back to sink.

To pantry to take dishes back and clean up working surface.

Back to sink to put away cloth and pan.

Now she only has to make the following steps, shown in Figure 2:

To cellar for apples.

To sink where she got water and pared apples (sitting on high stool).

To pantry where refrigerator, cabinet and cupboard are all in one area.

To pump for water to make crust and back to cabinet.

To stove to put pie in oven.

To woodbox to get wood, and back to stove

To sink for pan and cloth.

To stove for hot water and back to sink.

With a few steps she washed the dishes, cleaned up the cabinet, and put the dishes, pan, and cloth away. In other words, she "used her head to save her heels."

This is not an exaggerated case of poor arrangement, for many such cases have been found this year. A woman needs but to give some intelligent thought to equipment and its arrangement in order to take the "drudge out of drudgery." In other words she should "use her head and save her heels."

THE LOST BOY

By Carl Holliday

University of Toledo, Ohio

Along the street I see some laddie go,
With cap thrown back and locks all tost;
The quick pang strikes my heart, and old, old woe
That hungers for the boy I lost.

And in the deep night when the streets are still
I see again the face, and hear
The voice that rings its merriment so shrill;
And in the dark I brush a tear.

And so I think that as I gaze, heart-sore,
Upon each laddie passing by,
I see my boy, and love all boys the more
Because of one lost long ago.

THE FARM BUREAU MOVEMENT

By H. Styles Bridges

We know of the "farm bloc" in Congress. We have seen the upheaval of the wheat farmers of the middle west. We have even heard that the farmer is demanding that moving picture producers shall cease to represent him as a "hick."

Here you have the story of the growth of the N.H. Farm Bureau, one of the most important factors in the Agricultural movement in this state.

THE farmer's job as a producer and his environment have tended to make him an individualist. This has been true for generations, more especially so in the early days of this country. The farmer was practically self-sufficient, raising his own food and making his own clothing. As the country developed, great centers of industry grew and gradually but surely the farmer became more dependent upon the town. The centralization of the various industries into great and strong corporations meant that the individual farmers must deal with powerful units with which they were not fitted to cope. Time after time big business has had the upper hand in their dealings with the farmer. On all big questions, industry and various forms of business has been always represented. Capital and Labor have organized and their voice is heard on all questions concerning the general public or themselves, but in the past the voice of agriculture has either been silent or has been so weak as to be only faintly heard. The farmer has sensed the situation and a desire for organization has crept into being. He is attempting to meet the conditions brought about by consolidation in other lines of business by co-operation with his fellow producers in an organized way.

During the past few decades, many movements have stirred in the breasts of the farmers of this state and Nation, but none have had more significance than the great Farm Bureau movement. This has seen its tenth anniversary in New Hampshire during the past summer. The Farm Bureau is outstanding in the fact that it is one of the few great organizations that have been built from the bottom up rather than from the top down. The root of this organization lies in the rural communities. The communities function with a community program. The communities in turn are united in county units which are in turn united in State Federations that deal with problems of a state-wide nature which are in turn united in the American Farm Bureau Federation, the voice and champion of American Agriculture. Any organization built from the bottom up is on a firm foundation and with this stable beginning the Farm Bureau has been making steady progress since its birth.

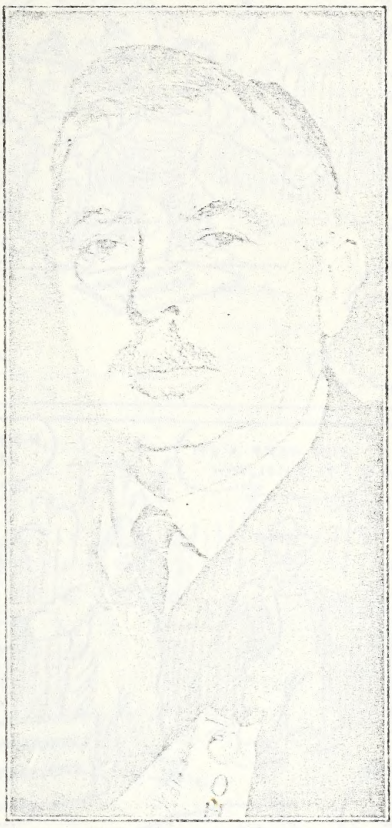
The Farm Bureau is a non-political organization. An organization that takes the place of no other, but fits in a place all by itself.

The mission of the Farm Bureau is to render service. It is not an uprising of outraged farmers, nor is it an organization to accumulate strength to fight the other fellow. It simply renders service to the agriculture, that basic industry of this State and Nation on which all other industries depend. Without a prosperous agriculture other industries cannot enjoy prosperity, so the

Farm Bureau not only is a service organization to agriculture, but to the whole Nation.

The first Farm Bureau in New Hampshire was organized in 1913 in Sullivan County, and the second in 1914 in Cheshire County. Belknap, Coos, and Merrimack in 1915. Grafton, Rockingham, and Hillsborough in 1916, and Strafford and Carroll in 1917.

The County Farm Bureau is primarily an organization through which Extension work in Agriculture and Home Economics is done. The problem of an adequate food supply at fair prices is one of the biggest if not the biggest before the country. The farms are the source of the country's food supply and this source therefore must be protected and developed to meet the increasing needs of the Nation. The county Farm Bureaus through their Agricultural Extension work are on the job at all times in helping solve the farmer's problems of production. Farming as a business differs from other lines of business in that the home is an essential part of the enterprise and therefore the county Farm Bureaus through their Extension work in Home Economics are playing a very important part in the upkeep of the rural home.



O. F. Bradfute, President American Farm Bureau Federation

The boys and girls of to-day will be the citizens of tomorrow. So with this in mind, the County Farm Bureaus are promoting boys' and girls' club work. In this work lies one of the brightest hopes of a future for New Hampshire.

The New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation saw its birth in December, 1916. The State Farm Bureau Ferertion acts as the mouth-piece of the farmers of the State on all matters concerning agriculture. The American Farm Bureau Federation was organized in the winter of 1919-20 and with its organization the farmers from New Hampshire to California were bound together in an organization that was national in character as well as name. The American Farm Bureau Federation is the national spokesman for the farmer. When President Calvin Coolidge wants to know the real agricultural situation and learn the desires of agriculture, he calls in Gray Silver, the Washington representative of the Farm Bureau.

One of the things often asked regarding the Farm Bureau, is what line of Farm Bureau work are public funds devoted to? This can be easily answered as every cent of public money used by the Farm Bureau is for Extension work or educational work and open to all citizens. The funds from memberships are used in supporting county, State and National organizations, and in most cases many thousands of membership funds are contributed annually to support Extension work.

One of the main reasons for the utmost confidence of the farmers in the Farm Bureau is the fact that from its start it has had the leading men of the

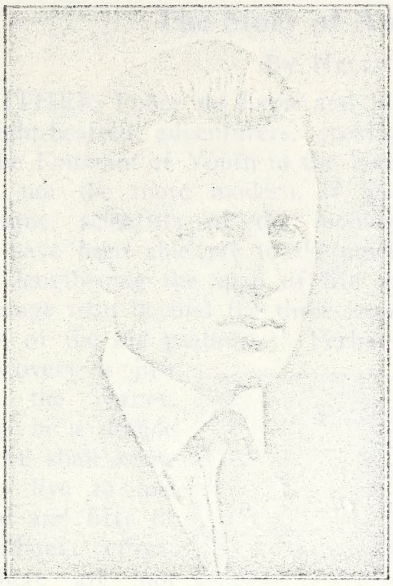


community, county, state and Nation for its leaders. Real men, the best the country produces and New Hampshire produces some good men.

The first president of the State Federation in New Hampshire was Roy D. Hunter of Claremont. Mr. Hunter is a successful farmer and an outstanding man in the State. The present head of the State Federation, and a man interested in the movement from the start, is George M. Putnam, one of New Hampshire's leading farmers and citizens, a man who for years has been connected with most of the agricultural enterprises of the State, and a successful dairy farmer, owning one of New England's finest herds of purebred Jerseys. The present officers and Executive Committee of the State Federation are all successful farmers, and are among the state's leading citizens They are Herbert N. Sawyer, Atkinson; Fannie B. White, Claremont; S. A. Lovejoy, Milford; H. S. Smith, Monroe; J. C. Avery, Wolfboro; Arthur P. Read, Winchester; Earl P. Robinson, Durham, County Agent Leader, member ex-officio; and Mrs. Abbie C. Sargent, Bedford is chairman of



WHAT ORGANIZATION DOES



H. Styles Bridges
Sec'y N. H. Farm Bureau Federation

the women's work for the State.

The first, as well as the present, paid secretary of the State Farm Bureau Federation, is the writer of this article.

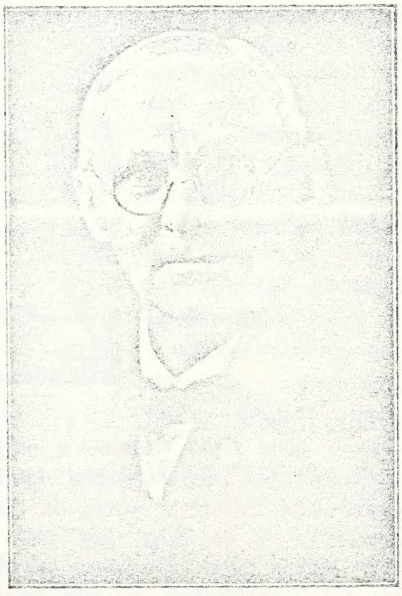
The first president of the American Farm Bureau Federation was James Howard of Iowa, one of the outstanding men of America, and one of the best farmers in Iowa. It has often been said it was just as providential that "Jim" Howard was chosen the first president of the American Farm Bureau Federation as it was that George Washington was chosen the first president of the United States.

Gray Silver, the Washington representative of the American Farm Bureau is a successful West Virginia farmer. A man who has won the respect of all men because since assuming the reins of the legislative department of the Farm Bureau he has championed the cause of our farmers and does not allow partisan prejudice to interfere.

John Coverdale, former county agent leader at the Iowa State College, served as the first secretary of the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation, and has been secretary of the American Farm Bureau Federation since its origin.

Oscar E. Bradfute, of Ohio, is the present head of the American Farm Bureau Federation. Mr. Bradfute is one of the Nation's best known farmers, owning and operating a large farm in his home state where he has one of the finest herds of Aberdeen Angus in the West.

The Farm Bureau in a few words is the service organization of the farmers of this country. It was founded by men of vision. Its activities include every known phase and element of American agriculture. It has no prejudices, no animosities, no race or color lines, political debts or affiliations, no destructive tendencies, no grudges to work off, and it asks for no special privileges. It does not believe that agriculture should rule the world, but it does believe that the farmers of this country have a definite responsibility in the conducting of public affairs and should receive equal consideration with other industries. The Farm Bureau is not a fad, not a whim, not a luxury, but a necessity to the farmers of the State and Nation.



George M. Putnam
Pres. N. H. Farm Bureau Federation

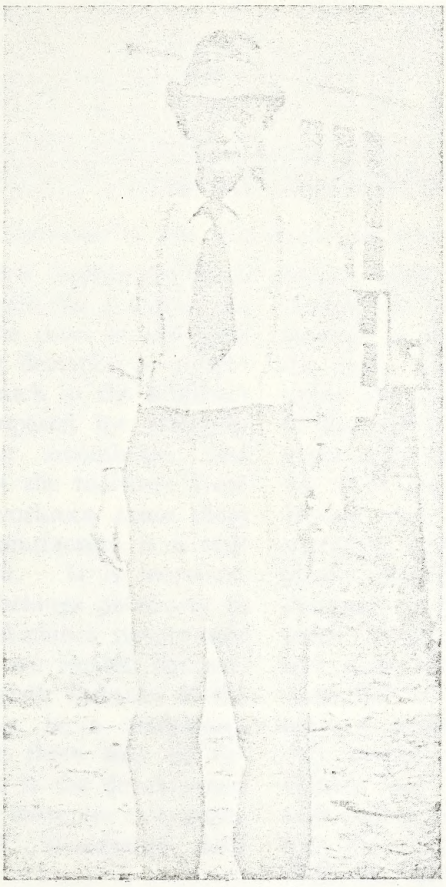


MAKING NEEDLES AT HILL

The Story of An Indomitable Spirit

By Helen F. McMillin

NEITHER Ponce de Leon and his light-hearted adventurers, seeking the Fountain of Youth in the New World, nor the more modern, if less picturesque, scientists of the monkey glands have been able yet to do much toward lengthening the span of life of the average man beyond the three-score and ten of the old psalmist. Perhaps the discovery is just around the corner. Perhaps in a decade or so we shall know how to live to one hundred and fifty or so without effort. But there are not many men to-day who, having accomplished the traditional span of years and even added to them the ten which are supposed to be "labour and sorrow," feel competent to tackle again the task which fifty years ago enlisted all the powers of their youth. Mr. F. R. Woodward of Hill is doing exactly that, and doing it with the enthusiasm of a boy and the energy of a half dozen younger men.



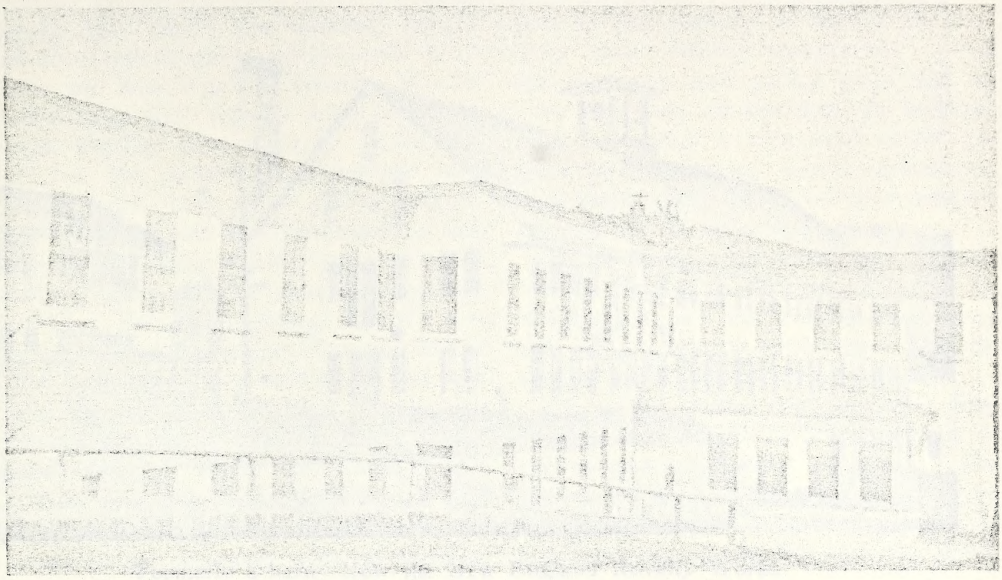
Frank R. Woodward

A little more than fifty years ago, in 1872 to be exact, Mr. Woodward moved his household goods into Hill and began to establish there a needle factory. A few years passed and his interests turned to new enterprises and the factory was sold. This summer the factory, then the property of the George A. Adams Company of Franklin, was offered again for sale. Mr. Woodward bought it and in the months just past has been vigorously working out plans of organization. Water-power development, improved machinery, a system of profit-sharing among the employees: these are some of the factors in Mr. Woodward's plans.

The pessimists shake their heads. It's hard enough, they say to keep a well established needle factory running in these days when the market for knitted goods seems to have slumped astonishingly. To build up a run-down business———— But Mr. Woodward only smiles and goes on working.

"The business has changed a lot in fifty years," he says. "When I used to make needles there was only one automatic process in the whole shop. The workmen did most of the work by hand. Now almost every step is handled by machinery."

The needles which this factory is making are the so-called latch-needles used on machines knitting underwear, stockings, etc. Shaped something like a crochet hook with a tiny metal latch which swings back to allow the hook to grasp a thread and which closes over the hook as it is drawn through the fabric, the latch needle does not seem like a complicated bit of mechanism. But the tiny rivet, not more than a 100th part of an inch long in the

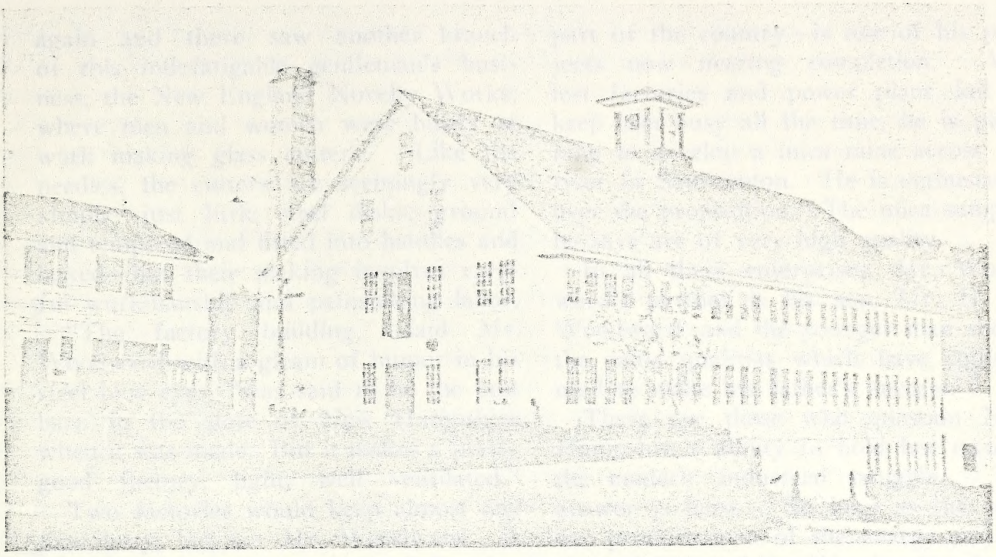


Needle Shop Established by Mr. Woodward and Recently Repurchased by Him.

finished needle, which fastens the latch to the shaft is threaded like a screw; the latch fits against the point of the hook without the slightest deviation or roughness which might catch in the knitting; the needles are tempered for strength, carefully tested for smoothness, and specially treated lest the moisture from the hands of the workmen cause them to rust. Their manufacture is a task for skilled workmen. It is moreover an industry which belongs peculiarly to New Hampshire. Within a twenty-mile radius of Franklin are located the majority of the latch needle factories of the world. There may be a temporary slowing of demand, there may be occasional rough spots in the development of the business, but these are only passing phases, as Mr. Woodward well realizes.

In the years which have intervened between Mr. Woodward's two needle-making enterprises, his activities in Hill have been many and varied. The story is not without its chapters of discouragement.

Climbing the hill behind the needle factory one comes upon a ruined dam. The river, scarcely more than a tiny brook after the summer droughts, threads its way over the stones and through a jagged hole in the wall of the dam. The foundations of the dam under the river bed are intact, the top of the wall is unbroken; it stands like a great arch supported on both sides by the river banks. Some day a spring freshet may tear away the remaining supports, and nature will have completely effaced the work of man's hands designed to harness the force of the water. Once, behind that wall of cement and stone, stretched a sheet of water some half a mile long and thirty feet deep, a power development which not only turned the wheels of the needle factory but supplied other businesses with power and homes with light. And then one stormy night in the spring of 1918, the inhabitants of Hill heard the cry, "The dam has gone out!" heard the rushing of water and saw buildings swept away and trees uprooted in the flood. Part of the novelty factory was torn away, the other part was saved by a concrete building which buttressed the wooden structure. One house was washed away in the line of the flood. Another was cut open.



Formerly a barn—Now the New England Novelty Works

The loss of property was very great.

"Some folks claimed first that it was faulty building," said Mr. Woodward. "They claimed we used too big stones in the construction, but we showed them the specifications for the Roosevelt dam, calling for even bigger stones. There wasn't any fault in the structure. I took too good care in building it, made it according to scientific measurements, and all that."

"What do you think was the cause then?" we asked.

"I guess everybody agrees now that it was the work of spies," said Mr. Woodward. "You see that hole. It has jagged cracks all round it. Looks like a pane of glass when a boy has thrown his ball through it. It wouldn't look like that if some weak part of the dam had given away. And besides we found traces of the dynamiters up there in the woods, fuses, and even some dynamite which hadn't exploded.

"It was just about that time that they arrested a fellow up at Wolfeboro, a spy. He had driven through Hill. He saw the dam. 'Was that the job they did up here?' he said. 'They made a pretty thorough job of it.' Sounded as though he knew something about it, didn't it?

Whatever the cause was, it cost us the profits of a year."



The factory in which Mr. Woodward manufactured Glass Cutters in 1873.

But Mr. Woodward spoke as though the loss of the money and the wiping out of years of hard work was to be regarded as a mere incident in a busy life. We walked down the hill into the village



again and there saw another branch of this indefatigable gentleman's business, the New England Novelty Works, where men and women were busily at work making glass cutters. Like the needles, the cutters are seemingly very simple—just little steel disks, ground and tempered and fitted into handles and boxed—but their making involves careful workmanship and painstaking labor.

"The factory building," said Mr. Woodward with a gleam of humor in his steel blue eyes, "was said to be the best barn in the state of New Hampshire when it was made. But it makes a pretty good factory, light, well ventilated."

Two factories would keep almost any man busy, but not Mr. Woodward. A power plant, equipped with oil burning engines—rather an innovation in this part of the country—is one of his projects now nearing completion. And lest factories and power plant fail to keep him busy all the time, he is planning to develop a mica mine across the river in Sanbornton. He is enthusiastic over the proposition. The mica samples he says are of very high quality.

In all these enterprises, Mr. Woodward's partner is his son, Mr. H. A. Woodward, and the younger man shows the same qualities which have contributed to make his father's success.

There are those who question New Hampshire's ability to hold her own in the modern industrial struggle. The answer is here. So long as the state can produce men of the energy and resourcefulness of the Woodwards, father and son, we need not fear.

A FRACTION OF A SECOND

The Cost of Carelessness

By Philip Dodd

ONE Sunday morning a happy little family started out on an all-day automobile ride. The father had been at work the preceding week, the mother had been occupied at home and the children had been at school. All welcomed the respite from the week's work, as they joyfully rode along the broad, well-kept highway through beautiful New Hampshire.

Monday morning a small headline in the papers announced "Two Fatalities in Auto Collision!" That was all as far as the public was concerned. But in a certain hospital lay an unconscious man unaware that in the same building lay the bodies of his wife and son, and that in the care of the kind nurses his little daughter was softly weeping and calling for "Mother." In a police court nearby a young man was being held on the charge of manslaughter.

All this was due to the fraction of a second's carelessness. Had the two drivers sounded their horns and merely imagined that there was another car around the corner, there would have been just another "close shave" and a decision to be more careful on the next curve. But how many drivers take these precautions? Very few. It is by no more than "luck" that there is not an accident on every half mile of road every ten minutes. One may be the most cautious driver imaginable; there is always the man around the corner who is trying for a "record"——the record that is kept in the annals of the Grim Reaper.

Great Increase in Motor Accidents

ALL over the United States there has been a steadily increasing number of automobile accidents in the last few years. In grade crossing accidents alone, the increase in five years has been 80%, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission in a recent report. And in the United States there were

14,000 deaths in 1922 as compared to 13,700 in 1921, while in 1923, 15,000 deaths have already been reported.

No statistics are available as to the exact number that have occurred in this State in the past summer but, counting minor accidents, it has been estimated at about fifty a week. This includes grade crossing accidents, skidding, colliding, leaving the road on curves and the many results of mechanical defects.

Of course the appalling increase in death and injury from automobile accidents came partly as a result of the remarkable increase in the number of automobiles. In New Hampshire alone we have issued this year 10,696 more licenses than in 1922. Undoubtedly we shall continue to have more automobiles and unless there is a radical change, all statistics point to the conclusion, that we shall also continue to have increasing mortality from motor accidents. What is to be done?

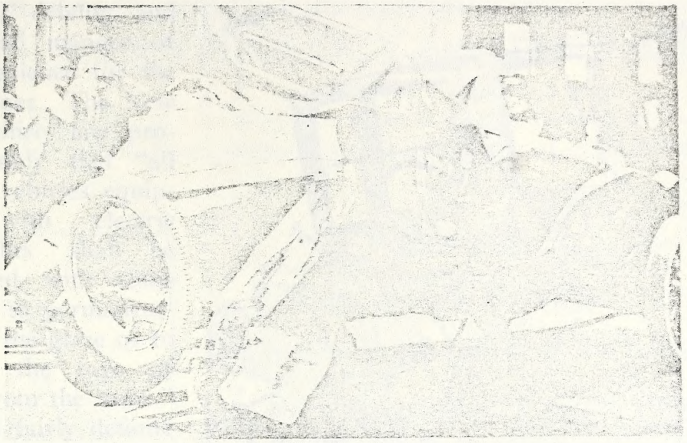
What Our Highway Department is Doing

LET us first consider what has been done. A consultation with Mr. Johnson, engineer in the State Highway Department, showed that this office has done, and is doing, its level best to meet the situation. In the first place, in all their new construction they are making wider and safer roads. The improved State highways are eighteen feet wide with three foot shoulders, making a total width of twenty-four feet of surface suitable for a motor vehicle to travel on. Theoretically, this handles safely any amount of travel. The curves are thoroughly banked to care for those who must speed and to make possible a uniform rate of speed. The rails on either side of the road are painted white so twenty-four hours of the day the course of the road is visibly marked. Then they have taken means to eliminate the grade crossings on the main highways. One is to change the course of the road. At a point where it crosses the railroad twice in a short distance it is straightened, making the highway run parallel to the railroad, thus cutting off both crossings. At places where it is possible, underpasses and overhead bridges are constructed. Where neither of these courses are feasible, gates, signs, or signal lights are placed. Of minor consideration, but still of importance, are the precautions taken during periods of highway construction, or repair. Where the road is unsafe for travel, detours are laid out and other work is marked with signs and lights. When traffic is heavy a watchman is frequently detailed to eliminate a headlong dash into a piece of torn up road, but, nevertheless, many accidents result from this, no matter how well the places are guarded.

Grade Crossing Accidents

GRADE crossing accidents deserve special consideration. In the year 1922 the Interstate Commerce Commission reported 7,193 deaths from this cause alone. New Hampshire's share was small, to be sure, but from the attitude of the Motor Vehicle Department and of the Public Service Commission this fall, it can safely be said that the toll in 1923 has been more than that of last year. The Public Service Commission wants a comprehensive survey of all grade crossings and to have "protection ordered in a logical and systematic manner." As the Boston and Maine Railroad is reported as lacking the necessary financial means to properly accomplish this, the state will probably have this to do.

As has been stated there are several ways to protect crossings. The most common and least feasible is the system of bells, lights or semaphores. The first objection is mechanical. Any electrical device is delicate and those that are installed in the open air are exposed to many climatic conditions that are liable to render them defective when most needed. Consequently a driver cannot always trust these signals and



This One Hurried Over the Crossing.

therefore does not pay them proper attention.

An investigation by the Public Service Commission in September will serve to illustrate this point. It was conducted as a result of frequent complaints on the crossing at Winnisquam Station on the Daniel Webster Highway. This crossing is protected with a semaphore system. In three hours 293 cars passed, out of which 80 travelled at an unslackened pace paying no attention to the crossing, 73 slowed up without looking to see if the track was clear, 45 stopped but did not await the signal and 41 stopped and looked both ways. What can be done with a situation like this? To meet all these conditions, it looks as if the only way to "logically" protect a crossing is to either build bridges, or underpasses, at great expense, or to install gates, or employ watchmen.

Patrolling State Highways

LEGISLATION goes a long way to solve the difficulty. In the White Mountains this summer a State motorcycle policeman patrolled the roads and the knowledge of his being there curbed the recklessness of many out-of-state motorists, who, as a rule, are the worst offenders. But to thoroughly patrol all our highways, successful as it may be, would involve an expense so great as to be practically prohibitive.

The City of Omaha has met the problem in a novel way. This city struck upon the idea of having the careful driver restrain the reckless and indifferent automobilist. A number of prominent citizens were organized by the city government to serve as volunteer police officers without uniforms upon call from the police department for the enforcement of various state and city ordinances. School boys are also pressed into service outside of school hours who report violations of the motor laws to the Secretary of the Civilian's Board, who causes arrests to be made after the third offense. The civilian traffic "cops" are carefully chosen and therefore are able to render great service as speakers as well. Such a plan would be of exceptional merit if followed out in the congested districts of New Hampshire. The Massachusetts Safe Roads Federation has followed a plan similar to some extent in selecting motorists to report flagrant violations of the motor laws, the cases of drunkeness and reckless driving receiving special notice.

Safe Guards

MANY accidents result from dim, or glaring lights at night. In most states the law requires that the lights be focused so that the direct rays of light are no more than waist high at a distance of two hundred feet. Massachusetts has this law and it is rigidly enforced and the Safety Council says that it has gone a long way to make night driving safer. However the Motor Vehicle Commissioner of New Hampshire is not in favor of the law. He states that it does not work in practice as the lenses after being carefully adjusted will invariably rattle loose in the course of

a day's driving and cause all manner of inconvenience for the car owner. The New Hampshire law provides only that "all motor vehicles equipped with electric headlights shall be equipped with some device to permanently dim the glare or to scatter the rays of light from the same." This is fairly definite and if motorists follow it to the letter it ought to prevent accidents resulting from glaring lights.



This One Passed a Car on a Curve.

In some municipal districts of this state the plan of painting a wide white line in the center of the highway has been followed out and it might be well to carry out this plan on all our state highways, curves, blind places and cross-roads, as Massachusetts and Rhode Island have done, and which the Massachusetts Safety Council states has been exceptionally helpful.

France has a unique system of cross-roads protection. All her highways are divided into four classes. National routes, state routes (Routes Department) trunk line roads and local roads. The initial of the class is placed on the stones at the roadside and in matters of right-of-way, the classes have preference in the order named. A similar system in this country might relieve the confusion that certainly exists about our rule that "the vehicle approaching from the right has the right of way." Again and again questions arise over this rule after an accident has occurred.

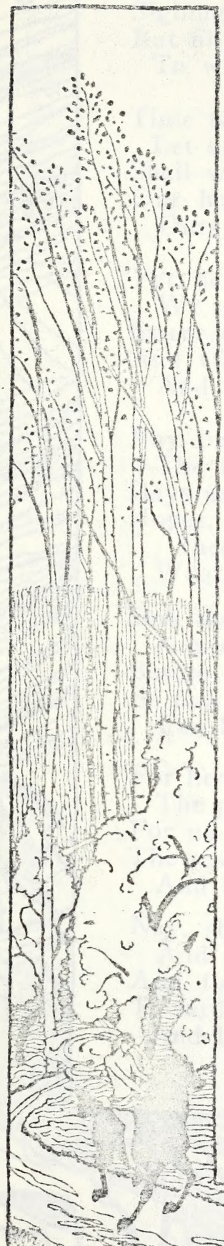
Licenses Must Be Made Stricter

SHOULD the requirements for holding an operator's license be made more strict, the possibility of having poor drivers on the roads would undoubtedly be less. At present the law requires a driving examination and those afflicted with very serious physical infirmities are not allowed to operate motor vehicles. But drinkers, drug addicts, people of poor sight and hearing, unfortunately can often secure licenses. Such drivers are sooner or later sure to be involved in a motor accident. There is indeed a growing sentiment that the rules for issuing and revoking licenses should be more strict. It has even been suggested advisable to have every applicant for a driver's license undergo the army's physical and mental test for a pilot of aviation.

The Man Behind the Wheel

BUT after all is said, it remains with the man behind the wheel. We cannot make our laws and our highways foolproof. Something more must be done to educate our people to some sense of responsibility for the tragic and quite unnecessary toll of death and injury from motor accidents occurring almost every minute of the day. In the last analysis the safety of human life on our highways rests upon the caution and intelligence of the man behind the wheel. The human angle of the problem is, as always the most vital and important aspect.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS
COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON
ILLUSTRATED BY ELIZABETH SHURTLEFF

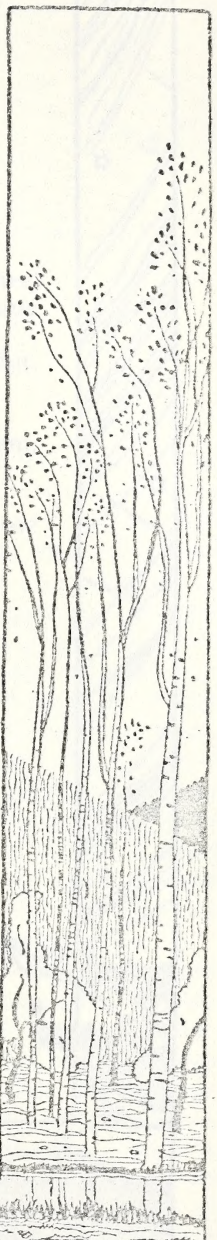


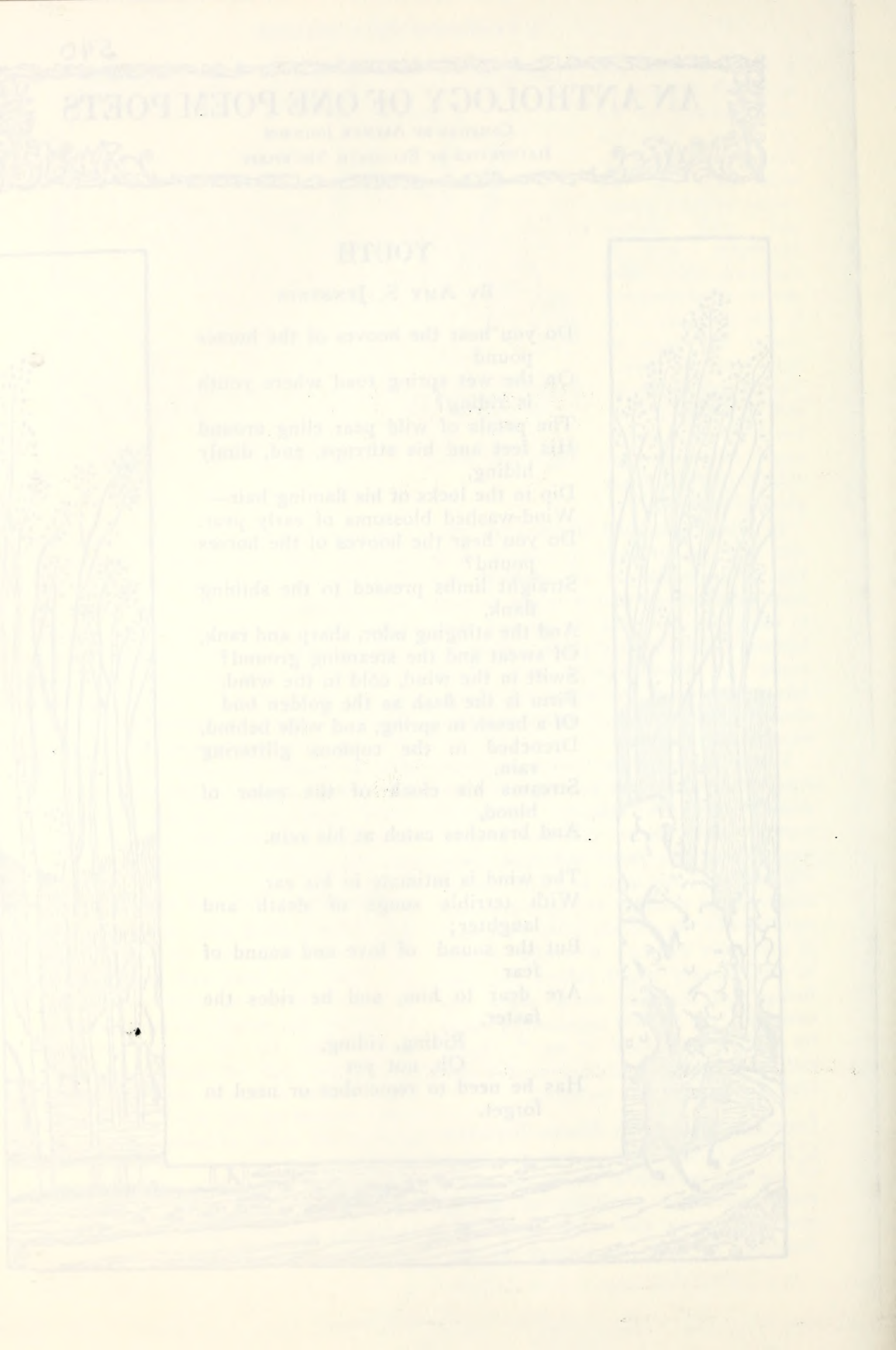
YOUTH

BY AMY S. JENNINGS

Do you hear the hooves of the horses pound
On the wet spring road where youth is riding?
The petals of wild pear cling around
His feet and his stirrups, and, dimly hiding,
Dip in the locks of his flaming hair—
Wind-washed blossoms of early pear.
Do you hear the hooves of the horses pound?
Straight limbs pressed to the shining flank,
And the stinging odor, sharp and rank,
Of sweat and the steaming ground?
Swift in the wind, cold in the wind,
Firm is the flesh as the golden bud
Of a beech in spring, and wide behind,
Drenched in the copious glittering rain,
Streams his cloak of the color of blood,
And branches catch at his rein.

The wind is intimate in his ear
With terrible songs of death and laughter;
But the sound of love and sound of fear
Are dear to him, and he rides the faster.
Riding, riding,
Oh, not yet
Has he need to remember or need to forget.





THE RETURN TO THE SEA

By Frank Lillie Pollock

Let us destroy the dream! She knows not of it.
Let us go back rejoicing to the sea.
Sighing is vain, and laughter shall not profit;
But fill Life's frothing cup again, and quaff it
To wider hopes and greater things to be.

Time turns his tide and turns back our distresses;
Let us return unshaken as we came.
Shall we, the wanderers, mourn for lost caresses?
Our hands are fettered by no cloudy tresses;
Ours are the hearts no starry eyes can tame.

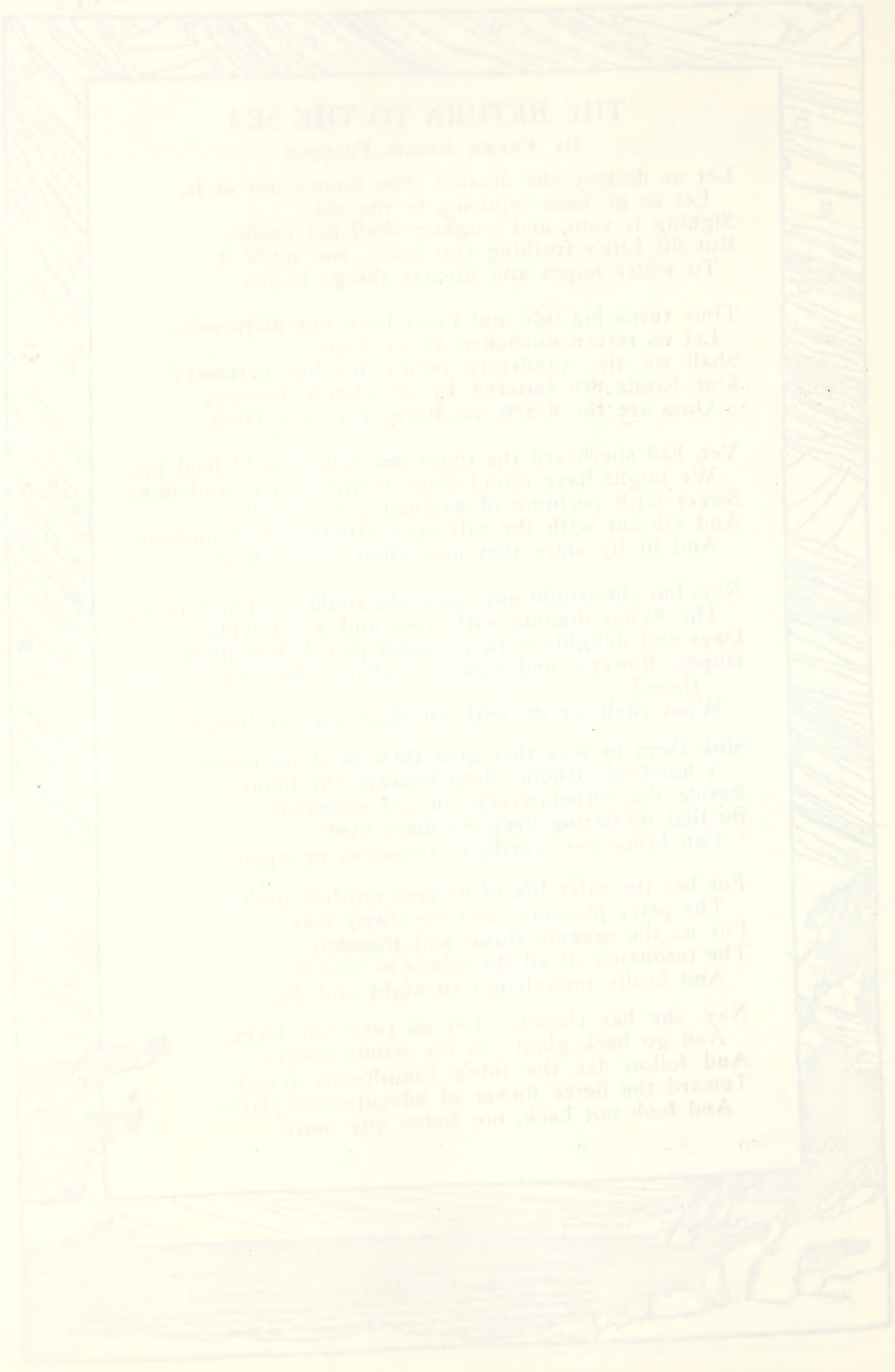
Yet, had she heard the tones our songs could lend her,
We might have found some world of hers and mine
Sweet with perfume of summer roses tender,
And vibrant with the salt sea's strength and splendor,
And lit by stars that now shall never shine.

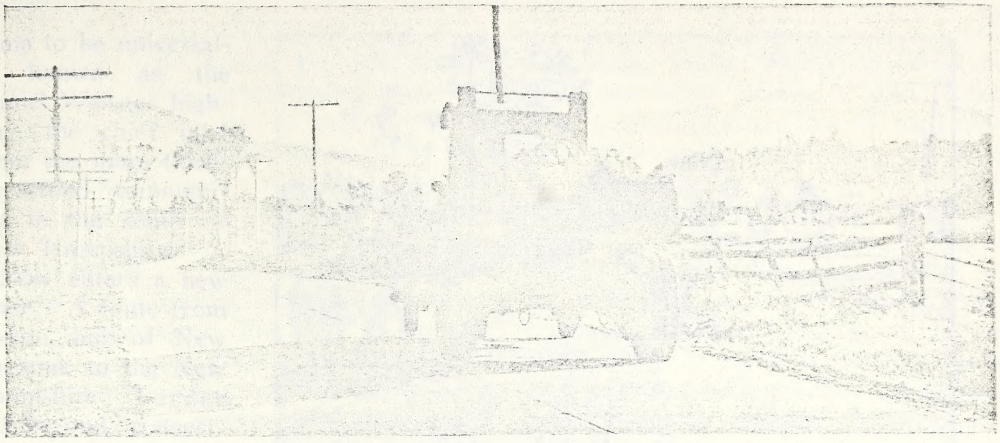
Nay, but she would not—nay, she could not know them,
The flying dreams with vast and vivid wings.
Days and delights with poisoned pain below them,
Hopes, flowers, and fancies,—where shall we bestow them?
What shall we do with all these wasted things?

Sink them in seas that give their dead up never;
A hundred fathoms deep beneath the main;
Beside the rotted wrecks of old endeavor,
So that no daring deep-sea diver ever
Can bring our worthless treasures up again.

For her the safer life of dreams crushed under,
The petty pleasures and the dusty way.
For us the oceanic throb and thunder,
The resonance of all the winds of wonder
And lordly interchange of night and day.

Nay, she has chosen. Let us turn our faces,
And go back gladly to the windy shore;
And follow far the tide's tumultuous traces
Toward the fierce flicker of adventurous places
And look not back, nor listen any more.





THE TOURIST'S DELIGHT—GOOD ROADS, GOOD SCENERY.
The Milan-Berlin Road, with the White Mountains in the distance.
Mt. Washington on the right.

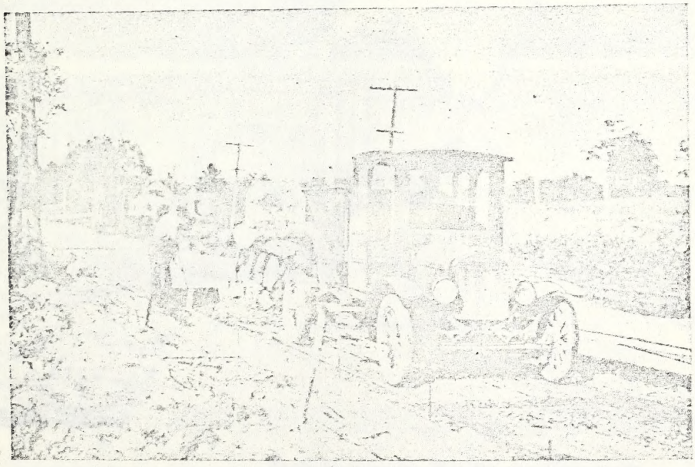
BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

The Londonderry Road

BY JAMES M. LANGLEY

HISTORY tells us of famous "broad highways." New Hampshire itself still bears the marks, in spots, of old thoroughfares.

There are the old Londonderry and Fourth New Hampshire turnpikes, the corduroy road from Shaker Village through desolate Springfield and the notable highway which ran from Portsmouth to Hanover, in a straight line up hills and down valleys, over which the early governors attended Dartmouth College commencement exercises. Every Dartmouth man of to-day, beating back this old road on the trail to Moose Mountain, marvels at the boldness of the pioneer, who apparently thought nothing of the steepest grade and forced his carriage straight for his goal, regardless of such an obstacle as Moose Mountain itself. The student, afoot, makes his way around these White Mountain foothills rather than follow the more arduous and stone wall marked course followed by his forefathers.



Liquid concrete brought from a central mixer by truck.

There are many other roads of bygone days, now obscured by the changes of time and methods of communication, roads that only in part still serve as the broad highways of to-day. Principal among these is the thoroughfare that has

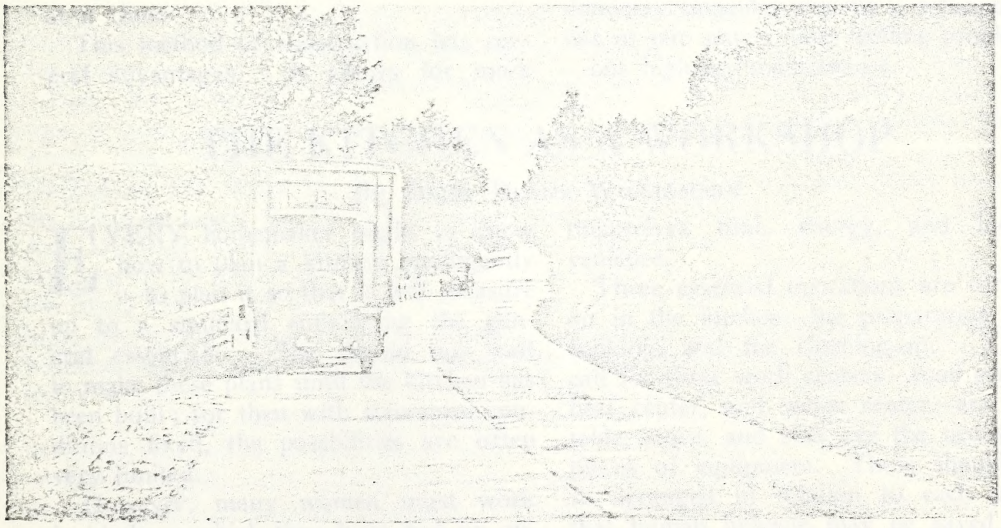
come to be universally known as the Daniel Webster highway, the chief inlet from the more thickly settled communities to the south of New Hampshire.



Reinforcing the Strength of the Road with Ribs of Steel.

Now enters a new phase. A route from Boston, hub of New England, to the New Hampshire border and beyond, connecting with the Daniel Webster highway at Manchester, is being discovered by more and more travellers as the shorter and easier route. Traffic that has naturally followed the course of the Daniel Webster highway is in part coming over this other thoroughfare and there is every indication that presently the two arteries that thus feed into the stem of the fork at Manchester will be equally burdened with traffic. Nashua, on the Daniel Webster route, will serve always to keep traffic heavy thereon but through travellers will gradually increase the already mounting usage of the shorter route.

Londonderry, a town much smaller than its historical importance would indicate, is crossed by this newly discovered thoroughfare. The State Highway Department felt that this route demanded a high grade type of road. As a result Londonderry now has several miles of the sturdiest, smoothest riding concrete roadway of any community in the state. This town is dealing in futures. It believes that the reinforced road it has built, with the assistance of



Two Separate Paths of Concrete
Rockingham Road near Londonderry.

the state and Federal aid, will endure for years. On this particular stretch of highway it anticipates no further trouble. For it was built of the stoutest road material known to man to-day. It has followed government and state specifications and the experts of the New Hampshire highway department have supervised every detail of the construction of its thoroughfare. The road is as near perfect as it is possible to make it.

Drainage and grade problems have worked out according to the best results of the experiments of years in many other communities throughout the land. Much money has been spent but it is felt that an investment has been made that will pay commensurate dividends, not directly but indirectly through the lack of maintenance required to keep its new road in topnotch form.

Winslow & Cummings of Nashua were awarded the contract in August, 1922, for the first stretch of concrete road built in Londonderry. The work of placing the concrete was begun in September of that year and by early December the strip was open to traffic. This year an additional strip has been completed, both being built with a center joint, half the road being finished at a time.

This method of construction has several advantages. It allows for more continuous traffic during construction than any other means. The center joint marks the two sides of road into paths from traffic either way. All slabs are from fifty to sixty feet in length and are reinforced with half inch deformed steel rods to give them "backbone," to render them invulnerable to the weightiest of future heavy truck traffic for which it is designed. The joints are all securely doweled with steel bars that will prevent any vertical movement and thereby eliminate the slightest surface irregularity.

Since the time when the Roman empire constructed its imperishable military highways which have defied the ravages of time and remain as monuments to the truth of the principle that the best is always the cheapest, forward looking men have believed in building for all time. During the administration of one of New Hampshire's recent governors the state was bonded for one million dollars which was expended on our highways. It is claimed by some, although it is doubtless more or less exaggerated, that more of this money has already gone up in dust. Possibly the more expensive type of road construction which has been used on the Londonderry turnpike may be a solution of one of our state's most baffling problems —our highway maintenance.

THE KITCHEN AS A WORKSHOP

By Daisy Deane Williamson

EVERY homemaker ought to know how to plan a kitchen intelligently —to plan it so that it will measure up to a standard embodying the general essentials. She should not wait to make these plans until the kitchen has been built; for then with structural conditions fixed, the possbilities are often very limited.

However, many women must work in kitchens which they have had no opportunity to plan, and must develop the arrangement of equipment so as to save themselves time, energy, and inconvenience.

Three essential operations are carried on in the kitchen—the preparation, the cooking, and the cleaning-up. These call for three work centers—food center, heat center, and water center—and the table, stove, and sink are the necessary pieces of equipment. These should be so arranged in relation to each other that human mileage may be saved and only a minimum amount of energy expended.

ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF WHITTIER

By Lillian M. Ainsworth

Prologue

INTO the heart of a gentle Poet a fair and delicate Maid one day sang her way. Her personality held winning sweetness, her mind a wonderful intellectual power, her life was of unsullied purity.

Fair and fragile as the flowers she loved, this child of Heaven came among the earth-born men and women, wearying with earth's sordidness, to bring to them a bit of the melody to which her soul vibrated.

A century has completed its cycle since the feet of the Maid sought the hard paths of earth, paths that were early abandoned for the heavenly abiding place. Yet, as the Maid journeyed she sang, and the clear cadence of her song vibrated to an answering note in the soul of the poet.

But the Poet was a man, and while his soul thrilled at the notes in the song, in his heart he loved the Maid who sang. And although poets have understanding hearts, he knew not, as yet, what the Maid knew, that her place was not here, but in the Other Country, where his feet could not enter for many, many years.

But the Poet dreamed his dreams of happiness, as men and poets will, while the angels were tuning the harp of the Maid for Heaven's melodies.

One day the Maid heard the voice of the Poet calling and asking her the eternal question of a man to a maid. The clear eyes of the poet searched in the eyes of the Maid for his answer, but her gaze was already fixed on the sunlit tops of the Far Country.

For a brief moment the heart of the Poet failed him and his song held a discordant strain. But it was because, being a man as well as a poet, he could not fully understand. And when, a little later, the Maid went singing her way to the Place of Peace the Poet's soul vibrated to the celestial music and his song rang true, with never a false note.

An English writer is quoted by one of Whittier's biographers as saying, "If Whittier, who is unmarried, ever had a love story, he has not sung about it in the ears of the world."

Not with a prying curiosity that would lay bare to a coldly inquisitive world the tender and sacred emotions of the dead poet's heart, or rudely unearth that which he chose to keep locked in the recesses of his memory, is the following brief chapter in Whittier's life revived.

Students of Whittier's biography are cognizant of the fact that a rumor was extant at one time to the effect that the poet was engaged to be married. If an unkind fate shattered his hope of union with one who would have proved an inspiration to his highest endeavor, whose soul would have blended with his in the true unison of perfect mating and brought to

Do you believe in "treating 'em rough?" Evidently Whittier did, but at the same time the gentle poet was too tender hearted to be a "cave man."

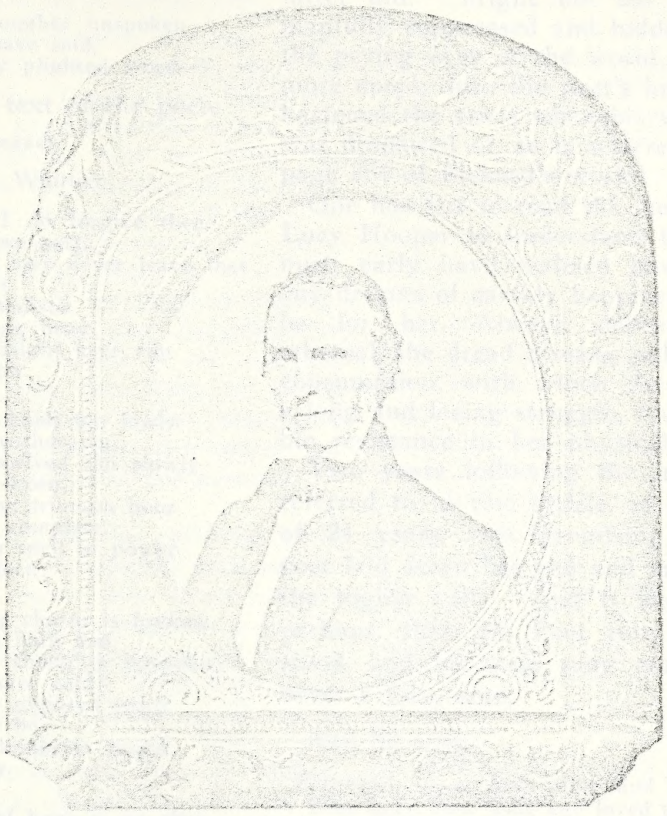
"I know that I have knelt too lowly
For smiles so oft withdrawn
That trusting love received too slowly
The lesson of thy scorn."

Mrs. Ainsworth has given a beautiful revelation of a hidden chapter in the life of Whittier.

If you love real romance read it.

him the completeness which one who journeys life's pathway alone can never know, will we not, comprehending it, love him just a little better, a little differently, a little more sympathetically? Will we not reverence a little more deeply one who, burying his early sorrow, could lean so trustingly down through the years on the "Eternal Goodness," and sing with such simple faith as "Beside the Silent Sea" he waited the "muffled oar,"

"And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!"



John Greenleaf Whittier

Photo Heretofore Unpublished

In Pickard's Life of Whittier, Vol. 1, pp 244-5, is found the following:

"On the 14th of March, 1839, Miss Minot wrote to her friend, Elizabeth Whittier, of an interesting rumor, which had, however, no foundation in fact:—

"'We have just heard of your brother's engagement. * * * I congratulate you with all my heart. She came to me in my dreams last night, and so charming a creature I never saw, or before imagined. I passed a few hours in her society, and I loved her as though she had been the most cherished friend of years * * * We hear that she is from Brooklyn and that she is not a Quakeress.'" Mr. Pickard in a foot note states, "This reference is probably to Lucy Hooper."

The letter by Miss Minot quoted above was written in March, 1839. In the April (1839) number of a magazine which recently came into the

hands of the writers, appeared the poem under Whittier's name, and, however one may regard it as a literary production, no one will deny that it breathes the sentiment of a disappointed and heartbroken lover. The fact that it was written only a month following the report of Whittier's engagement to Miss Hooper is a coincidence suggestive of the belief that he sang truly.

"Pass away like thoughts unspoken
The vows that I have said,
I give thee back thy plighted word—"

Here is the full text of the poem:

To******

John G. Whittier

"Forgive thee—yes, I do forgive thee,
And bless thee as we part,
And pray that years may never leave thee
My agony of heart.
I call no shadowy malison
Upon thy fair young brow,
And would thy life might ever run
As sunwardly as now.

"I know that I have knelt too lowly
For smiles so oft withdrawn,
That trusting love received too slowly
The lesson of thy scorn,
That thou has had thy triumph hour
Unquestioned and complete
When prompted by a spell of power
I knelt me at thy feet.

"'Tis over now, the charm is broken,
The feverish dream hath fled,
And pass away like thoughts unspoken
The vows that I have said.
I give thee back thy plighted word,
Its tones shall ever be
Like music by the slumberer heard,
A dreamer's melody.

"Go now, the light of hope is on thee,
Thy lover's claims are o'er;
A thousand smiles thy charms have won thee,
They'll win a thousand more.
For beauty hath a charming spell
Upon the human will;
Though false the heart it veils so well
It hath its homage still.

"Go, heartless girl, thou'lt smile tomorrow
As I had never been,
And spurn thy lover's words of sorrow,
For those of happier men.
A darker destiny the page
Of coming years may tell;
God help thee in thy pilgrimage;
Loved being, fare thee well."

It will be noted that there is the same number of asterisks in the title that there are letters in the name "Hooper."

Whittier was a resident of Philadelphia in 1839. In July of that year his health failed, and he called upon his cousin, Moses A. Cartland, to assume his editorial duties, which the latter did. Might not his sorrow, manfully suppressed and hidden from the prying eyes of the world, burned more deeply into the poet's heart and hastened the crisis when his very life was despaired of, as is referred to on page 254 of Pickard's work?

One has but to read the memoir of Lucy Hooper to understand that she must early have realized how futile any dreams of earthly happiness must be for her. Always delicate and ethereal, the dread disease, pulmonary consumption, with which she fought a long and losing struggle, found feeble resistance in her physical frame.

Two years following the incidents referred to in this article, at the age of 24 years, this promising young poet laid down her pen and answered the higher call. And it was then, perhaps, that the Poet fully understood, and his song rang true, with never a false note.

And he sang:

"Farewell! ——a little time and we
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee,
As pilgrims through the Gate of Fear
Which opens on Eternity.
Yet we shall cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts meanwhile;
The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile.
Like moonlight when the sun has set,
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
Thought of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
Which blended in thy song.

THE WO'THLESS FELLER

By William M. Stuart

Have you ever misjudged your neighbor? Perhaps you are doing so now. There is rarely a character so despicable that it hasn't its redeeming virtues. Even old Mose had his as is shown in this concluding installment of Mr. Stuart's story.

Continued from October Issue

Mose loved children and was never so content as when one or more of his numerous brood was following him about. And this was not a particularly difficult feat for even the brief legs of the youngest of his flock to compass. Mose loved all the children of the neighborhood; for they never referred by either word or action to his well established reputation. During the war he failed to display much interest in the struggle until told that the Germans made war on children. He thereupon promptly placed a second mortgage on the farm and invested the proceeds in Liberty Bonds.

On the part of the children, their love for him was blended with admiration. For who but Mose would leave his farming to engineer a fishing party? Who but Mose would take a flock of boys on a wood-chuck-hunting expedition? Who could play mumble-the-peg so well? Who knew so many stories and was so willing to tell them? Especially was his repertoire of ghost and Indian stories extensive. Who could make so many curious things by means of the simple tools of jackknife and a stick of pine? From even the lowly and despised milkweed he could devise many attractive ornaments. He could skin a rabbit quicker, pitch quoits straighter, whistle louder, imitate the calls of birds and beasts more realistically, and even make doll dresses better than any person—male or female—in the township.

Hence it came to pass that Mose Duryea was the children's friend.

Friday was fair and hot. The recent rain dried rapidly from the grass under the fierce rays of the July sun. After a substantial dinner, Mose hitched his team of blacks to the decrepit mowing-machine and drove out to the road with the intention of going down to the lower place and cutting the clover.

In the front yard were his own Ruth and his neighbor's Polly playing happily together. The girls begged clamorously to be allowed to accompany him. Mose reflected between puffs of his pipe and at last took both the girls on his lap and clucked to the team.

The colts were feeling in great fettle. They pranced and cavorted with arching necks and pawing hoofs. Mose regarded them with loving eyes wherein a shadow of trouble lurked. To-morrow would be Saturday. Would he lose them then? He put the distasteful thought aside and sang to his giggling lapful of girls as the mower rattled on its way to the clover.

Coming to the field at length, Ruth began to loudly importune her father.

"Oh, Daddy," she cried, "show Polly and me where the big bank is—where it falls way, way down."

"Not on yer two little tintypes," demurred Mose. "That's a nawful dangerous place."

"Oh, come on, Daddy. Tie the team and show us. We won't fall off."

Beguiled by their pleading against his better judgment, Mose finally permitted the vivacious girls to lead him to the bluff overlooking the creek. Here there was an almost perpendicular fall of two hundred feet from the edge of the field to the bed of the stream.

As the trio approached the dangerous spot, Mose indicated far more fear and hesitancy than did the girls. His tanned face blanched and he hung back nervously.

"Careful, Polly!" he warned. "Don't pull my hand like that. What if my foot had slipped then? I ain't so spry as I used to be. And you girls mustn't go near here when I'm workin', fer if you fell over 'twould kill you deader'n a smelt."

"What's a smelt, Daddy?"

"Oh, a smelt's a queer little feller of a fish what's awful dead when he's dead."

Standing safely back from the brink Mose picked up a stone and threw it into the chasm. Far below a faint chug was heard as the missile plunged into a pool of water.

"You wouldn't strike in the water if you fell over," warned the farmer. "You'd strike on them tarnation rough stones down thar 'n 'twould squash you right out flat."

The girls shuddered, but finally emboldened, they approached the brink and threw daisies and buttercups over and laughed gleefully to see the flowers twist and turn until they alighted in the pool or on the rocks below.

"That's enough now," said Mose at last. "I've got to cut this here clover. You girls scamper over to the other side of the field and play in the shade of the trees."

"Oh, go on and cut your hay," answered Polly contumaciously. "We're all right. We're big enough to keep out of danger. I'm going to stay here and pick this nice lot of daisies. It's the best patch in the field. I ain't afraid. Be you, Ruth?"

"Some like your dad, ain't you?" "No, you girls have got to go 'way from here 'fore I leave you. I wouldn't dast leave you here."

Reluctantly and with many backward glances on the part of Polly, the little misses finally strolled away from the dangerous precipice and seated themselves under a maple tree at the farther side of the field.

Mose unhitched his team, threw the rusty machine into mesh and struck into the field of red-top.

The falling of the grass before the scintillating knives aroused in Mose unwonted emotions. The great fear of yesterday still lingered in his mind and he found himself comparing the stalks of clover to people and the clattering mower to Death ever advancing apace with his flashing scythe. Fascinated, he watched the plants shiver for a moment when smitten and then slither to the ground where the leaves almost immediately began to wither under the fierce heat of the sun.

"That's the way we've all got to go sometime," he murmured. "We've all got to die, but—I dread it!"

Possibly it was Digby's threat to take the colts, the nearness of the dangerous precipice, or the contemplation of a startling woodcut in a patent medicine almanac which Mose had scanned the previous evening that had aroused in him this peculiar frame of mind. Presumably it was the latter, for he was not inventive enough to have conjured up the picture of Death and his scythe without help.

He wondered how it felt to die. First, he decided, there would be difficulty in breathing, next, terrible pains and, finally—darkness.

"Lord!" he choked as he slapped the colts with the lines, "I hate to think of it. If they was only some way fer a feller to git out of it. But they ain't. We've all got to come to it. Lord!"

When on the bluff side of the piece Mose drove cautiously, indeed, during the first two rounds, for a sudden startled plunge of the colts in the wrong direction would mean a terrible death for him and destruction for the team. He shuddered every time he passed the dangerous spot.

A more energetic man would have erected a strong fence there long before to guard against just such mishaps, but it is probable that the idea had never occurred to Mose.

Round after round was safely compassed and Duryea's heart became glad—its usual condition when not frozen by fear. Why worry about tomorrow? Something would surely turn up before then. Perhaps Rob would hold off until the clover could be sold. Perhaps he was only joking after all. But, no, Mose well knew that Digby rarely joked and he was a man of his word. No need to bank on that. However, he would not worry when all nature seemed glad.

It was a typical summer's day of the better sort. Fleecy clouds drifted across the deep-blue sky, locusts sang noisily and heat waves shimmered over the field of red-top. It was simply irresistible.

Never in all his forty years had Mose felt more content. He puffed away at his corncob pipe and occasionally sang snatches of songs. He had frequent recourse to a jug of buttermilk which he had placed conveniently at hand under an armful of cut clover in order to keep it cool.

He had arranged another armful of clover in the seat of the mower to serve as a cushion and add to his content. Although he frequently called to Ruth and Polly, he did not worry about them. If he could possibly help it, he never worried long about anything. He gave himself over to pleasant meditation on nothing of moment and his heart sang within him. This was the ideal job—sitting easily in the seat of the mower, riding about the field behind the blacks, enjoying the sunshine and the pipe.

On his fourth revolution around the field he missed his neighbor's daughter.

"Where's Polly?" he called to Ruth.

"Oh, she just went into the middle of the field to pick some more daisies," answered Ruth. "She'll be back pretty soon. We're all right, Daddy."

On the next time around, the off horse suddenly began to plunge and kick. Over its back the air seemed to be alive with darting insects.

"Yellow-jackets!" ejaculated Mose in alarm as he jerked on the lines. The nigh horse now began to plunge wildly under the sharp goading of the venomous bees. Mose exerted all his strength in an effort to hold the mettlesome team. Then suddenly the off rein, being old and patched, broke and the horses began to run.

Mose tried to throw the machine out of mesh, but the rusty lever stuck—possibly because of the high rate of speed. The team were running due east and parallel to the cliff. Only about twenty feet separated them from the precipice. Duryea could not turn the frightened horses up the slope for the off line was broken. To turn the other way meant destruction. The only alternative was to fall off the machine behind and let the colts go.

Although his heart was wrung with fears for his beloved team's safety, Mose was about to adopt this plan, when directly in front of the rattling knives and but a few yards away, he beheld a vision that almost stopped the beating of his heart.

There sitting in the clover, her checkered apron full of daisies and buttercups, was little Polly Digby. Her eyes, open wide with terror, were fixed on the inflamed nostrils of the oncoming team. She seemed as incapable of movement as a bird which gazes into the eyes of a rattlesnake.

Three seconds more and she would be horribly mangled in the flashing knives of the mower. If Mose should falter for one brief moment she was lost.

The children's friend did not hesitate. There was but one thing to do and he did it.

Bracing his feet, he pulled on the nigh line with all his strength. The team swerved sharply to the left, a terrible scream of terror broke from the nigh horse, and then 'mid a shower of dust and grass—team, machine and man disappeared over the brink. A snapping of brush followed and, far below on the rocks—a crash.

From the distant field came the whirr of machinery and the song of a worker. A flock of crows cawed loudly as they flapped their way toward the south, and the myriad voices of the open places seemed to proclaim the joy of living.

Then—piercingly came a child's scream.

"Oh Daddy! Daddy!"

The noise of the runaway and the screams of the children had attracted the attention of Robert Digby who was at work in an adjoining field. He hurried to the spot and gazed about questioningly.

Still sitting in the clover, her face buried in her hands, was his little daughter, Polly—safe. Her shoulders were quivering with horror and sorrow. She was sobbing hysterically.

Digby's eyes followed the tell-tale path of the mower, where the swath led directly toward Polly until six yards from where she crouched it suddenly swerved toward the left and mingled with those previously cut.

And seeing, Digby rushed for the bank.

With blended horror and ineffable gratitude in his eyes, he threw himself prone on the ground and peered over the brink.

On the jagged rocks below he beheld the fragments of the mowing-machine and the mangled bodies of the black colts. Instinctively he closed his eyes for a moment, then resolutely opened them again and carefully scanned the bottom of the gorge.

The body of his neighbor was not in sight.

Then his eyes wandered to a spot one-third the way down the cliff. Just at the spot where the accident occurred three sturdy oak trees had formerly grown in a cluster, but yesterday's gale had uprooted them. The force of the wind had not been sufficient to wholly tear them loose from the soil, and they hung over the bank at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the cliff below. Their intertwined branches made a perfect meshwork, but the impetus and weight of the team had carried horses and machine through this providential support to destruction on the rocks.

As Digby's eyes sought the maze of foliage, a movement in the branches attracted his attention.

"Mose! Oh, Mose," he called anxiously, "are you alive? Fer if you be, Mose, I've got enough money in my pocket to buy you a new span o'colts, 'n you needn't worry none 'bout that note."

From the leaves below a voice somewhat tremulous and weak, but albeit familiar, came up to him:

"Well, I guess I'll pull through somehow."

The End

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOOL.

Raw Material

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

(HARCOURT BRACE & CO.)

Dorothy Canfield frankly states that her "Raw Material" is a "rather odd" book. We will accept her adjective if by it she only means a book which is entirely different and delightfully surprising. I am an ardent admirer of Miss Canfield's literary creations, and my joy on hearing that a new book had been published was measured by the pleasure her past work had given me. My curiosity and anticipatory zest were whetted by such notices as the following:

"Dorothy Canfield has an exquisite gift for a sketch. What she sees in any fortunate moment she can tell you with an eloquence which draws tears or laughter at her will. Her command for words for pictures is absolute."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Such a notice should have prepared me, but, nevertheless, it was with the happy memories of her splendid novels in mind that I opened "Raw Material." Instead of a group of characters carefully and cunningly revealed through a series of varied experiences as in "Rough Hewn," I found a number of brief episodes, each complete in itself as far as any connection with the rest of the book was concerned, but no more complete than any episode in life can be which only time can finish and fulfil.

Such a plan for a book does seem odd, especially as only two or three of the sketches can truly be classified as short stories. Miss Canfield, however, tells in an explanatory preface how she came to form a habit of mind which delights in perceiving the dramatic in an incident of the most ordinary daily life and spinning from it in her mind stories far more real, vivid, and pulsating with life than any she has so far been able to transfer to paper. This pleasure she wishes to bestow on others so she has written a book stating as concisely as possible, with almost no personal reaction, episodes,—tragic, pathetic, or humorous as the case may be,—which seem to her suggestive of how incidents shape human destiny and of how human beings react to experiences in ways which make us first, pityingly deprecatory, next, proud of the race to which we belong.

The rest the reader must do for himself. What he finds in this book will depend upon the keeness of his observation, the wealth of his sympathetic understanding of other people in the past, and on the richness of his imagination and sensitiveness to suggestion. With such qualities Miss Canfield is evidently well-endowed, for she has taken simple characters like Old Man Warner, the stubborn Vermont farmer, Fairfax Hunter, the colored family servant, Uncle Giles, the grafter, and showed the pathos, strength, and weakness in their characters in the simplest manner, always with a sense of humor or of tragedy playing over her words like an illuminating, highly colored light.

Incidents from her life abroad also become quite as stimulating to us as those drawn from her home close at hand in Vermont. We feel that she has made us understand and know Monsieur Brodard with his high ideals so tragically overthrown, Professor Paul Meyer who fell a victim to too great absorption in one interest, and, perhaps most of all, Octavie Moreau, that strong-minded, intellectual woman with whom we share a desperate experience in a German prison camp.

The book is written simply, needless to say, with the simplicity that conceals

Art. For it is Art indeed which selects a dramatic episode from a life and with a few inspired words truly bestows the emotions on others with the additional gift of a subtle hidden suggestion which we search for in vain, although our imagination instantly responds to its lure. Miss Canfield has treated her readers to a new kind of literary pleasure. She has given them extracts from her own full life without conclusions, which reveal human nature in such a way that we must seek to solve and understand it, with such vividness that we delight to weave pasts and futures for these new friends to whom we are introduced.

In short "Raw Material" is a book which leaves, I would say, about half to the reader and therefore will delight all people who like to think for themselves. I have already said too much, however, and should follow Miss Canfield's example and allow people to do at least half for themselves when forming their opinion about her book.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD FARM

By Leslie H. Phinney

Autumn's first snow flakes, borne on Winter's breath,
Are beating at the pane;
I watch the pavement change from brown to gray,
And Time gives back again
Old memories:
A vision of the country home I knew
When life was fair and gay,
Upon the canvas of the growing dusk
I paint that home—to-day:

Just an old house 'neath the pine trees' shadow,
Keeping watch o'er moon-lit fields of snow:
Just an old stone doorstep, with the hollow
Worn by feet that trod, firm, light, or slow;
Just a wide fireplace; around it, singing,
Happy children played in days gone by;
Just a low-ceiled room, once warm and cheery,
Where mice and bats now hold their revels sly.

Just a brook where sweet-flag roots are growing,
With violets blue its banks in spring are gay;
Just a field where wild strawberries linger,
And wild bees sip the clover blooms all day;
Just an orchard where the trees are dying,—
The fruit makes for the deer a dainty feast;
Just an old barn, with its sagging roof-tree
That never more will shelter fowl or beast.

Just an oak where squirrels come for acorns;
Just a wood-land where the mayflowers hide.
Just a birch grove, with its silvery pillars;
Just a pasture, with the wall beside.
Just an oriole's nest in the tree top,
On summer morns their mellow love song trills;
Just a spot that love has not forgotten,—
An old abandoned farm up in the hills.

THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

THE month of fairs is ended. The siren call of the vendor's whistle has faded away on the breezes, not to be heard until the next autumnal season. The giant ferris wheel no longer revolves its sluggish way through the heavens, carrying its burden of frightened young ladies clutching the manly sleeve of their masculine protectors. The last toy balloon has drifted lazily skyward, leaving its aggrieved and weeping young owner. The shouts of the excited throng and the rapid thud of the hoofs upon the race-track are things of the past. We breathe a sigh of relief which has a little note of loneliness in it as we realize that the gayety of the season is past and we are again face to face with another winter.

One of the oldest of the Anglo-Saxon institutions which were inherited by our New England fathers is the agricultural fair. We may turn back the pages of that quaint old English narrative, "The Vicar of Wakefield" and read the story so familiar to every school boy—"Moses at the Fair." Fair time was the very apex of the season's activities in the days when New England was young and robust. It was a time when the sturdy farmers brought the best results of their year's work to compare them with the exhibits of their neighbors in friendly competition. It was a time when political and patriotic feeling ran high and many a statesman soared to his greatest oratorical heights before the cheering throngs who were made eager listeners by the spirit of festivity which reigned among them. James G. Blaine, the silver-tongued orator of Maine, Ben Butler, who so loved to flaunt the bloody shirt in Massachusetts, and Cy Sulloway the "tall old pine of New Hampshire," were familiar figures in the old New England fairs.

These yearly festivals were fairs not carnivals. The midway was decidedly a minor feature in their proceedings. Those lovers of New England who are to-day striving to rejuvenate her spirit and repopulate her hills would do well to turn their attention to the transformation which has been taking place in our fairs. To be sure the various promoters of these celebrations will inform us that larger crowds attended them this year than ever before. It has seemed to us, however, that we have never seen New Hampshire fairs present a more meagre exhibit of livestock and produce. We saw few of those magnificent specimens of the various herds owned within our state. We saw little of the beautiful handiwork of the housewife. Lovers of horses would scarcely go into rapture over the races. The feature of the fairs which appeared to be gaining the most was the one which is to us the least desirable. The midway is growing. We have never before seen so many double-headed calves, five-legged dogs, and wild women who subsist on live serpents. Had we possessed the disposition to gamble we could have spent a king's ransom and returned with a few blankets and a couple of dolls as our prizes. To be sure, some of our statesmen graced the occasions and delivered addresses, but to every person who listened to them in a half-hearted way there were ten who preferred to spend their time gazing in open-mouthed wonder at a bearded woman or a giraffe with a sore throat.

The state of Maine has been obliged to cancel the stipend which it has furnished to support some of the country fairs because of the cheap character of the entertainment. On the other hand, New England can well be proud of the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield which was an old-fashioned fair with some of the finest exhibits ever shown. Those who believe that the public are interested only in the vaudeville attractions of a carnival should think

upon the fact that although this celebration charged the largest entrance fee of any fair in New England it had by far the largest attendance. The state of New Hampshire has contributed to the support of its fairs. Our Commissioner of Agriculture has stated that he was satisfied with those of this year. We grant that they had many good qualities and were probably much better than those which Maine has had to discontinue. But on the other hand, we wonder if all of our fairs were the type which New Hampshire really wants. Before another year comes round let us "think on these things."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

In This Issue

The GRANITE MONTHLY feels fortunate in being able to present to its readers the article, "Is New Hampshire Completed?" by its associate editor William S. Rossiter. Mr. Rossiter is a well-known figure in New Hampshire as well as in the nation at large. He is a former newspaper man of wide and successful experience, having been connected with the New York Tribune and the New York Press. Succeeding the late William E. Chandler as President of the Rumford Press, he has made Concord one of the printing centers of the country by his successful efforts in building up that concern. Mr. Rossiter's specialty, however, is his work as a census expert. With a knowledge derived from his services in that department of the United States Government, he has been able to interpret the meaning of the shift in population in a most striking manner. His article entitled, "Three Sentinels of the North," which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly and his various lectures upon the conditions of New Hampshire's population has made him the central figure in a movement among various state leaders to remedy the conditions which brought about our decrease in population.

H. Styles Bridges is well-known to readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY because of the articles upon matters pertaining to agriculture which he has contributed in the past. He is also becoming well-known to the people of the state as a whole through his efforts upon the platform and through the press to promote the interests of New Hampshire Farm Bureau of which he is Secretary. It is highly appropriate that he should give to the people of the state the story of the birth and growth of this important organization. The first of his series of articles appears in this number.

Two other old friends of the Granite Monthly are Professor A. W. Richardson, the author of another interesting account of poultry raising in New Hampshire and Miss Daisy Deane Williamson, who gives us a vivid mental conception of the amount of human energy wasted in a poorly arranged kitchen.

Mrs. Lillian M. Ainsworth who recently concluded her successful work on the Manchester Daily Mirror to join the editorial staff of the Concord Monitor has favored the GRANITE MONTHLY with a heretofore comparatively unknown chapter in the life of one of New England's greatest poets.

Mr. Philip W. Dodd is a young newspaper man who is taking special work in the department of journalism of Boston University. He recently made a study of New Hampshire's yearly toll of motor accidents and in this issue gives us the result of his investigations.

CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Page of Clippings

The First Candidate for Governor

A real "honest to goodness" candidate for the republican nomination for governor has announced himself. Personally we have never met the man, but those who are acquainted with him speak in the highest terms, and those who know him best have no word of criticism. Even democrats admit that he is about as nearly perfect as it is possible for mere man to be. He has had experience in both branches of the legislature, is a good business man, has large interests, both in business and in better things, is a World War veteran, and as much entitled to a nomination and election as any man in the state. Judging by all these things it looks as though the republicans of New Hampshire are to have a standard bearer in John G. Winant in whom they can put full confidence—*Franklin Transcript*

While the talked-of candidates for governor on the Republican side were thinking it over, John G. Winant of Concord has thrown his hat into the ring. He is an able man who has already had quite an interesting public career and who declares in his announcement that he was the original introducer of a forty-eight-hour bill in the legislature. He thus evidently hopes to steal the Democratic thunder. Senator Moses makes the comment that at this time he is unable to determine whether Winant is the early bird who catches the worm or the early worm that is caught by the bird. We don't imagine that anybody is very much excited by the announcement just now, but it is a reminder that a political campaign is approaching. The editor of the Concord Monitor and Patriot states that, as Mr. Winant is a part owner in the paper, he prefers that no editorial comment on his candidacy be made. Which affords quite a contrast to the attitude of some past candidates who have gone into the newspaper business to secure editorial support.

—*Rochester Courier*

Captain John Winant of Concord, World War aviator, has announced that he will be a Republican candidate for governor at the primary. Capt. Winant is an extremely likeable chap, and he's done quite well in politics over in Concord. But just now he appears to be taking a long chance on having his political ship wrecked in a tail spin.

—*Keene Sentinel*

Maj. Winant promises to come forward within a few days with his platform. There is no doubt that he will proclaim himself an advocate of the 48-hour law, as, indeed, he has a right to, for he was one of the first Republican leaders to do anything in favor of 48 hours as a maximum week's work for women and children. He will also take a stand in favor of a reasonable poll tax in place of the present high tax and will advocate a number of other progressive measures that are expected to rally to his standard the progressive wing of the Republican party..... It is true that in the last Legislature there had been talk of Winant for Governor. But it had been speculation, not for 1924 but in the distant future, after Morrill, Barnes and six or seven other distinguished gentlemen had been taken care of and taken their places either in the ranks of former Governors or defeated candidates. Maj. Winant is only 34 years old, and it was the opinion among the regulars that he could wait anywhere from six to ten years before being a candidate. This is on the old New England theory that children in well-behaved families are made to be seen and not heard.

—*Hobart Pillsbury in the Boston Herald*

When Editors Disagree

The enemies of Mr. Hughes have been very active and they think they have got Mr. Coolidge into such a position on the World Court issue that Mr. Hughes will find his continuance in office an embarrassment.

On this line, we suppose, was the recent editorial utterance of a New Hampshire newspaper which concluded: "The World Court proposition is a fine thing to let alone right now. Thus far President Coolidge has had the good sense to let it alone. The Union hopes he will continue to do so."

The Monitor-Patriot hopes he will not. It hopes he will carry out, in accordance with his general promise, the policy of President Harding in this regard: and that he will have the invaluable support and close and cordial cooperation in this matter and all others of foreign policy of one of the greatest heads of the State Department in the history of this nation.

Concord Monitor-Patriot

New England's Future

In New Hampshire men like Frank Knox of Manchester and ex-Governor Robert Bass of Peterboro have initiated a "survey" of the condition of their State and a prospective "program" for arresting the decline which it has shown in many particulars and for changing that decline into an advance. Ex-Governor Bass has incubated an ingenious proposed law for impounding water in new reservoirs at public expense on New Hampshire rivers, while meeting that expense in the end through contracts made before hand with private manufacturing plants for the paid use of the surplus water. The future of New England, according to Mr. Bass, lies in cheap power from water sources, in skilled labor of the highest training, and in manufactured products so clearly and uniquely the result of such labor that they will be able to travel great distances at high freight rates and still on their merits find a market at high profitable prices..... To regenerate their railroad transportation system and to get renewed good rail service; to regenerate their agriculture and to get a renewed effective countryside; to discover and develop new sources of power in order to supplement or replace the coal which comes so expensively from mines so distant at final costs so high—such are the problems that New England must solve if it wishes to retain its position in American life, and they exceed by far in difficulty the problems which confront the North west. —*The Nation*

Burlesquing Burleson

A group of reactionary New Hampshire Democrats are talking of starting a Burleson-for-President Club. The platform of this club is former Postmaster-General Burleson for President and a repeal of the last four amendments to the constitution—income tax, prohibition, woman suffrage and the direct election of senators. The club is also pledged to abolish the direct primary.

This program has struck a responsive chord in many audiences where it has been informally suggested. It is said, in fact, that any gathering of representative citizens of over 50 years of age can be depended on to hail the Burleson movement as the first step in the path back to normalcy. The women especially are enthusiastic over it in some quarters.

No canvass for membership has been made, nor is one necessary. The proposition sells itself. No effort is being made to proselyte among such leaders as Judge James W. Remick, former Gov. Robert P. Bass or the editorial staff of the Granite Monthly. Nor will the organization submit questionnaires to candidates like the New Hampshire Non-Partisan League or the People's Progressive Political Party.....

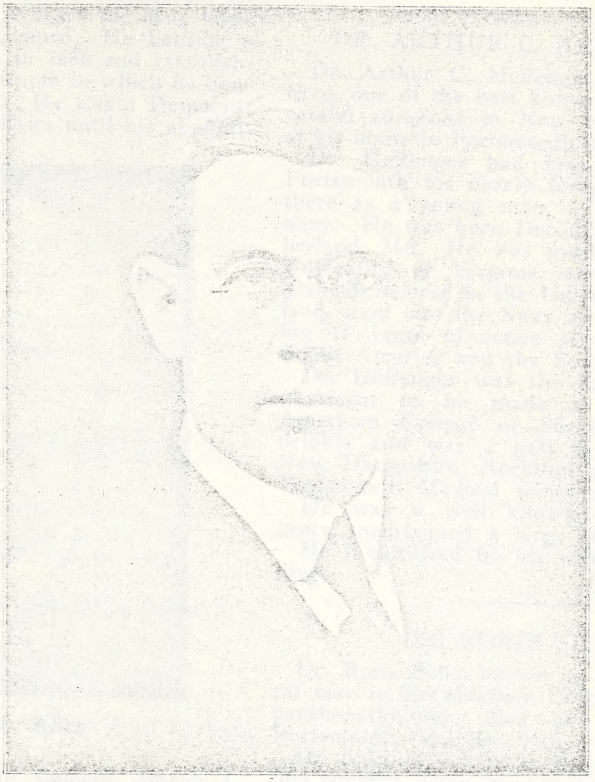
—*Boston Herald*

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

LOREN D. TOWLE

Loren Delbert Towle, born in Newport, N. H., March 25, 1874; died in Newton, Mass., September 28, 1923.

Mr. Towle was the son of George H. and Mary A. (Goward) Towle. He graduated from Newport High school in 1892, among his classmates being Olin H. Chase, now of Concord, and subsequently pursued a course of study in the Eastman Business College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



Loren D. Towle

He served for a time as a clerk in a Boston dry goods house, and in 1894 commenced business for himself as a real estate operator, in which line he continued until death. Starting in without capital he succeeded, through the exercise of keen business judgment and far-seeing sagacity, in gaining a fortune seldom equalled in the same length of time by any man in any line of business. His operations included the purchase, development and sale of some of the most important pieces of real estate in and around Boston, and the carrying out of some of the most extensive building plans: while at the time of his death he was engaged, among other things, in the development of a personal estate on Newton Highlands, exceeding in the magnitude, variety and expense of its appointments anything of the kind in New England.

His death came suddenly, following an operation at the Newton Hospital for some internal trouble, and was a sad surprise to his many friends, not a few of whom were in his native town, to which he had given $150,000 for a modern high school building, and where he was an honored guest and speaker on Old Home Day, August 23, only five weeks before.

Mr. Towle held many positions of trust and responsibility, and was a member of numerous societies and clubs. He was President of the Newton Improvement Association, in which city was his home, a director of the International Trust Company, a member and director of the Boston Real Estate Exchange, and of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. He was also a member and deacon of the Eliot Congregational Church of Newton, a director of the Newton Y. M. C. A., and a trustee of the Pilgrim Memorial Fund. He was also active and prominent in the various Masonic organizations.

He married, June 28, 1899, Helen M. Leland of Dover, Maine, by whom he is survived, with two daughters—Evelene Marion, a sophomore at Wellesley, and Charlotte Frances, a student in the Newton High school.

REV. HOWARD F. HILL.

Rev. Howard F. Hill, D. D. died at his home in Concord, October 21st. Dr. Hill was in his 78th year, having been born in Concord, July 1, 1846. He was educated in Concord High School, Norwich University, Dartmouth College, Episcopal Theological Seminary, and received honorary degrees from Trinity College, Bishops' College, and the University of Vermont.

His activities were not confined to those associated with his sacred calling. A Democrat in politics, he served in Concord City Government, Constitutional Convention, and two sessions of the Legislature. He was also chaplain of the Vermont Legislature and of the Vermont National Guard. For five years he was editor of the New Hampshire Patriot and later in life published a periodical of the Episcopal Church.

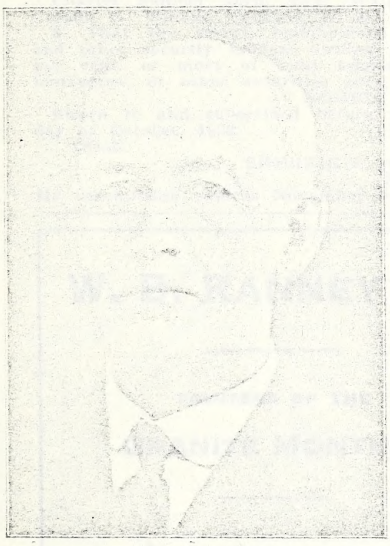
Dr. Hill was ordained to the Episcopal

priesthood in 1887. He served churches at Ashland, Holderness and Pittsfield of this state, Montpelier, Vt., and Amesbury, Mass.

In Masonry he advanced to the 33rd degree. He was President of the New Hampshire Sons of the Revolution.

EDWIN M. ALLEN.

Edwin M. Allen, who recently passed away in Canaan, had long played an active part in the public affairs of that town. Born in East Middlebury, Vermont, he was educated in the schools of Keene, N. H. and came to Canaan to learn the drug business with John B. Coburn. He became a registered pharmacist in 1886 and established himself in that business in which he continued until his death. He was a Democrat and active in party affairs until his appointment as Postmaster of Canaan, March 1, 1916. He was President of the New Hampshire Pharmaceutical Association, Director of People's Trust Company, Lebanon, and President of Canaan-Enfield Electric Company. He was a Knight of Pythias and a Granger.



Edwin M. Allen

GEORGE S. FORREST

George Sidney Forrest, born in Belmont, January 26, 1852, and who died August 22, at Concord, where he had been a resident for 49 years, was one of the prominent architects of the State, and a member at the time of his death of the Building Code Committee of the Concord Chamber of Commerce. Among the buildings designed by him are the remodelled Court House at Concord, and the large apartment house now building there, Rumford Arms, his last work being upon plans for certain new buildings at the Orphans' Home, Franklin. He was a son of Sidney and Hannah (Gile) Forrest, Ohio pioneers, and the grandson of William and Dorothy (Worthen) Forrest, early settlers of Canterbury, William Forrest having been one of the men selected in 1775 for the expedition against Quebec, and who later fought in the battles of Bennington and Stillwater, serving throughout the Revolutionary War. Mr. Forrest is survived by a widow and by three daughters and two sons, one of whom, Harry G. Forrest, has been associated with him in his profession for several years.

DR. ARTHUR C. HEFFENGER

Dr. Arthur C. Heffenger, U. S. N., retired, one of the best known and most successful surgeons in New Hampshire, died at his home in Portsmouth on October 16th.

Dr. Heffenger had been a resident of Portsmouth for nearly forty years, coming there as a young man, a surgeon in the navy. He was born Dec. 12, 1853, at Cumberland, Md. He was graduated from the University of Virginia, and after a post graduate course in the University of Maryland, went into the Navy as a surgeon, seeing 17 years of active service, mostly in South America and the Southern Pacific.

Dr. Heffenger was the first Portsmouth physician to be made a fellow of the American College of Surgeons at Philadelphia and was a past president of the New Hampshire, Rockingham County and Portsmouth Medical societies.

He was a well known sportsman for years, maintaining a large stable.

He is survived by his wife and six children.

DR. BORIS SIDIS

Dr. Boris Sidis, known as the first medical man in Rockingham County to practice psychopathololgy, died at his home in Portsmouth, October 24th.

Dr. Sidis was born in Russia, coming to this country when he was twenty years of age. He was graduated from Harvard in 1894, with an A. B. degree. The following year he received his A. M. degree and in 1897 was made a doctor of philosophy. From 1896 to 1902 he was psychologist and psychopathologist in the state hospital in New York. He was also at one time director of the New York infirmary for women and children in New York City. In 1908 he received his degree of M. D.

In 1909 Dr. Sidis came to Portsmouth and established a sanitorium for treatment of nervous diseases. From them on he personally directed the Sidis Psychotherapeutic institute in this city. He wrote several books on medical subjects, also being associate editor of the New York State Bulletin, a scientific paper.

Dr. Sidis is survived by his widow, one son and one daughter.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE GRANITE MONTHLY,

published monthly, at Concord, New Hampshire, for October 1, 1923.

State of New Hampshire,
County of Merrimack, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Norris H. Cotton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the managing editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, THE GRANITE MONTHLY CO., INC., Concord, N. H.
Managing Editor, Norris H. Cotton, Concord, N. H.
Business Managers, None.

2. That the owners are:
Edith Bird Bass, Peterborough, N. H.
Charles Sumner Bird, East Walpole, Mass.
John G. Winant, Concord, N. H.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

NORRIS H. COTTON

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1923.
(Seal)

SHERRIE F. PETTENGILL,
Notary Public

My commission expires November 5, 1927.

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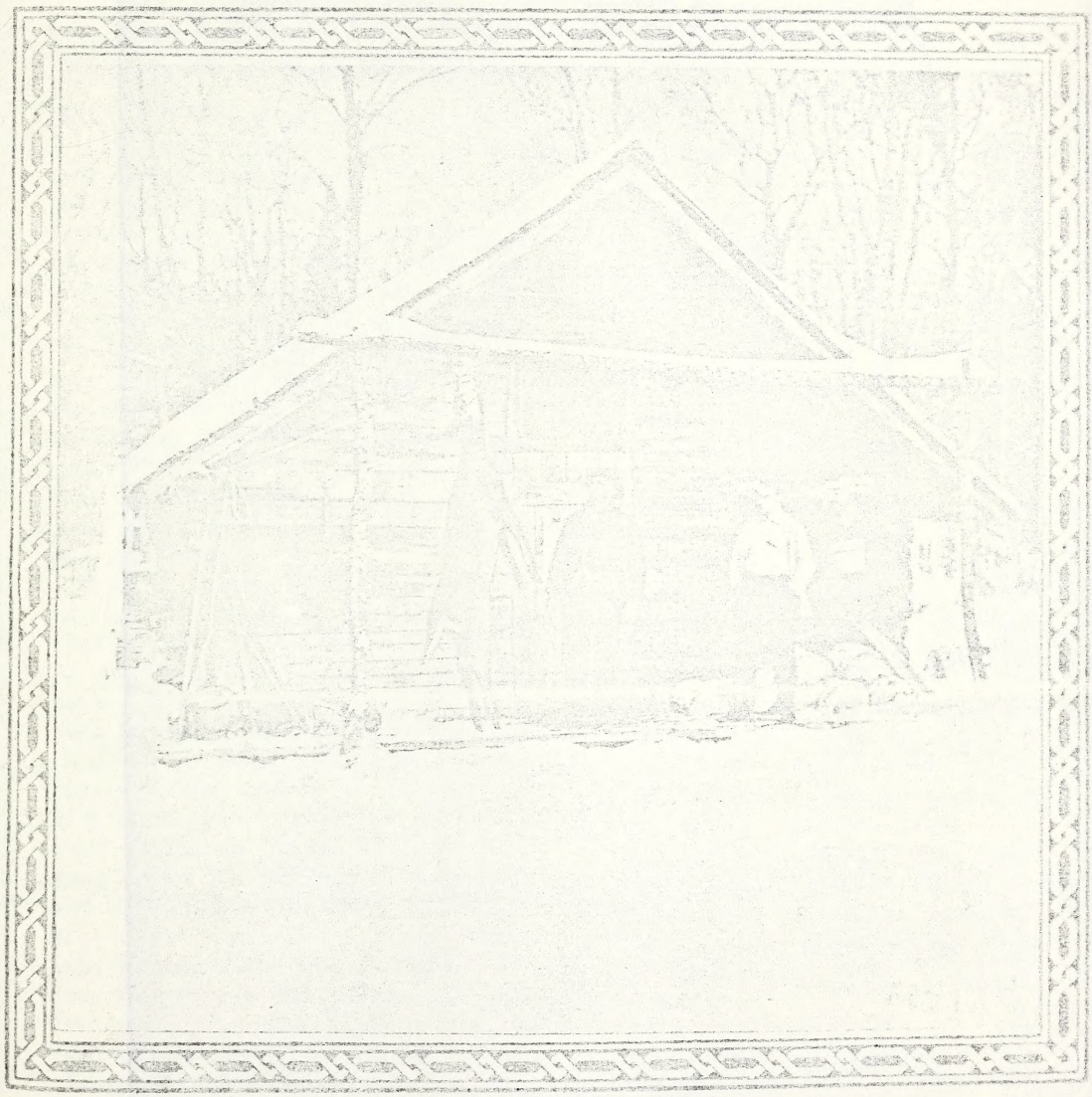
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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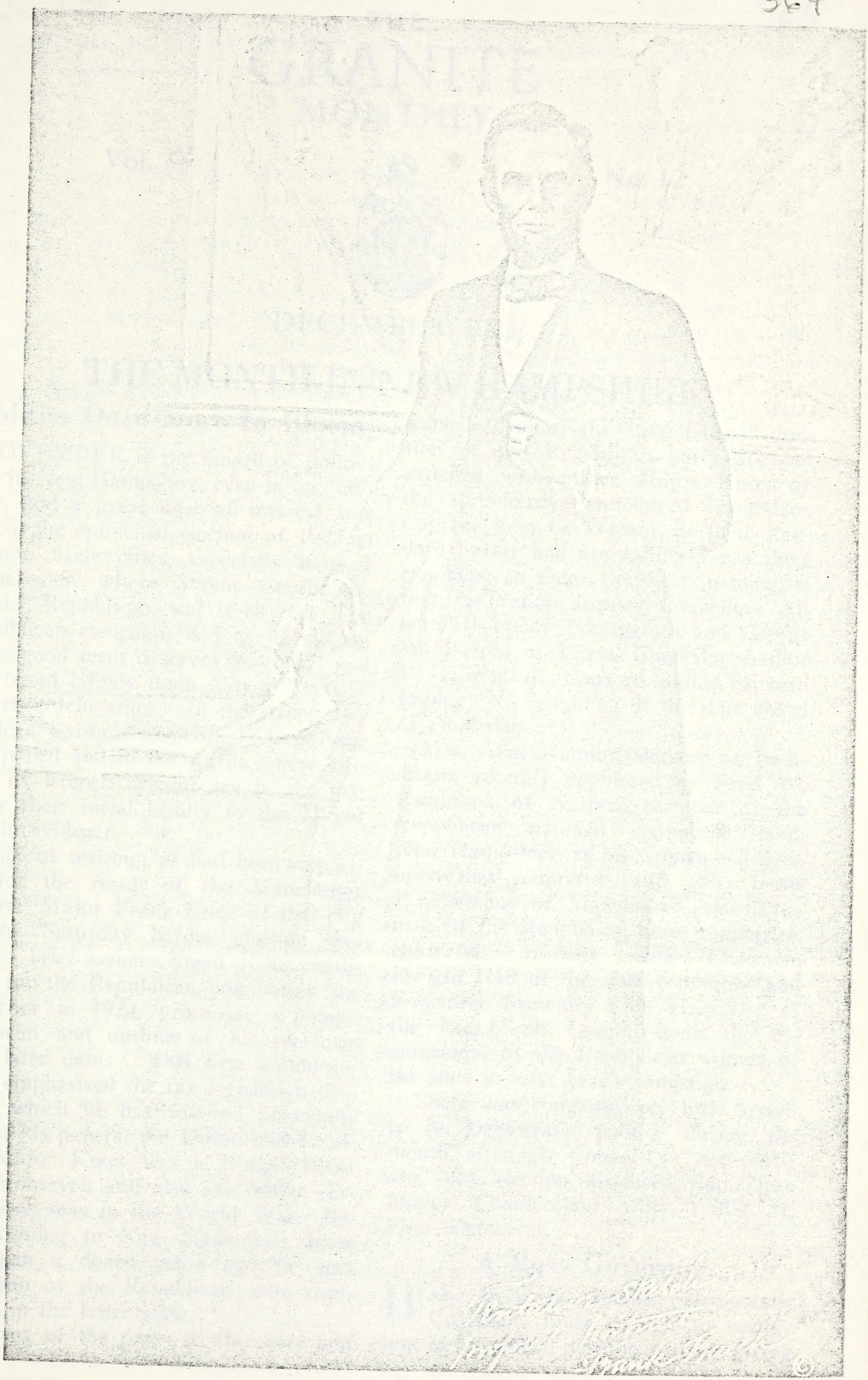


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NEW HAMPSHIRE'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE
GRANITE
MONTHLY

Vol. 55 No. 12

DECEMBER 1923

THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Politics Once More In Bloom

NOVEMBER is the month of politics in New Hampshire, even in an "off" year, and a great deal of interest was felt in the municipal election of 1923 in Granite State cities, especially that at Manchester, where Mayor George E. Trudel, Republican, was re-elected. The Republican campaign had as its slogan, "One good term deserves another," and was based largely upon Mayor Trudel's fine record in office. In the strong Republican wards a surprisingly large vote was polled and in the wards where citizens of French descent are in the majority their racial loyalty to the Mayor was in evidence.

Without waiting, as had been expected, for the result of the Manchester election, Major Frank Knox of that city on the Saturday before election day made a brief announcement of his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Governor in 1924, promising a longer statement and outline of his platform at a later date. This first announcement emphasized the tax legislation program which he has favored personally and in his papers, the Union and Leader. Major Knox was a Rough Rider with Roosevelt and also saw active service over seas in the World War. Before coming to New Hampshire from Michigan a dozen years ago he was chairman of the Republican state committee in the latter state.

A part of the press of the state and some leaders of the "Old Guard" division of the Republican party are not satisfied with either Major Knox or the previously announced candidate, Captain John G. Winant, as their standard bearer and are calling for a third candidate to enter the field, naming in that connection former Councilors Albert Hislop of Portsmouth and George W. Barnes of Lyme, Councilor Arthur P. Morrill of Concord and Chairman Huntley N. Spaulding of the state board of education.

Mrs. Alice Hamlin Glessner of Bethlehem, recently appointed by Fred W. Estabrook of Nashua, member of the Republican national committee from New Hampshire, as his woman colleague upon that committee, and Mrs. Jessie E. Donahue of Manchester, vice-chairman of the Republican state committee, conferred recently with Chairman Dwight Hall of the state committee and Executive Secretary Olin H. Chase of the Republican League upon the organization of the Republican women of the state in next year's campaign.

There was comparatively little activity in Democratic politics during the month although Concord's "non-partisan" city election displaced Republican Mayor Chamberlain with Willis H. Flint, Democrat.

A Busy Governor

HON. Fred H. Brown, Democratic Governor, finds enough to occupy him in his official position without giving

much attention as yet to 1924 politics. As a sample week in November, he spoke on Armistice Day, Sunday, the 11th, at the dedication of a soldiers' memorial in Peterborough. Monday night he attended the American Legion Armistice Ball at the state capital. Tuesday he got in a day at his Somersworth Law office, but was back at the capitol Wednesday for a meeting of the governor and council, leaving that night for Berlin where on Thursday he started the press to print the first copy of the Berlin Daily Mail and attended the annual banquet of the Nibroc Athletic Club. Friday found him in Concord again, issuing his proclamation for Thanksgiving Day and declaring that "the spirit of New Hampshire is still reverent and thankful."

A Granite State Hero

AN interesting connection of this state with Armistice Day in the nation was the belated recognition given by the authorities at Washington to the fact that George Dilboy, one of the heroes of the war, whose body was buried at Arlington on the 12th, enlisted from Keene, New Hampshire, and was a part of the Granite State quota, although credited in previous announcements to Massachusetts. Governor Brown sent as his representative to the exercises at Washington Lieutenant Wilbur Mayou of Keene, commander of the squad in which Dilboy served.

An important gathering of the month in New Hampshire was that of the New Hampshire Civic Association at Manchester to hear Judge John H. Clarke, formerly of the United States Supreme Court, advocate the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations.

Ku Klux Klan

THE Ku Klux Klan made its first public appearance in New Hampshire during the month with two meetings at Rochester which were addressed by the New England head of the order with his customary lack of restraint, particularly attacking Mayor Frederick E. Small because of the latter's refusal to allow the meetings to be held in the theater owned by the city.

State Departments

THE announced decision of the state highway department that it would not assist in keeping the main highways clear of snow this winter occasioned some dissent in southern New Hampshire, but was welcomed generally on the ground that it probably would result in an unusually mild season; this view being taken because, last year, when the department proposed to keep the roads open the snow came early and deep and stayed late.

The splendid showing of New Hampshire in the national fruit show at New York City during the month was a subject of pride and congratulation and will assist in providing a profitable market for all the Granite State fruit which is properly prepared therefor.

Farewell Football

THANKSGIVING Day brought an end to what on the whole has been a satisfactory season for New Hampshire lovers of football. Although the formal dedication of the Memorial Field at Dartmouth was marked by an overwhelming victory for the visiting Cornell eleven, Dartmouth previously had won from Harvard and in the minds of many graduates and undergraduates that is glory enough for one season. While New Hampshire University did not put so strong an eleven in the field as in some previous years, the good record of its freshman team gave much promise for the future. Phillips Exeter Academy did all that was expected of it in holding Phillips Andover Academy to a tie. Almost all the academies and high schools of the state had well coached elevens, the members of which played a clean game and showed good sportsmanship.

—H. C. P.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

New Hampshire's Tribute to the Greatest American

By Elmer E. Woodbury

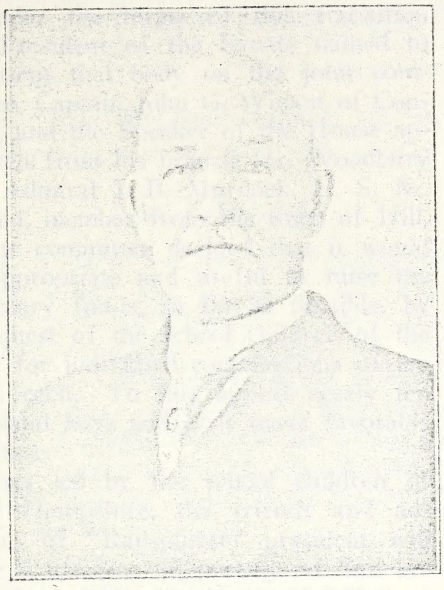
The school children of New Hampshire have united to do honor to the greatest American. Their tribute to him has taken the form of a painting to be placed in the Hall of Representatives. A copy of this painting appears as the frontispiece of the magazine and below the Hon. Elmer E. Woodbury, one of the Legislative Committee directing this movement tells the story.

ON February 12, 1809, in Hodgdensville, Kentucky, a man of destiny was born. In poverty and ignorance, in a most humble hut, environed by a scrub farm, one of the most unique characters, one of the world's greatest statesmen, and a nation's most beloved president, first breathed the breath of life—Abraham Lincoln. His only cradle was his mother's arms. He had no toys, for toys cost money which was a commodity unknown in this frontier home. His only playground was the lonely forest. Here he remained until he was seven years old without schooling or books save what his mother provided in a humble way. From here he trudged behind his father and mother to the trackless wilds of southern Indiana where a new home, a mere "lean-to" hut with no windows or floor was built in the primeval forest of Little Pigeon Creek. Here later this boy of destiny knelt sobbing beside his dying mother while she laid her hand on his young head and gave him her blessing, telling him to be good to his father and sister, to love their kin and to worship his God. He watched the body of his sainted mother lowered into a shallow grave on the hillside without a spoken prayer. Tradition tells us that later this boy induced a travelling preacher to deliver a sermon and say a prayer above his mother's grave.

Such was the beginning of that remarkable career of a man whose only schooling was that in which he himself was the tutor. In a wild and desolate region among the primeval works of nature's God, Abraham Lincoln grew to manhood. A master mind was developed that in later years "with malice toward none, with charity for all," was to preserve intact the nation that he loved.

To Little Pigeon Creek in the wilds of southern Indiana belongs the honor of raising the first monument to Abraham Lincoln. When he followed his parents to the banks of the Sangamon in Illinois, a boyhood companion planted a cedar in memory of him, and that little tree was the first memorial raised in honor to this great man of destiny. His name stands linked with that of Washington in the eyes of the world and will endure longer than bronze or granite. Washington came down from the height of wealth and fame and builded a nation for a poor people, Lincoln came up from the lowest environment of ignorance and poverty and preserved that nation at a time when enemies were trying to destroy it.

From that day when the little cedar was planted in Indiana down to the present memorials in granite, in bronze, in oil, and in many other forms have been raised and will continue to be raised in his honor as long as democracy lives. In the stirring days of '61, when the great leader was indeed "despised and rejected of men," undergoing the sneers of political enemies of the North and in hourly danger from the secret agents of his military enemies of the South, no



Rear Admiral Joseph B. Murdock
(Retired)

state in the Union supported him more splendidly than did New Hampshire. It is extremely fitting, therefore, that after the lapse of over a half a century this state should join her sisters in honoring his memory.

For a great many years visitors to our State Capitol have admired and commented upon the beautiful portraits in the Hall of Representatives. From left to right they are as follows: the two Colonial Governors Wentworth, President Franklin Pierce, George Washington, Daniel Webster, and John P. Hale.

During the 1921 session of the New Hampshire Legislature, the absence of a portrait of Abraham Lincoln from the state house collection, often in the past noted and commented upon, was made the subject, under the leadership of Representative and former State Senator Elmer E. Woodbury of Woodstock, of official action.

The following resolution was offered in the House by the late Captain James H. Hunt of Nashua, passed by that body and concurred in by the Senate:

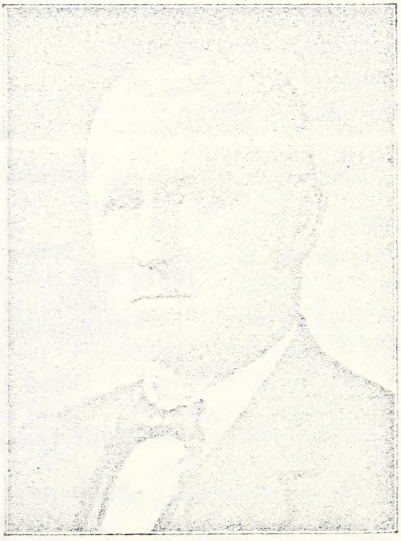
Whereas, an oil portrait of Washington, "The Father of His Country," occupies a conspicuous place in the Capitol Building of New Hampshire, and

Whereas, there is no official portrait of Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator and preserver of his country, placed in the Capitol Building of this state, and

Whereas, it seems appropriate that our state should be in line with other states in recognizing the services of one of the greatest men the world ever produced, and place beside the portrait of Washington, our first president, an appropriate oil painting of Abraham Lincoln, our sixteenth president.

Therefore, be it Resolved, by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, that a committee of two on the part of the House and one on the part of the Senate be appointed by the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate, respectively, to solicit funds from the cities and towns of the state not to exceed $3,000 for the purpose aforesaid.

Resolved, That funds subscribed for aforesaid purpose be placed in the hands of the state treasurer, and expended under the direction of the governor and council who shall direct and approve all work incident thereto.



Hon. Elmer E. Woodbury



Under the terms of this resolution the President of the Senate named to represent that body on the joint committee, Captain John G. Winant of Concord, and the Speaker of the House appointed from his branch Mr. Woodbury and Admiral J. B. Murdock, U. S. N., retired, member from the town of Hill.

The committee decided that it would be appropriate and useful to raise the necessary funds, so far as possible, by a request of the school children of the state for individual contributions of ten cents each. To this appeal nearly ten thousand boys and girls made favorable response.

Thus led by the school children of New Hampshire, the friends and admirers of "Railsplitter" president will place a life size oil portrait of him beside that of Washington in the Hall of Representatives. It will be a New Hampshire product in every sense of the word, paid for by our people, and painted by a native of and resident of the state, Hon. Frank French of Manchester. The committee in charge of the work are planning to unveil this memorial February 12, 1925, when the Legislature is in session.

Most historic figures great as they may be still savor of particular causes and parties. For many years the Democratic members of the New Hampshire Legislature have gazed upon with pride and unconsciously copied the attitude of their great president, Franklin Pierce as he looks forth upon them in their Hall. On the other hand, Republicans have emulated the doughty staunchness of their great pioneer, John P. Hale, standing before them with the same stern resolution with which he first raised his voice in the National Senate in behalf of abolition. But when the image of the great Lincoln shall be elevated to a place beside the Father of our Country in the center of New Hampshire's Legislative assembly, they will together form a shrine before which men of all creeds and parties may bow themselves, remembering only that they are Americans. After all is said it is utterly futile to pay a fitting tribute to the name of Lincoln. One of his own speeches which was long lost and has recently been found was delivered upon the 110th anniversary of the birthday of Washington, and is strikingly appropriate to be quoted with reference to its author.

"On that name an eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it.

In solemn awe pronounce the name and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on."

OPPORTUNITY

By Louise Patterson Guyol

Some call her unforgiving, adamant,
Never-returning if by chance she come
And find you not. Some say that she will grant
Unending grace, that you can never plumb
The depths of her compassion. Others still
Believe her fickle as an April wind;
Believe that she will live with you until
Her fancy change, then, unreluctant, find
A newer love. But there are some say this:
That Opportunity is quiet, shy;
And when, uncertainly, she seeks your door,
You must not be too eager for her kiss;
Delay a moment, lest she turn to fly—
Then she will stay, and love you evermore!

PROGRESSIVE NEW HAMPSHIRE

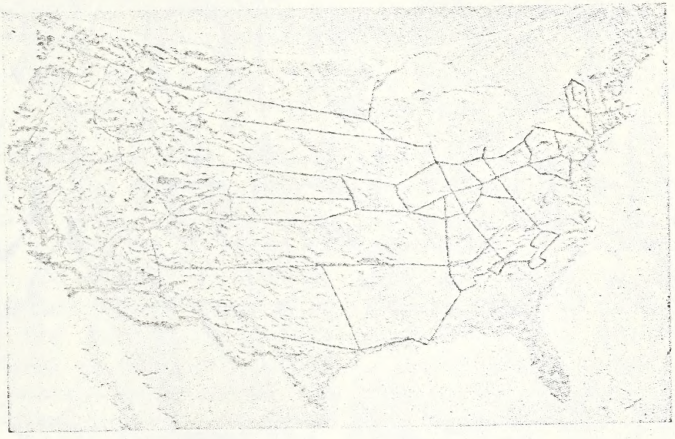
By Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass

"New England" declares the Storrow Commission, "has shown courage and resource in the past. We believe New England is ready to do so again."

The Pessimist

A number of us were dining together last winter at the Eagle Hotel in Concord. The conversation turned to the future of New England. The more intense industrial competition, mounting transportation costs, the high price and uncertain supply of coal and our waning agricultural production, all came up in the course of discussion. Finally, one of our most successful business men summed up his conclusions as follows:

"It is no use, New England has seen her best days. It is only a question of time before our industries will disappear as fast as the farms are going at present. Our future lies with the tourist and the summer boarder. As a productive section of the country, New England is doomed. Of course, in public I boost New England, but for all that, I realize that the situation is hopeless."



A Suggested Super-Power System for North America

The lines indicate approximately the structure of the Eastern and Western super-power systems that will probably first come into existence, together with the trans-continental connections which will be installed at some later date to unify the two systems.

The Optimist

Some months afterward, I sat in the offices of the President of our State University at Durham. Some twenty men were there assembled at his invitation. There were manufacturers, lumbermen, leaders in the modern agricultural movement, bankers, labor union officials and educators, all public spirited and prominent in our State affairs. Here was quite a different spirit, quite a different point of view. This group had come together to definitely work out some plan of action, some State program to meet and overcome the present serious condition which confronts agriculture and many of the industries in New Hampshire. Here was no hopelessness; ready to take hold of this situation in the public interest, these men proposed to apply their united ability toward finding a solution to this problem in a methodical, systematic manner.

The contrast of these two points of view illustrates just the difference between success and failure, between growth and decay. Those men at Durham had something of the spirit of our own pioneers. Something of the same spirit that must have inspired those people of Denmark, who on finding themselves in 1866 a bankrupt State, with poor soil, poor stock, undeveloped industry and a large population per square mile, came together, formulated and carried out a well planned agricul-

tural, educational and social program, which caused that country to become, in a generation, the most generally prosperous agricultural State in the world. Necessity furnished the incentive, education, cooperation and organization did the rest.

We in New Hampshire must meet the new conditions of competition from those parts of the country more favorably situated as to raw material, power, soils or even climate with brains and organization, with education and cooperation. If our industries decline and our farms continue to be abandoned, if we become nothing more than a summer playground, it will not be because our problem is unsolvable or our situation inherently hopeless, but because the old spirit of resourcefulness and determination has died out.

We must eliminate waste, we must direct all effort to the best advantage, we must pull together. Our water powers must be developed, those industries best adapted to our resources and markets must be encouraged, our lands and forests must be more efficiently cultivated and husbanded, our people must be educated and organized to a new efficiency and a new spirit of cooperation. It means a higher type of civilization, it requires more resourcefulness, more unselfishness.

That we in New England shall successfully overcome our problems as other nations and states have in similar situations, I have no doubt. Already



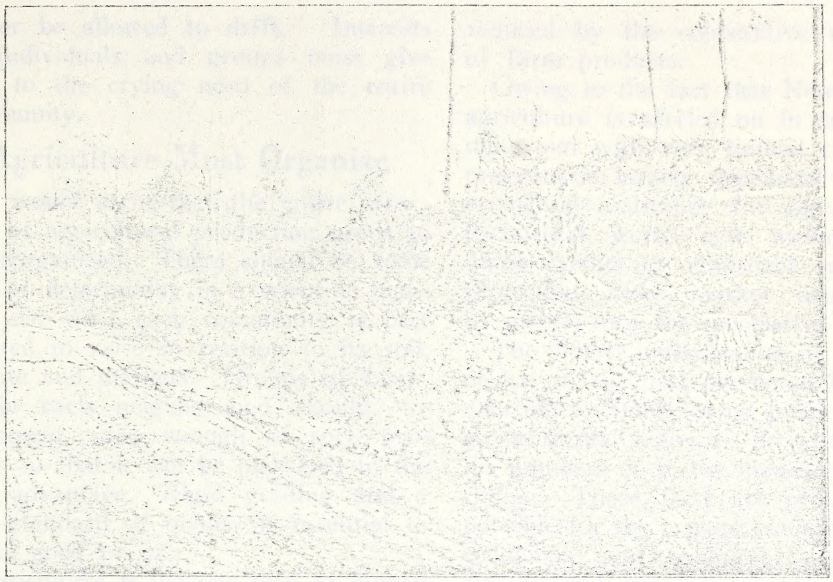
Photo by the Kimball Studio, Concord, N. H.

DIRECTORS OF N. H. FARM BUREAU

Left to right, standing—Homer S. Smith; Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass, Peterboro; Arthur P. Reed, Winchester; H. Styles Bridges, Concord.

Left to right, seated—S. A. Lovejoy, Milford; Mrs. Fannie B. White, Claremont; George M. Putnam, Contoocook; Herbert N. Sawyer, Atkinson; J. C. Avery, Wolfeboro.





Improperly cut over land—Acres of New Hampshire territory are made useless by being left in this manner.

our leading citizens are fully alive to the graveness of the situation and to the necessity for action. Hardly a day passes that we do not see something on this subject in the editorial pages of our press. And now comes this meeting at Durham. It was particularly gratifying and inspiring to me, for it marks the one step toward an organized and comprehensive industrial and agricultural New Hampshire program of reconstruction.

The most casual analysis of conditions confronting New England clearly indicates that something more is needed than either destructive criticism or thoughtless patriotic enthusiasm. The foundation for renewed permanent prosperity in New Hampshire must rest on a searching, systematic and ruthless analysis of existing conditions, clearly to reveal the obstacles which must be overcome.

A New Hampshire Program

But that in itself is not enough. It must be followed by a constructive program of action, carefully considered with a view of uniting all elements and interests in a plan of action which will make the best possible use of our available resources and direct our activities to the most favorable field of production.

The next step must be a campaign of education, for no matter how able, or how practical, such a program may be it cannot succeed without the complete understanding and the hearty cooperation of the majority of our people. Once we can cause this survey and this program to become a subject of discussion in our schools and colleges, at public meetings, and in the homes, then we look forward with assurance to a rejuvenated New England, a New England which will once more take a position of leadership in our country.

The facts which will be revealed by an intensive survey will indicate many useful lines of action which are not now apparent. It is not possible to anticipate the findings of President Hetzel's committee but we already know certain things which much need to be done at once. It is evident, for instance, that all of New England is, to an unusual degree, dependent upon an efficient and economical system of transportation both by land and sea. This has an intimate relation to the prosperity of both agriculture and industry. The question is being agitated and sifted as a result of the much controverted Storrow Report. Surely this important matter should no

longer be allowed to drift. Interests of individuals and groups must give way to the crying need of the entire community.

Agriculture Must Organize

It would seem that the entire structure of agricultural production needs to be reorganized. There should be some way of determining in a scientific manner just what each community is best adapted to raise in relation to its soil, climate and markets. Groups of farmers in each neighborhood should, by agreement, raise enough of such products so that it can be marketed to the best advantage. Rigid grading and a high standard of quality is essential to insure good prices.

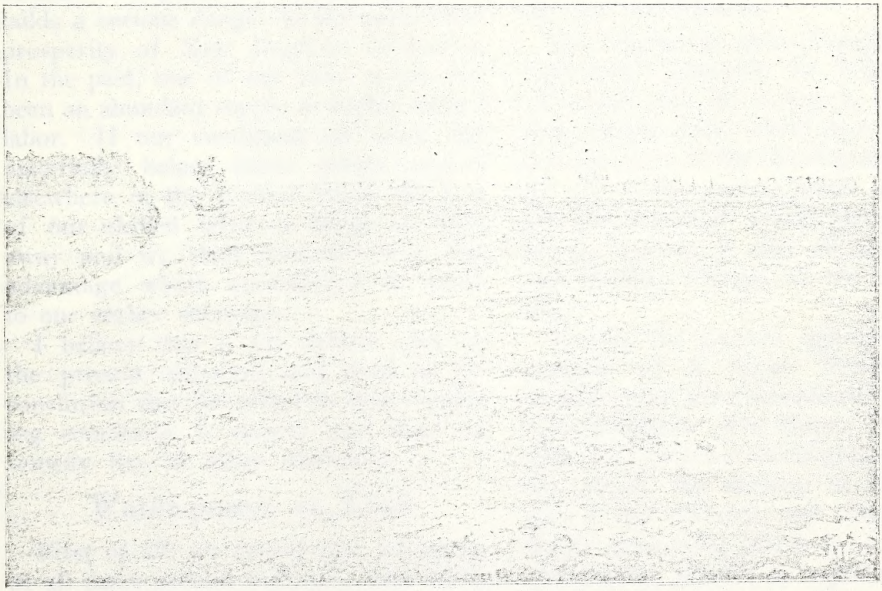
Agriculture is the one field of human activity which has not yet been highly organized. The farmer is, for the most part, still buying and selling as an isolated individual.

Our system of food distribution is the most extravagant in the world. For each dollar spent by the consumer, the farmer now receives only about fifty cents. This wasteful process would be reduced by the cooperative marketing of farm products.

Owing to the fact that New England agriculture is carried on in such small units and with very limited capital, its progress is largely dependent on Governmental assistance for research, experimental work, new methods, adequate credits at reasonable rates and protection from market manipulation by middle men for speculative profits.

The intense individualism of the farmer has in the past prevented him from exerting an influence on politics and on governmental activities proportionate to his numbers or to the importance of his calling. These facts are probably responsible for the present tendency toward economic and political organization among the farmers.

The rapid development of the Farm Bureau movement in New Hampshire and its achievement in stimulating cooperative buying and selling indicates that we are making substantial progress in the right direction. It indicates an intelligent understanding of existing difficulties and a determination through systematic organization to secure united



Waste Land—This land presented to the State Forestry Department by S. O. Huckins of Ossipee is now covered with pine set out by the Department.

action to meet these difficulties. It represents a new spirit and a renewed vitality which should be helped and encouraged by all who are interested in the permanent prosperity of our community.

Meet Industrial Handicaps

The intense competition which now comes from other sections of the country has created some serious problems for the manufacturer. Increasing transportation costs have resulted in a higher price for all raw material and coal. It has also made it more expensive to market the finished product. Owing to the fact that we import so much of our food, higher railroad rates have made the cost of living in New England more than it is in many other sections of the country. It has been estimated that this adds $1.00 each week to the cost of food for each individual. This tends to increase wages.

Under the pressure of all these adverse conditions, the manufacturer is very naturally opposed to wage increases or to shorter hours of labor. His first spontaneous reaction to these conditions is to cut his labor costs in order to meet outside competition. This tendency holds a serious danger to the permanent prosperity of New England industries. In the past, one of our chief assets has been an abundant supply of highly skilled labor. If our conditions of work fall materially below those which prevail elsewhere in the United States the best of our skilled labor is likely to drift away and we shall gradually lose that advantage which contributed so much to our earlier successes.

I believe that a far-sighted view of the present situation will lead to the conclusion that the effort to lower working conditions is unwise and that our remedy lies in other directions.

Water-power vs. Coal

First of all, we should take advantage of all those natural resources with which we are endowed. Our water powers should be fully developed and utilized to replace high priced coal. At present, almost one-half of our available water power in New England lies undeveloped. This is clearly an extravagance which we cannot afford.

Furthermore, we should develop an extensive system of water storage to increase the available power at all the plants now in use. A single reservoir at the head of one of our streams will add materially to the power generated at every plant on that stream without any further outlay for additional equipment. It has been estimated that 50% of water in our streams now flows over the dams unused during the flood season. By storing even one-half of this waste water and releasing it in times of drought, we should reduce our coal bills by several million dollars each year. This is a bit of thrift which we can no longer afford to overlook.

Then, there is the proposed St. Lawrence waterway, which, if carried out, will not only provide cheaper transportation to our markets in the middle West, but would generate about one million, five hundred thousand horse power of hydro-electric energy which it is said could be marketed in New England at one cent per kilowatt.

Mr. Charles R. Gow, President of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts has stated that the saving in transportation charges alone would each year equal the total cost of the development. While the sale of the electric power at one cent per kilowatt hour would provide a sufficient revenue to pay all the carrying and funding charges of the entire project.

Finally the present agitation for the creation of a Super Power System should enlist the enthusiastic support of New England. The Super Power Plan calls for intensive development of electric power, the division of the country into a few districts and connecting the larger generating plants by a trunk line distributing system to equalize the use of current and to eliminate waste. Auxiliary steam power would be devel-

oped in large units near coal mines or on tide water where fuel can be secured at a minimum cost. Herbert Hoover recently stated that in the eleven North Eastern states alone this would save 50,000,000 tons of coal each year.

This plan when put into execution should provide a more adequate and stable supply of power at substantially reduced rates. Furthermore it would tend to equalize the price of power throughout the North Eastern States. It holds tremendous possibilities for New England. Among these are the electrification of our Railroads, and lower operating costs. An ample supply of cheap electrical power would mean a fuller use of labor saving machinery in the factory, on the farm and in the home.

Before any of these plans can be carried out, however, certain legislation, state and federal, must be passed. We in New Hampshire must see to it that our representatives do their share to secure the necessary Legislation and to see that it adequately protects the public interests so that the benefits will be secured by those who use the power both great and small, rather than allow the lion's share of the profits to be absorbed by promoters and speculators.

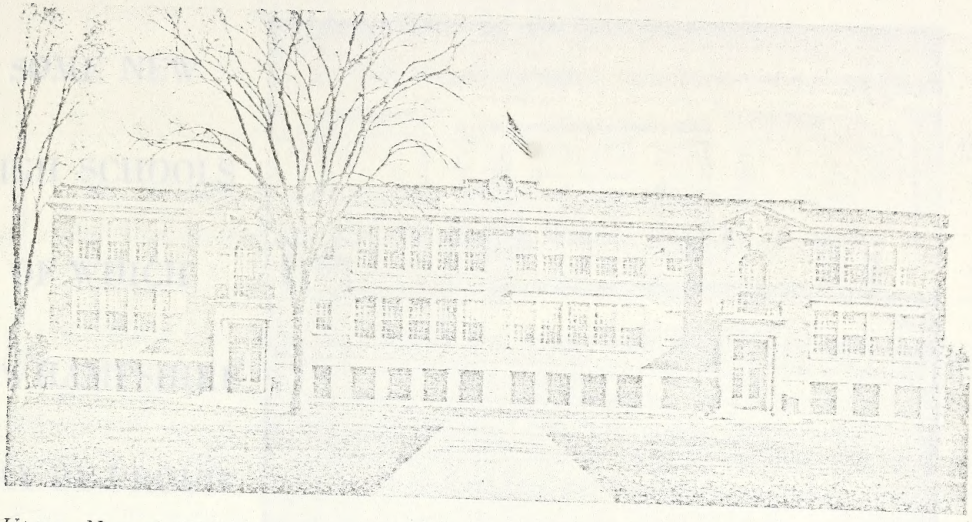
More Timber

There is one kind of raw material which we can produce in quantity as well and as cheaply as it can be raised in any section of this country. I refer to timber. At present, almost one-third of the area of New Hampshire consists of waste land which is producing nothing of value. Most of this land is well adapted to growing valuable timber. We can no longer afford the luxury of waste land. Properly utilized, it would furnish our citizens with an increased revenue of many millions of dollars each year, and add materially to the prosperity of our farmers who own a large part of this non-productive area.

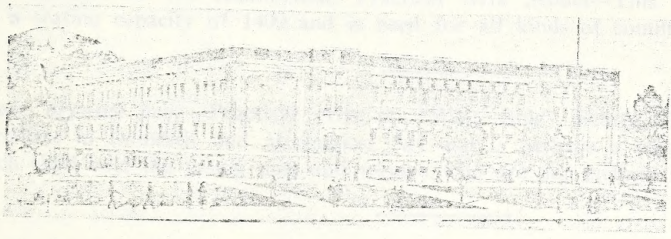
Let me illustrate my point by a specific example. Until quite recently, there have, I believe, been few match factories in New England. Our pine blocks have been shipped from New Hampshire to factories in other sections of the country and the matches which we burn have been transported all the way back. A few months ago, some enterprising people in Cheshire county started a match factory. They buy their raw material from a neighboring box shop which had previously shipped these blocks to Ohio. The freight on a carload of this material from Cheshire county to Ohio amounted to $150. The return freight on the matches came to $240. This New Hampshire match factory is starting with an advantage of between $300 and $400 on every carload of matches which they sell here in New England. That is the kind of industry which is well adapted to existing conditions, and, consequently likely to thrive.

Our two million acres of waste land cannot be brought into valuable timber growth until we revise our antiquated system of taxation, and this requires an amendment to our Constitution. As we tax growing timber to-day, no man can afford to raise a crop of trees, consequently he saves money by allowing his land to go to waste.

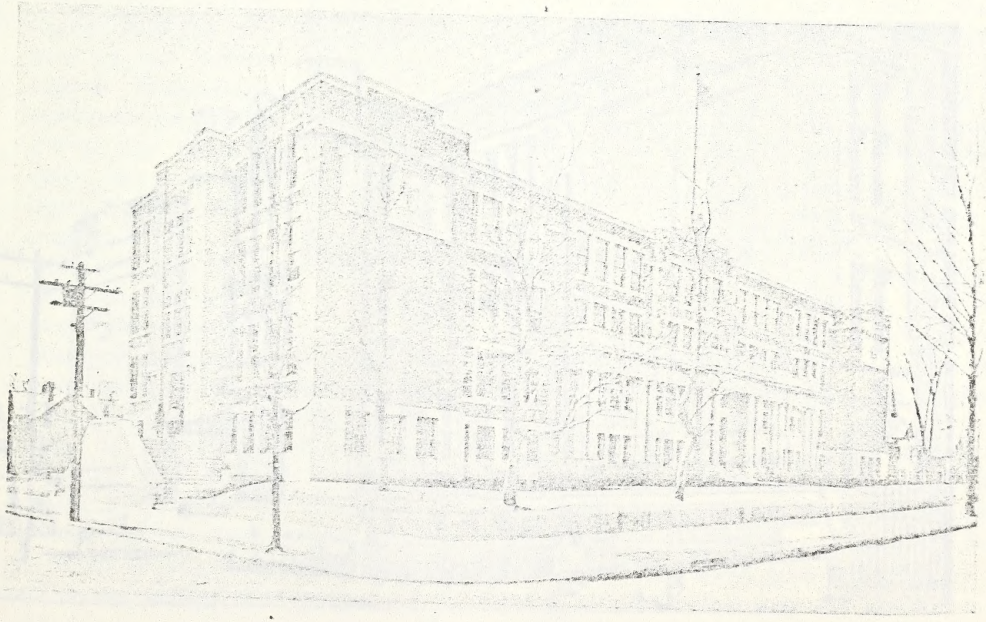
In dealing with a problem of such magnitude and diversity, it is possible here only to touch upon a very few of its many aspects and perhaps suggest some general conclusions. As society is now organized, our various human activities have become largely inter-dependent. To get the most out of life the business man, the banker, the farmer and the laboring man must, to some extent, cooperate for their mutual good. Let us, with foresight and determination, agree upon a community program which gives reasonable and equal consideration to the needs of agriculture and industry, capital and labor. Let us make our Government an effective agency to supplement private enterprise in carrying out such a program in the interest of all classes of our citizens.



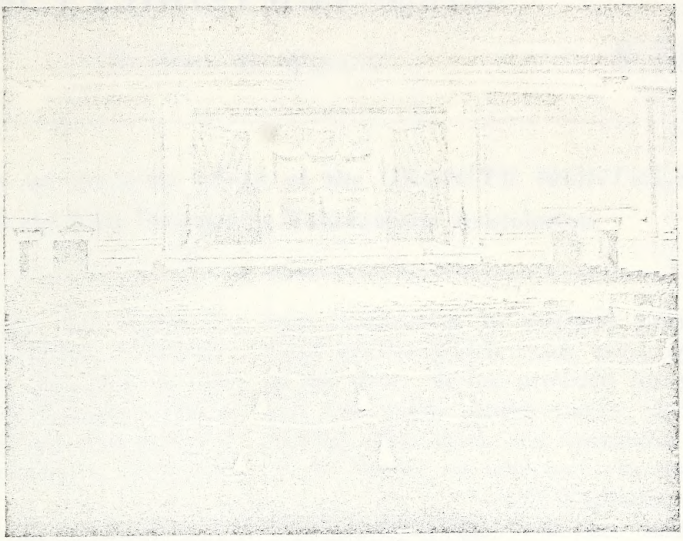
Upper—Newest High School in the State—The City of Laconia loses no opportunity to boast of this school. It was completed last summer and placed in readiness for use during the present school year. Commissioner Butterfield and the Hon. Fletcher Hale were the speakers at its dedication in September.



An Architect's Drawing of Berlin's new $400,000 High School. *Center*—The wonder of the North Country—This is one of the few in the state equipped with a fine gymnasium.



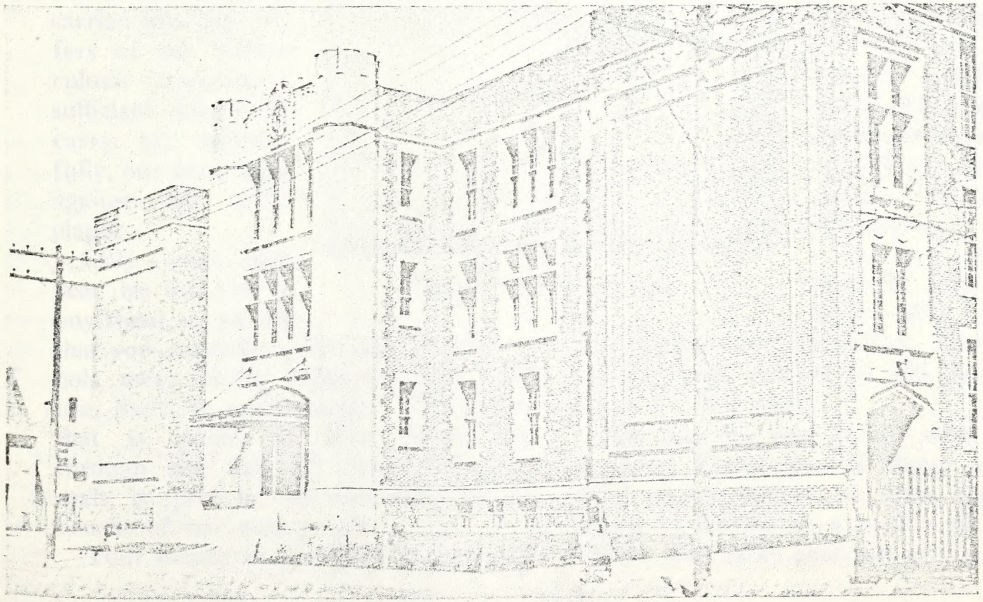
SOME NEW HIGH SCHOOLS OF WHICH NEWHAMPSHIRE MAY BE PROUD



Upper—Interior of the Auditorium, Practical Arts School—This magnificent auditorium has a seating capacity of 1400 and is used for all kinds of community gatherings.

Lower, opposite page—Practical Arts or "West Side" School, Manchester—This school specializes in Domestic and Mechanical Art and is perhaps a pioneer of those institutions which shall hold the young men and women who are not inclined in classical direction.

Lower—High School, Nashua—This is one of the best High Schools in the state. It has already served Nashua four years and there is little indication that the students of that city will be cramped for quarters.





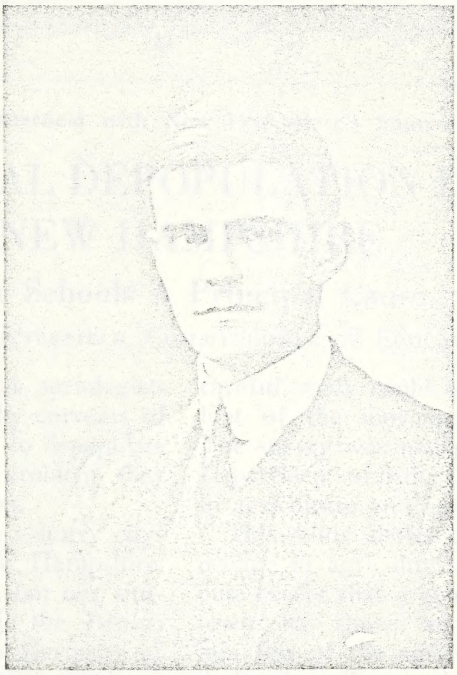
BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

By John G. Winant

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Mr. Winant is an associate editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY and President of the New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association.

SIXTEEN years ago, Miss Emily P. Bissell of Wilmington, Delaware, sold seals for the first time in this country and raised one thousand dollars to pay for the fight of our first tuberculosis sanatorium, Hope Farm, Delaware. The Tuberculosis movement to-day, which is one of the greatest voluntary social work movements in the world, is the monument to the development of the Tuberculosis Christmas seal. These little patches of merry Christmas colors, bearing the great plus sign of our civilization, have carried into the coffers of our Tuberculosis Association, sufficient money to carry on, successfully, our great fight against the white plague.



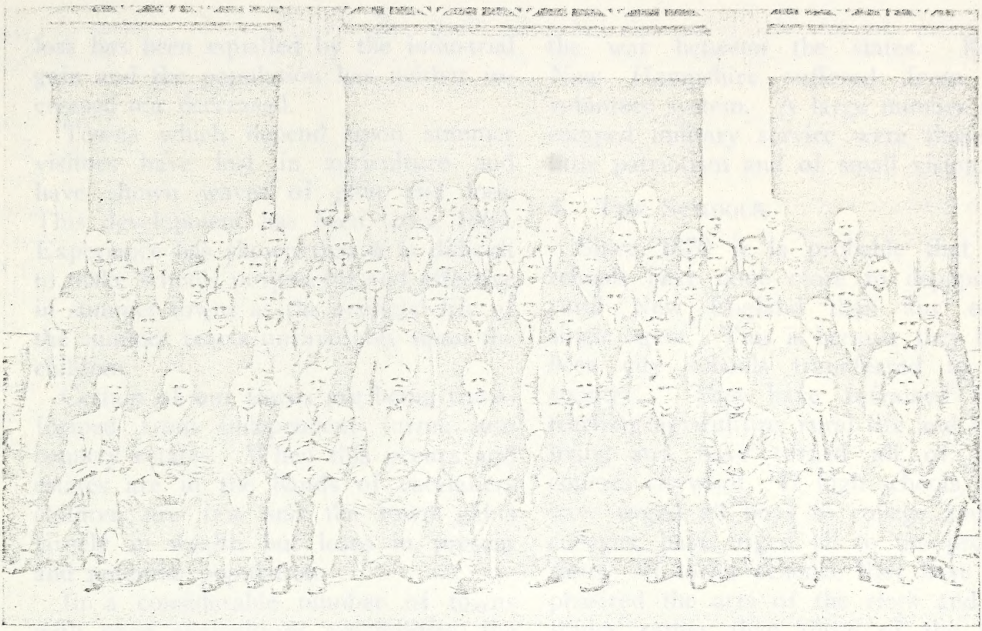
Captain John G. Winant

Only once each year we ask you to buy them, so we ask that you remember that these little symbols mean health happiness and often life, itself, to many people. The money that is raised in New Hampshire, through the sale of these Christmas seals, is spent in our own state for the benefit of our own people.

Your money has enabled the Tuberculosis Association to establish thirty-six clinic centers which reach every section of the state. It has provided for eleven full time public health nurses, for case finding, clinic work, and instructive work in the homes or wherever else needed. 211 diagnostic clinics have been held during last year. A total of 5,865 examinations were made at clinics during the year. 17,682 home visits were made by county nurses during last year. 29,475 pieces of educational literature on Tuberculosis were distributed. Lectures were held during the summer semester of our state normal schools and much additional educational work was accomplished through pictures, lectures and newspapers.

In New Hampshire in 1918 there were 470 deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis. This number has been reduced to 306 deaths in less than four years.

The seal this year carries with it, the spirit of Christmas. It shows a little child sitting before an open fireplace, seeing in the flames a picture of Santa Claus. Let us be generous givers.



Commissioner E. W. Butterfield with New Hampshire's Superintendents of Schools.

RURAL DEPOPULATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Our Schools A Principal Cause

By E. W. Butterfield, Commissioner of Education

FOR thirty years rural sociologists have been disturbed by currents of migration which tend to depopulate country towns. To this problem they have given no little attention.

The movement from the country cityward is not peculiar to New Hampshire, as many apparently believe, but our situation is paralleled by that in the British Isles, in Scandinavia, in the Germany of 1914 and in all of the maritime provinces of Canada. This is a general movement wherever farms and large cities are in close juxtaposition and where diversified products have not been replaced by a single crop specialization.

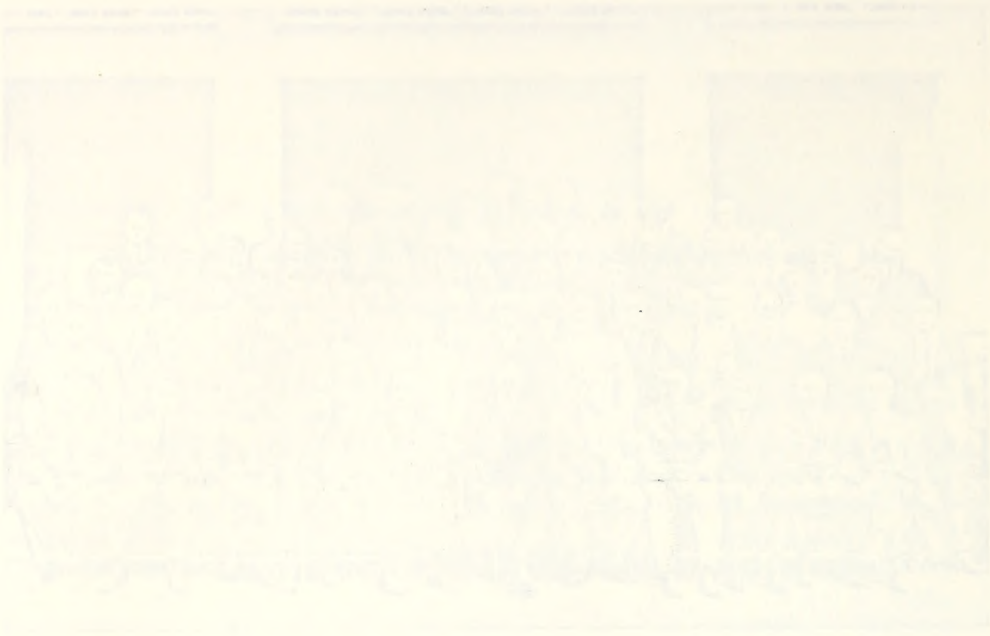
Survey of Education Board

In 1917 the General Education Board became interested in the rural depopulation of New Hampshire and made a liberal appropriation in order that a careful study could be made of the extent of the movement and its causes. The survey was made through the State Department of Education by a specialist in agriculture and rural economics.

This study shows that from 1830 the decline in agriculture has been continuous, except that a group of Coos county towns has shown an increase.. A certain few of the agricultural towns have declined until now the population numbers but one-half, one-fourth or even one-eighth of the citizenship of the early part of the century.

In large industrial towns, however, the agricultural growth was continued by an industrial development so the increase has been on the whole steady.

A considerable number of suburban towns have lost their agricultural basis and have gained with the cities to which they are attached. The agricultural



loss has been equalled by the industrial gain and the population has neither increased nor decreased.

Towns which depend upon summer visitors have lost in agriculture and have shown waves of gain and loss. This development has been since 1869. Experience has shown that it is difficult to make schools purposeful and effective in summer towns as the artificial life of the summer reacts unfavorably upon the children.

Certain of our towns are being transformed from independent farms into country estates. When this occurs and estates are in the hands of caretakers children are few and the town gains largely in wealth but loses in present and potential population.

In a considerable number of towns with good agricultural possibilities, the movement toward depopulation has slackened or stopped and there has been a slight increase shown by the census of 1910 and 1920. This may indicate a turning of the tide.

Causes of Depopulation

This survey enumerated four specific causes of New Hampshire's rural loss.

1. Industrial Revolution.

In 1820 the great body of New England men were farmers or were engaged in rendering service to farmers. Farming operations were at this time simple. In 1850 every occupation and every process had been modified by modern machinery. The price of labor rose rapidly and small rocky farms which could produce abundantly with cheap labor could no longer be worked with profit.

2. Westward Emigration.

The years 1840 to 1860 were those of a great westward migration during which thousands of New Hampshire men followed the advice of our own Horace Greeley, "Go west, young man."

3. The Civil War.

Rural New Hampshire volunteered with ready patriotism at the opening of the war between the states. Rural New Hampshire suffered from the volunteer system. A large number who escaped military service were those of little patriotism and of small vision.

4. The Schools.

Since 1870 it is probable that the schools have done more to depopulate rural New England than any other single agent. This is because they have been city schools transferred to the country. They have refrained from teaching agriculture, rural life and rural living and have turned all of their courses cityward. If high schools, they have urged all boys to college and, if colleges, have urged all to the professions. If lower schools, they have emphasized the arts of the clerk and the trader rather than those of the producer. As a result, pupils of the lower rural schools have gone to the cities for commonplace clerical and mercantile positions and pupils of the higher schools to the cities to secure professional advance or wealth.

The field study which was to determine the possibilities of repopulating the towns followed this plan. It determined the acreage of the towns and the number of acres at present arable. It made a survey of the soil and considered desirable types of farming, kinds of crops and size of profitable farms. It made an estimate of the number of families and of persons who might be supported from the farms. With this, it studied the transportation and market facilities to see their effect on the fall of population. It reached the following conclusions in regard to the present situation.

"We find that the rural area would, at a conservative estimate, furnish a livelihood for over sixty per cent. more population than now finds its home there.

We find that the transportation facilities are good, that it cannot successfully be maintained that railroad building has crippled towns, that towns off the line of railroad have on the whole

done as well as towns on the line, except where the railroad had given an impetus to industrial development in some towns.

It appears that the demands of the home market are far in excess of the home supply. In the end, the non-rural consumer is paying for his supplies, cost of production and ordinary cost of distribution plus a high differential freight rate due to imports from a distance.

Accordingly, it seems clear that there have been other than economic causes in the decline of population, and that other than economic causes are now operative in keeping population down.

We know that poor school facilities actually do operate to deter people with children from taking up farm lands and that similarly there is still a steady, though not large, emigration in search of better schools.

It has further been shown that the influence of higher education has certainly operated to strip the rural area of its strongest leadership, and that on the other hand an higher education adapted to the rural area can operate to check this type of selection and elimination.

It seems clear, therefore, first, that good elementary and high schools will inevitably do much to check further stripping of the countryside of its best material and will make it possible for men with families to return to the land; and, second, that an education adapted to the interpretation of country problems will furnish the only capital upon which rural people can depend for constantly adapting themselves to a constantly changing social and economic environment.

Finally, if we undertake on a large scale to build a public school system adequate for the needs of the rural area, we are sure that we are not building nor attempting to build on an impossible economic foundation. And that is the question which the whole investigation was intended primarily to answer."

It is worth while for those who are interested in New Hampshire's future to review the educational changes which the last five years have seen in rural New Hampshire. To a considerable extent the state has been able to remove the handicap which has restrained children in rural districts. In this period expert supervision has been extended so that it is effective in remote towns as in wealthy cities. The country and the city superintendents are equally competent and well paid.

During this period the school year for country schools has been extended and is now uniform throughout the state. In this time the average school year has been lengthened by two weeks and the attendance of school pupils increased by 2%. In 1918, 924 rural and village schools and 6,495 pupils in poor towns had a school year which was from two to sixteen weeks shorter than in more fortunate places. Last year in the entire state but twelve small schools, with an enrollment of 134 pupils, failed to remain open for the full thirty-six weeks.

These years have seen the remodeling of 80% of rural school buildings and state wide extension of the physical welfare of pupils through the services of nurses and physicians.

During these years the number of normal school graduates employed in the elementary schools has increased from 44% to 55% of the whole and there has come the practical elimination of teachers with neither experience nor training.

In the same years the enrollment of regular students at the normal schools has increased from 240 to 608.

Through the state policy of aid to impoverished districts, these gains have been made possible without an abnormal cost for schools in any of the school districts.

There is abundant evidence that these changes have checked the movement of population away from some of our rural towns. The improvement of the schools is but one step, however, in the development of the state for its possible future.

JUSTICE JOHN H. CLARKE IN MANCHESTER

N. H. C.

ONE of the most interesting and helpful institutions affecting the life and thought of our state is the New Hampshire Civic Association which practices a policy of inviting able advocates of different view points on public questions to address them. In the opinion of many the crowning achievement of the Association's work thus far was reached on November 16th when in conjunction with the Chamber of Commerce of Manchester some 250 of the most intelligent men and women of our commonwealth listened to an argument in favor of the League of Nations by John H. Clarke of Ohio, ex-Justice of the United States Supreme Court. It was only a few months ago that Senator Borah of Idaho presented a masterly discourse to a similar group opposing the League.

American public life has never lacked able orators. It is today replete with clear thinkers who hold their audiences more by the forcefulness of their reasoning than by the attractiveness of their speech. There is another numerous class of exceptionally fluent speakers whose eloquence alone is sufficient to command an audience irrespective of the subject matter of their discourse. It is however, rare indeed that we are privileged to hear a statesman who has not only an orator's command of language combined with a jurist's clarity of argument, but who surpasses both of these attributes by a certain tremendous earnestness and devotion to his cause which injects a great spiritual power into his plea and causes him to be transformed in the eyes of his fellows into a crusader with a flaming sword. Such was the appeal of Justice Clarke.

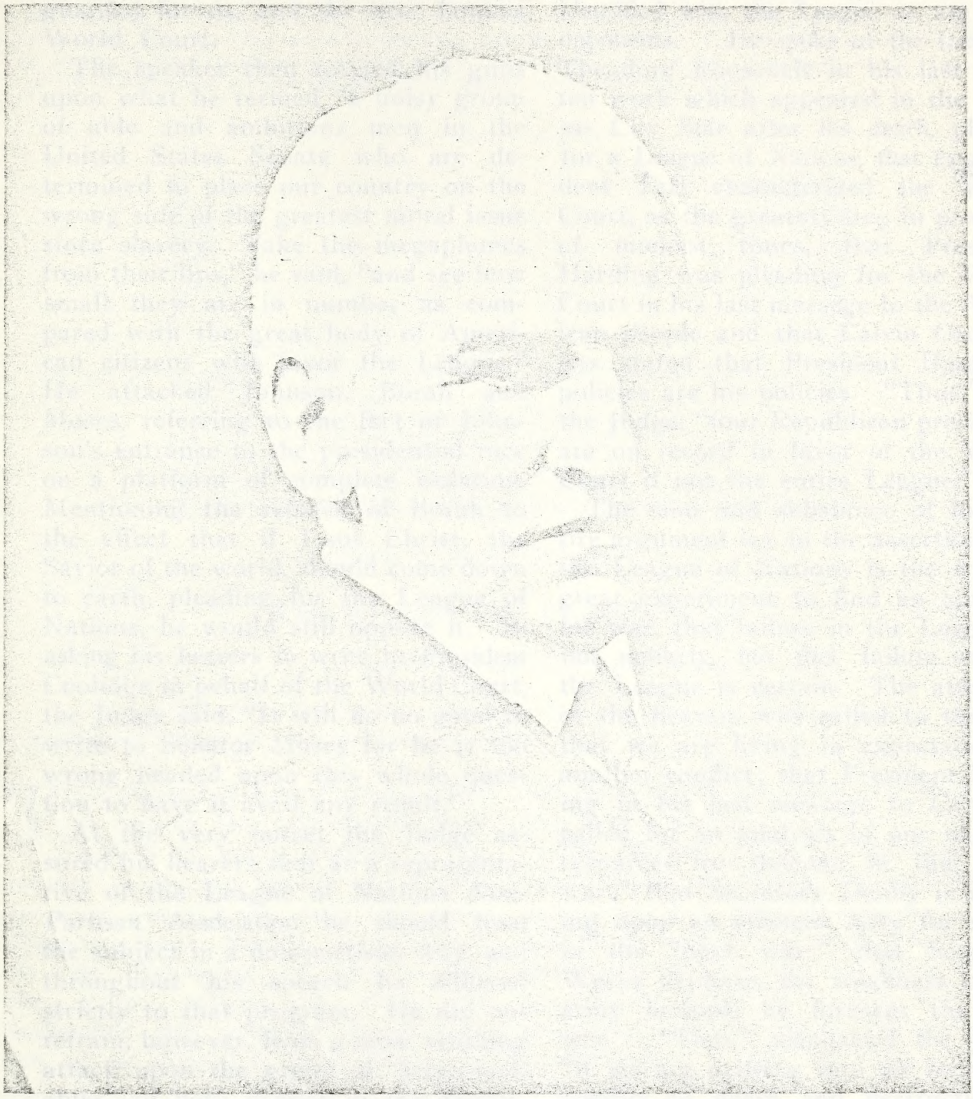
Snow white hair, features so clear cut and regular as to resemble the finely chiseled countenance of a statue, and a pirecing straightforward glance from the blue eyes deep set under level brows—it is little wonder that Justice Clarke is one who can impress himself deeply in the memories of those with whom he comes in contact. Added to this appearance, the mellow tones of a fine voice which in climatic points of his utterance, thrilled with a great passion which could never be falsely assumed, made an impression never to be forgotten.

It is a matter of general knowledge that Justice Clarke resigned his seat on the Supreme Bench of our country some months ago that he might devote his entire time and energy in urging the United States to become a member of the League of Nations. In his opening statement he explained his position by saying, "I wish you all to know that I am not a public speaker for pay. My views on this great question are not in the market at any price. I would like you to know that I am not here to forward the cause of any party or to cultivate any private ambitions. I have had all the honor that I covet in this life and laid it down because I felt I saw in this cause the opportunity of greater service."

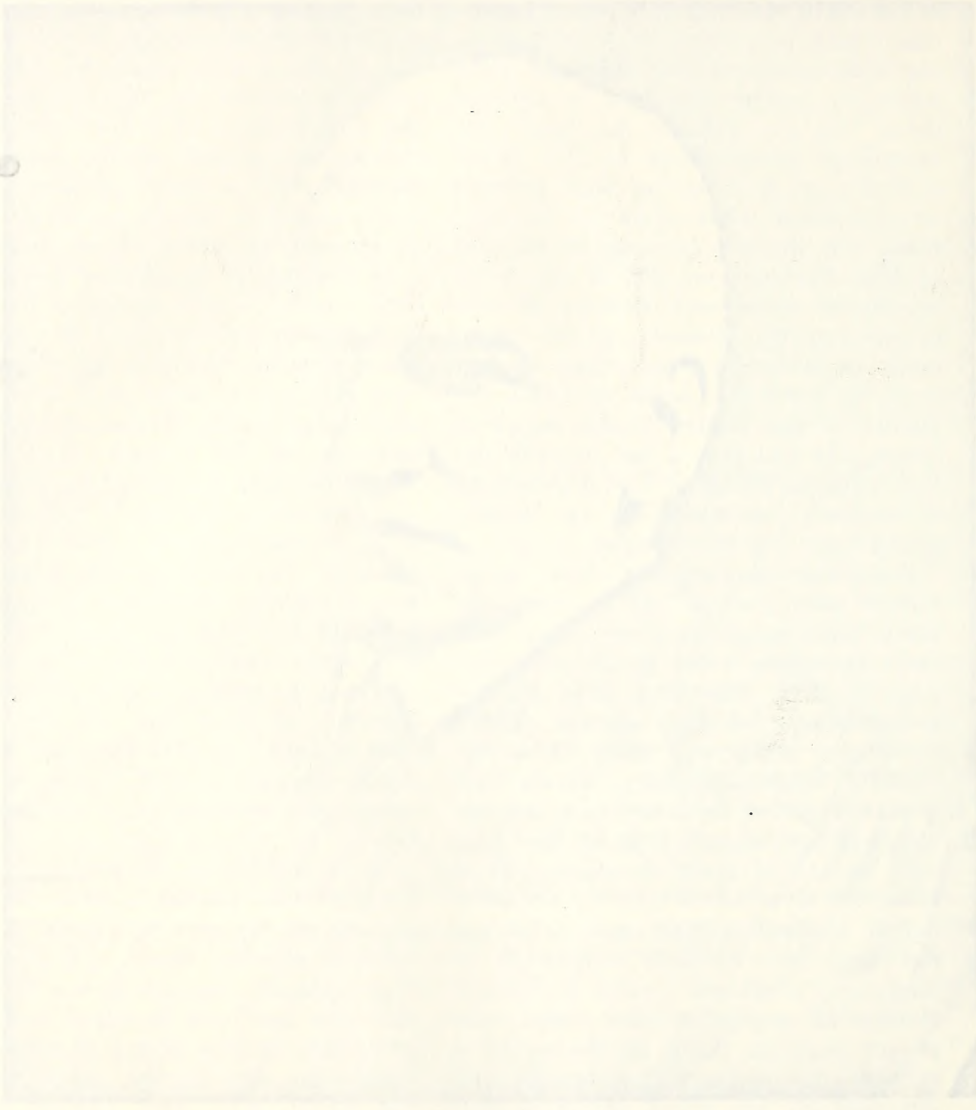
As a prelude to his analysis of the League the speaker drew a vivid picture of the greatest curse of civilization, namely—War. He showed that although we are prone to boast that the last one hundred and fifty years has been a period of great progress in the world, statesmanship has stood still, and nations to-day are settling their differences in precisely the same way that they settled them generations ago. "But," said the judge, "though statesmanship has stood still, war has not stood still!" From that remark he proceeded to show to what deadly extremes modern science has brought warfare and

emphasized the fact that another war may mean annihilation.

Of the multitudes who are and have been glibly discussing the pros and cons of the League of Nations, surprisingly few have ever read its covenant, and fewer still have retained in their mind more than a fleeting impression of any part of it, not excluding the famous "Article 10." Those who listened to Mr. Clarke, however, will never again be without a definite mental image of what the League really means, for they heard it simply and lucidly summed up into what the speaker called "five offenses against war." He showed that the first step was the "cooling off" period of enforced waiting before a declaration of war which gave the common people of the world a chance to assure themselves that no king or ruler was forc-



JOHN H. CLARKE



ing them into any horrible strife for the sake of ambition. Other "offenses" were the clause preventing secret diplomacy, the industrial and economic boycott, Article 10, which he asserted could be easily safeguarded for us, and the now famous World Court.

The speaker then trained his guns upon what he termed "a noisy group of able and ambitious men in the United States Senate who are determined to place our country on the wrong side of the greatest moral issue since slavery. Take the megaphones from their lips," he said, "and see how small they are in number as compared with the great body of American citizens who favor the League." He attacked Johnson, Borah and Moses, referring to the fact of Johnson's entrance to the presidential race on a platform of complete isolation. Mentioning the remark of Borah to the effect that if Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world, should come down to earth, pleading for the League of Nations, he would still oppose it. In asking his hearers to write to President Coolidge in behalf of the World Court, the Judge said, "It will do no good to write to Senator Moses for he is too wrong headed upon this whole question to have it avail any result."

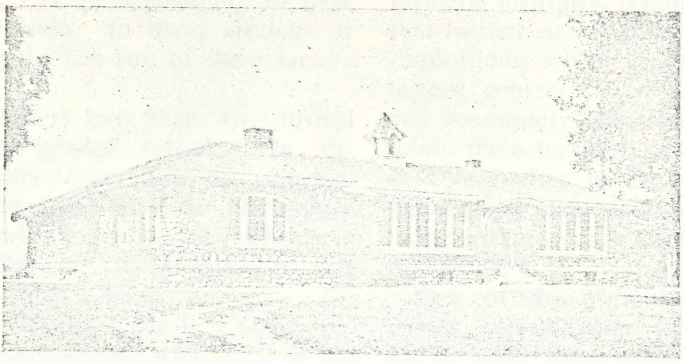
At the very outset the Judge assured his hearers that as a representative of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association he should treat the subject in a non-partisan way, and throughout his speech he adhered strictly to that program. He did not refrain, however, from a most scathing attack upon the group of "irreconcilables" of both parties in the Senate, who, he asserted, are blocking the progress of the Nation, keeping our country from participating in "the greatest experiment which the world has ever devised for peace. The democratic party," asserted the Judge, "is tied up to the League as closely as any party can possibly be bound to to it. Their leaders are trying to avoid it but they will not avoid it."

The Judge maintained that the Republican party is nearly as closely identified with the League as are their opponents. He spoke of the fact that Theodore Roosevelt in his last written work which appeared in the Kansas City Star after his death, pleaded for a League of Nations, that ex-President Taft characterized the World Court, as the greatest step in progress of modern times, that President Harding was pleading for the World Court in his last message to the American people and that Calvin Coolidge has stated that President Harding's policies are his policies. "Thus," said the Judge, "four Republican presidents are on record in favor of the World Court if not the entire League."

The sum and substance of the entire argument lay in the assertion that the League of Nations is the world's great experiment to find an antidote for war, that failure in the League is not unlikely, but that failure out of the League is certain. The attention of the hearers was called to the fact that we are living in expectation of another conflict; that President Harding in his last message to Congress called for an analysis of our national resources for defense in the "next war;" that Secretary Denby is insisting upon an efficient navy for safety in the "next war;" that Secretary Weeks deplores the weakness of our army because he foresees the next war. "Thus," maintained the Judge, "if we are drifting into an inevitable conflict of death and destruction in the future, if fifty-four nations of the world are engaged in a concerted attempt to avoid it, let us as American citizens leave no stone unturned to see that numbered among them shall be the United States of America."

SHALL "THE LITTLE WHITE SCHOOLHOUSE" GO?

Considerable clash of opinion has been heard throughout the state between those who desire to consolidate the rural schools and those who still cling to the old-fashioned one-room district school. As the second in its series of controversies the GRANITE MONTHLY has selected this question. Mr. William H. Buker, Superintendent of Schools, Rochester, N. H., and one of the rising young educators of the state, has presented the case for the consolidated school. Mrs. Rose Barker of Nelson, N. H., a former school teacher of many years' experience, and much interested in the cause of rural education pleads for the preservation of the district school.



Consolidated School, Greenland, N. H.

The Reasons For Consolidation

By William H. Buker

"The greatest factor in any school is the teacher.....Rural teachers have their eyes turned toward the graded school."

THE movement toward consolidation of schools has experienced rapid growth in many sections of the country in the last decade and a half. In New England we have seen some progress made toward consolidation. At the beginning of this article the writer wishes the reader to understand that complete consolidation can not be attained in many sections of the country due to the climate and physical features.

In New Hampshire probably 20% of the rural schools might be closed and the pupils transported to larger centers resulting both in an economic and educational advantage. Schools with less than 12 to 15 pupils are not large enough to give their members the civic and social training now necessary and given in the larger centers.

The average one-room building in which pupils are housed has very little equipment; the rural teachers represent the most inexperienced, the least adequately trained, and the community support of the school is usually less enthusiastic than that of the village and graded school. The one-room school has great possibilities of development but thinking of the country as a whole much wise legislation must be accomplished before rural pupils are given equal educational advantages to those of urban children.

In cities of 8000 and over, 75% of the elementary teachers are normal school graduates and 10% have received one

year of normal school or college training, while in one-room schools we find only 45% of the teachers have graduated from high schools and less than 4% are normal school graduates. One can easily see that this is a very important factor in bringing about an efficient school.

The greatest factor in any school is the teacher. The characteristics that make an efficient teacher are (1) natural ability, (2) academic and professional training, (3) an opportunity to have close supervision. In many sections of the country the last two of these factors are lacking.

Rural teachers have their eyes turned toward the graded school. In the thirteen years experience as principal and superintendent in New Hampshire I have found but two teachers who have declined village or city positions to that of the one-room school.

A study recently made in a state normal school showed that while 70% of the pupils received their training in rural schools more than 75% intended to teach in villages and cities. Here in New Hampshire superintendents of rural sections are able to get but a small percent of the normal graduates for the one-room schools.

Pupils were tested in reading, arithmetic, language, spelling and writing. The results were in favor of the consolidated schools.

(1) Its holding power is greater than that of the one-teacher schools in the upper grades.

(2) There is a significant difference in the grade-achievement.

(3) When changed into yearly progress the grade-achievement differences range from 18% to 40% with a median difference of 27%.

(4) The subject-achievement differences range from 10% to 44% with a median difference of 27.3%. The greatest difference is in the rate of handwriting.

(5) The age-achievement is favorable to the consolidated school.

As this study was made for the purpose of getting facts and not for any other reason it seems to the writer that this is one of the strongest arguments for the consolidated school when the climate and physical features of a state will permit.

No school is efficient unless it serves as a community center. School buildings should be used for all kinds of legitimate community meetings, such as farmers' institutes, community clubs, parent-teacher associations, Sunday school conventions, school socials, school plays, lecture courses, boys' and girls' clubs, and community agents' meetings. Certainly these meetings are not now being held very often in the one-room schools but we find many such organizations existing in the consolidated schools in the middle west.

One of the arguments advanced against consolidation is transportation. It is said that many hardships are brought about by having pupils walk a mile and then ride two or three miles. In New Jersey 100 children were asked to write on consolidation and particularly transportation. Each of these pupils had attended a district school. Ninety-nine percent preferred the consolidated school and the one who objected said she drove her own team. Personally I should not request pupils to walk any of the distance (beyond two miles) but would request teams to call at the homes.

In many sections school districts own vehicles. This has its advantages. These are covered and can be heated during the winter months. Here in New England we have not made such progress.

The curriculum of the consolidated school is richer and more practical than that of the one-room school. Music, physical education, drawing, civics, wood working, and domestic science are essential today. We have tried to teach many of these subjects in the rural school but have failed.

To summarize:

(1) The consolidated school has more efficient instruction.

(2) The percent of attendance in the consolidated school is higher.

(3) The curricula is richer.

(4) Community activities are lacking in the one-room school district.

(5) The transportation problem is not a serious one.

(6) Consolidation should not be emphasized when climate and physical conditions will not permit.



Old White Schoolhouse, Center Harbor, N. H.

A Plea For the District School

By Mrs. Rose Barker

"Our country schoolhouse like the country church stands as the breeding place of real morale and backbone of New Hampshire. Let us preserve them."

EDUCATION is a subject which everyone seems ready to attack with temerity. The average layman will listen to the advice of a doctor in matters pertaining to health or to a lawyer in matters pertaining to legal litigation, but steadfastly maintains that he is as qualified to be an authority in educational matters as any school official who has had the advantage of years of special training and preparation for work in that particular line. The writer of this article realizes this ignorance in regard to educational methods and all other points in the technique of learning. Nevertheless, as a citizen of New Hampshire, he ventures to raise his voice in behalf of one of the state's oldest, most productive, and most sacred institutions—the district school.

It has seemed to be the consensus of opinion on the part of school officials that the rural one-room school house should give place to the consolidated "village school," and although the State Board of Education has never officially admitted that to be its policy, the trend of the last few years has been in that direction. The reasons which are usually given for this transition are the difficulty of obtaining trained teachers for the country schools, the lack of uniformity which characterizes the work in these scattered institutions, and the possibility of affording better equipment and a fuller curriculum in consolidated schools.

From the standpoint of a pupil there are certain disadvantages of the consolidated school which in the opinion of some might counterbalance its good qualities. The prospect of transporting

school children over the hilly roads of rural New Hampshire, amid the rigors of a Northern New England winter does not always appeal to parents who are interested in the health of their children. In many cases the town transports the children only a portion of the distance, which means that they have a long walk to and from school and a cold luncheon at noontime.

From an educational standpoint it is still a matter of considerable doubt as to whether the complete equipment and diverse curriculum are real essentials in the Grammar School period. To be sure, they are in a sense a sign of the times. Sometimes as we watch a long line of workmen at the factory bench, each tending a single machine, dropping in a bolt, or sliding in a bit of leather, every moment through the long hours of the day we think with some regret of the days when individual workmen fashioned their product painstakingly by hand, each with a pride in his workmanship and a skilful deftness of touch acquired from a long apprenticeship under some old master. With almost the same feeling we see a long line of school children lockstepping into a city school house to the tune of a victrola, watched over by a corps of teachers and then turn our thoughts back to the little white school house at the corners where from one to two dozen pupils labored under the direction of a less trained teacher. But where the more eager learners and stronger personalities blossomed out and unrestrained by the complicated mechanism of machine education were allowed to delve away more or less according to their own ideas and lay the foundations of ambitions which produce great lives. In the Keene High School as in many other cities the number of valedictorians who prepared in the district school is greatly in excess of the number which would be proportionate to the country students studying in the institution. The fact that Daniel Webster or Lewis Cass or Horace Greeley felt the first impetus of ambition in the personal contacts of the country school house does not, of course, necessarily mean that we should turn our backs upon progress but it does in the light of some of our leadership to-day lead us to wonder if we are not getting too many machine made articles. So much from the point of view of the pupil.

There is one fact which seems to be ignored by many of our educators to-day and that is the fact that our schools should affect not only the children who study within them but, like the church, should affect the entire community. The district school house has for generations been the real community center of the New Hampshire farming districts. Many a man in prominent life to-day can remember "seeing Nellie Home" from the old singing school; the Hallowe'en or Christmas party, or even the prayer meeting held in the little white school house at the corners. Many a politician or public lecturer can tell you of some of the best efforts of his life delivered to intelligent audiences seated about the initial carved desks of the familiar room. Rob the back country districts of their heart and core, compel the farmer to send his children through the cold and sleet for miles to the nearest town, and the result will be more deserted farms and foreign settlements where once stalwart intelligent New Hampshire farmers reared their sons and daughters to carry on in the state.

In the last Legislature Herbert N. Sawyer, Master of the State Grange, and George Putnam of the Farm Bureau sponsored a bill providing for an additional scholarship in our normal schools for those students who will spend their first two years after graduation teaching in the one-room district schools. Is not some step in this direction well worth while? Our country school house like the country church stands as the breeding place of the real morale and backbone of New Hampshire. Let us preserve them.

PUBLIC EDUCATION

By Huntley N. Spaulding, *Chairman*
New Hampshire State Board of Education

IN this day of specialization it may be considered presumptuous for a man who has spent the greater part of his life in the manufacturing business, to contribute to the Granite Monthly an article on education. As chairman of the State Board of Education it has been my privilege to listen to the ideas of education through our system of public schools as expressed by men who have given a lifetime of study to this interesting and vitally important phase of our public life. I have consulted text books and treatises on education. In this way I have become acquainted with the widely diverging views of the educational specialists upon the technical aspects of the subject. From these opinions which I have consulted and from my experience as State Chairman I have drawn a number of conclusions—conclusions that would naturally be arrived at by a man who by reason of his business training could see the practical side of the public school system and appreciate most the practical benefits that we as a nation should derive from it.



Hon. Huntley N. Spaulding

And now that I have explained the humble manner in which I shall approach this most important subject it is possible that those who would accuse me of being presumptuous will withhold the accusation.

As we study the history of Education we are impressed with the fact that from the very beginning the public school system has been developed in answer to very definite public demands. It has been molded with the different epochs of our country's history to suit the particular needs of each historical period. In the evolution of the public school system the thought of the individual's welfare has been always subordinate to the thought of community welfare. It is questionable whether the present day tendency is not too much in the other direction; that is, are we not in this critical epoch paying too little attention to the use of our public educational facilities in the interest of the community as a whole.

In all of our history as a nation there has been no period when the public school system has been so vitally necessary to our national wel-

fare as it is at present. In fact we might face desolation as acute as that which Russia has experienced were it not for the opportunity afforded by the public school system to awaken our national consciousness which seems for the moment to slumber. There is hope for the solution of many pressing national problems, through the process of education which must necessarily begin in our public schools.

The Pilgrims came to America to secure religious freedom. They believed that salvation was to be obtained through individual responsibility rather than through the collective responsibility of the church. This belief lead the Pilgrim fathers to teach their children to read so that they might prepare themselves for salvation by studying the Bible.

In 1642 Massachusetts appointed a commission to inquire whether parents were properly teaching their children to read, and in 1647 the Bay State passed a law obliging every town having fifty householders to appoint a teacher of reading and writing. Thus was the idea of the public school system inaugurated in our country at a time when the state was a servant of the church and the motive was one of religion. It can be seen that at this early date the idea became prevalent that the best interests of the state required that the children be educated.

This conception of education continued nearly until the time of the Revolution. Soon after our constitution was adopted the people began to appreciate that there were other motives for general education than the one which concerned religion. There was a growing understanding of the fact that the union of states could not survive unless the children were educated to perform properly their functions as citizens of the new Republic.

At that time there were a few outstanding leaders who realized the far reaching effect which the education of youth would have upon the future history of the United States. In 1796, in his farewell address to the American people, George Washington spoke of the great necessity of properly educating the future generations. John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States wrote: "I consider knowledge to be the soul of a Republic and as the weak and the wicked are generally in alliance, as much care should be taken to diminish the number of the former as of the latter. Education is the way to do this and nothing should be left undone to afford all ranks of people the means of obtaining a proper degree of it at a cheap and easy rate." James Madison, the fourth President of the United States, wrote: "a popular government without proper information or the means of acquiring it is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy."

So the religious and formative epochs were passed and about 1820 the United States felt the urge of its first educational consciousness. This was the beginning of what we may consider as the national epoch. People first began to move toward cities and centers of population. Suffrage became general and there arose questions of great political significance. As Abraham Lincoln expressed it, the need of training our youth "to appreciate the value of the free institutions" became of great importance.

Since the time of Lincoln many new conditions have arisen in the life of America. When the Civil War began the largest percentage of our population was found in rural communities. There was very little inter-communication, one community with another. We had no international questions to settle. Today a great many more people live in cities than in the rural districts. The various new methods of communication which science has evolved have annihilated both space and time. We are a part of the community of nations whether we like it or not.

These changed conditions have required changes in our educational system. We are in the midst of another epoch so different that a new conception of the public school system has arisen in the United States. The old idea that all that was necessary for proper education was knowledge of the fundamentals has been supplanted by the idea that we must have more complete knowledge of a variety of additional subjects in order to function properly in our complex society.

We must look to the public school system of the United States to evolve the final solution of nearly all of the great national problems which confront us today. In this regard three problems stand out prominently—the first, immigration; the second concerns the apparently decreasing respect which our citizens have for law and order; and the third has to do with political conditions.

Many centers of population are made up of a large majority of foreign born citizens or citizens of foreign born parentage. They must be properly assimilated into our national life. The children of foreign born parents who are educated in our public schools must learn of the principles which have enabled this Republic to endure, and should be taught to assume that place in society which will make of them good and loyal citizens. The public schools must be the principal means to accomplish this result.

We have evidence on every hand of a growing disrespect for the law. It may be that American homes to-day are neglectful in teaching the principles of obedience and discipline to children. If this is so then the public schools should not fail to respond in such a manner as to instill into the growing youth of America ideas of discipline and restraint so that when they reach a mature age it will not be difficult to look with respect upon the laws of state and nation.

In studying the political conditions of to-day one is impressed with the fact that comparatively few people look upon their right of franchise with seriousness. It really appears that politics are "a game" to be indulged in by a comparatively few citizens, for the most part self-interested, instead of a great national movement participated in by the whole electorate for the purpose of elevating to the high offices within the gift of the people only those citizens best suited to serve. Isn't it necessary to-day to mold our public schools so carefully as to impress thoroughly upon the pupils the sacredness and importance of the ballot?

In general it will be seen that the public school system has been the instrumentality through which certain definite principles have been inculcated into the different epochs of our national life. The question may now be properly asked, are the public schools of to-day meeting the crying need that exists for training our youth not only to assume the duties and obligations of citizenship, but training them in such a manner as to solve eventually problems of our social, political and economic life, such as those referred to above.

That national ideals can be influenced by public education is evidenced by the history of Germany before the Great War. At that time the "might makes right" theory was so thoroughly impressed upon the people through the agency of the school system that all Germany heeded the call of a few unprincipled leaders and nearly plunged civilization into the abyss of destruction. It must be admitted, however, that this was much easier to accomplish in an autocracy, such as existed in Germany at that time, than in a representative government like our own. Before the war German rulers were able not only to select teachers but to prescribe the subjects to be taught and the manner of teaching them.

Under our representative form of government the whole school system must be influenced by a preponderance of public opinion. Our public schools

are molded to the needs of an average citizen and they can be no further advanced than the composite ideas of the community in which they are managed and supported.

Everyone can appreciate the difference between the ideas of that group which feels that the tendency should be only the development of the individual as contrasted with the ideas of another group which believes only in the development of community and national interests through the agency of the public school system. We hear much about self-expression and individualism and while we appreciate that the tendency of collective thought carried to its extreme might stifle individual initiative, yet the idea as expressed by some that the individual is all important is equally bad.

There is evidence of a growing idea that education for the sake of the individual is supplanting the idea of our forefathers' that the main reason for education is the welfare of the community and the life of the nation. How to co-ordinate the many phases of public education so that the welfare of the individual and the welfare of the community will both be served in exactly the right proportion is the greatest problem which confronts educators to-day.

In carrying out this idea that the principal justification for the public school system is the welfare of the community at large, the theory that the unit of education shall be the State has become generally accepted.

New Hampshire first recognized this theory in 1919 when our legislature passed a law which co-ordinated the various local school systems of the State into one unified organization headed by the State Board of Education. This law was amended two years afterwards and with one slight modification the Educational Law of 1921 is the one we are now working under.

In the United States to-day something over one billion dollars is appropriated each year for public education. In our state the annual expenditure for this purpose is something over five millions dollars. These are huge sums and it is not without reason that people ask if we as a nation and state are justified in spending these amounts annually to educate our children. But if it is true that the public school system is the foundation of our Republic and upon it depends the solution of many present day national problems there can be but one answer to the query. The real question that remains to be answered is whether we are securing full value for every dollar we spend of the public funds for educational purposes.

It has been the aim of the New Hampshire State Board of Education to make every appropriated dollar do a maximum amount of good. There are only four northern states where the average cost of education per child is less than in New Hampshire. The average cost per child for all of the northern states is approximately ninety dollars per year, and in our state just over seventy dollars. In one city of a neighboring state this figure has reached one hundred and thirty-eight dollars.

It is perhaps with pardonable pride that the State Board of Education points to the fact that those qualified to judge say that our state has made as rapid progress in educational affairs during recent years as any state in the Union. In fact there are experts along educational lines who feel that New Hampshire has made greater progress during recent years than any of her sister states.

Our present educational law provides that there shall be a board of education composed of five citizens serving without compensation, only three of whom can be of any one political party. These citizens cannot be technical educators, and they have the same direction and supervision over the school system as the directors have over a business corporation, except as their powers are limited by law. The State Commissioner of Education and his assistants, all of them qualified experts, are ap-

pointed by the State Board to carry out its policies with regard to school administration and to act as technical advisors.

The manner in which state boards of education are made up varies very materially throughout the United States. For example in many states the legislature prescribes who shall constitute the State Board of Education. In some cases it expressly provides that this board shall consist of educators. In Virginia, for instance, the board is made up of a Superintendent, the President of the State College and the States Attorney General. So it will be seen that the legislature of New Hampshire diverged from the established custom when it decided that New Hampshire's State Board of Education should be made up of practical men and women rather than technical educators.

The directors of a large business corporation lay out the general policy and leave the execution of this policy to people chosen for this purpose. So the present State Board formulates the educational policy to be carried out in so far as it is consistent with the law, and leaves the execution of this policy to the different local school boards.

These local school boards receive their authority not from the State Board of Education, but from the people through the legislature—from the same source that the State Board of Education receives its authority. The State Board of Education, the Commissioner and his assistants are directing heads to aid the local school boards in carrying out the obligations which these boards have assumed. The policy of the present State Board is to decentralize authority in so far as it is possible to do so, and the real management of New Hampshire schools is in the hands of the local school boards. We cannot impose good schools upon an unwilling community. We must have the interest of local school boards and we can only have this interest by making these boards feel the great responsibility which they have assumed as the direct representatives of the people who elected them.

There are about nine hundred members of local school boards in the State of New Hampshire. These school boards have much power and their responsibility is great for the present law provides that the different school boards shall decide what they wish to have taught in their schools. The State Board of Education recommends courses of study to the different school boards, but it is for the local boards to decide whether they will accept these courses of study or not. The school boards nominate their Superintendents. To be sure the state hires them but it can be assumed that an organization which has the decision as to who shall represent it would have charge of that representatives's operations.

There seems to be a misunderstanding in some parts of the state in regard to the relation of the Superintendent to the various school boards. It has been suggested that the Superintendent is sort of a superior officer of the local board. This is a wrong interpretation of the law. While it is expected that the Superintendent would have great influence with the local school board and that the local board would be willing to consider the Superintendent's suggestions, it is nevertheless wholly the business of the local boards to determine exactly how they shall run their schools as long as they comply with the requirements of the law. The State Board of Education will rarely interfere with the management of school boards and never when they are carrying out the obligations which they have assumed.

The law of 1921 with relation to the salaries of the Superintendents provides that the limit of the liability of the state in the case of each Superintendent should be two thousand dollars, and anything in excess of this amount is paid by the local communities.

The state is divided into different districts and sixty-eight superintendents are employed in these districts. These Superintendents must have a college ed-

ucation, must have taught school five years, and are obliged to pass a very rigid examination. There has been a feeling in some sections of the state that the matter of supervision is being carried too far. Apparently this is not a just criticism. It certainly would be an ideal condition if all teachers in public schools could reach the high standard that is required of Superintendents. This is impossible owing to the expense it would involve and the inability to get the necessary number of such highly competent teachers. However we more nearly approach this ideal condition under our present system than would be possible in any other way. A good Superintendent may increase in many instances the efficiency of a teacher by nearly twenty-five percent. Think for a moment, what an advantage it is for an inexperienced young teacher located in an outlying district with her little flock of from fifteen to twenty pupils, to have an opportunity to consult with a Superintendent of ability and experience. His advice concerning her different problems is most helpful.

We are spending about two hundred thousand dollars yearly for the salaries of Superintendents. The valuation of property in this state amounts to six hundred and seventy-five million dollars, so we are spending for Superintendents less than one-thirtieth of one percent each year of the state's valuation and only four percent of the entire amount expended for public schools.

New Hampshire's present investment in school property is valued at about twelve million dollars, and there are seventy thousand pupils in our public schools. The educational law provides that each community must raise three dollars and fifty cents on each thousand dollars of the equalized valuation of that community for these public schools. If any community finds that five dollars on each thousand is not sufficient to maintain a standard elementary school, that community may call for state aid to make up the amount that is required. This additional money is paid out of the state's equalization fund an appropriation which totaled three hundred and forty thousand dollars in 1923. Perhaps some may have mental reservations as to the justice of compelling some communities to help out other less fortunate communities in the matter of raising additional school funds. Owing to the present complicated nature of society which makes communities depend on each other in many ways, this equalization feature of our state law is considered just and right.

Another feature of our state educational system is the normal school. These are of major importance because upon them hinge the proper training of the teachers who are what might be termed "the finger tips" of the educational organization. There are other features of our state law which space limitations make it impossible to mention in this brief summary of our public school system.

That New Hampshire is keeping pace with the present day trend of educational advances is evident by the equalization feature of its present educational law, a feature which makes it possible for the child in remote rural districts to receive as nearly as circumstances will permit the same thorough education that the children in our cities enjoy.

There is great need to-day for intelligent interest in the public schools of our state and of the nation. Those in charge of our educational destinies must chart a careful course in order to be certain that coming generations are taught those principles which are of paramount importance if we are to solve the tremendous problems which confront us, keeping in mind the fact that the welfare of the individual must be looked after and in exactly the right proportion. To be successful in this tremendous task we must have the hearty co-operation of every right thinking man and woman in America, so that the sum total of human happiness in the world may be increased.

OWN YOUR HOME!

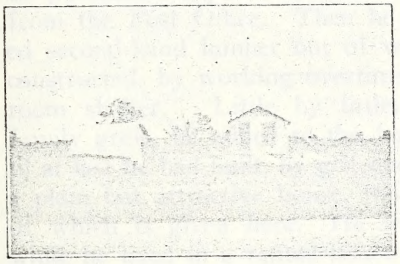
By Charles Sumner Bird

Do you realize that in our State 49.2 or almost one-half of all the homes are rented?

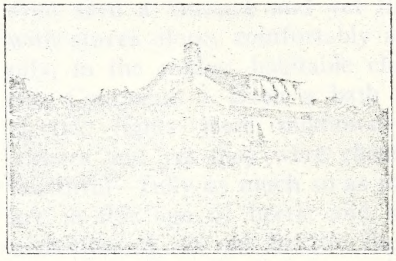
Own your home, how and why, is the subject of this article written by one of New England's leading manufacturers.

IT has been said that the American people are becoming a tenant class—home renters, rather than home earners. This seems to be true, especially of the industrial wage earners, who above any other class, need the stimulus which comes from an inborn love of a home of one's own.

There is no human desire more ingrained in the worth while individual than the longing for a lot of land, however small, which is one's own. Leased land, or a rented house, is not a real home; in fact at the best it is a makeshift—merely a place in which to eat and sleep. Furthermore, as I see it, home owning is essential to a sound civilization; in fact the safety, yes the existence of our Republic, rests to a considerable degree upon home ownership—land and house owned by the occupant and not by a landlord. A man without a home of his own is not much better than a man without a country.



A Home in 1919.



As It Looks To-day.

I would paint, or chisel, on the entrance gate to every city and town of America—

BE YOUR OWN LANDLORD! PAY RENT TO YOURSELF AND NOT TO THE OTHER MAN!

No family develops a deep interest in beautifying or cultivating property belonging to another. The possession of land paid for by the sweat of one's brow, is the great incentive, the impelling force of land cultivation and home betterment.

Then, too, the ownership of a home affects, vitally, the cost of living. I talked to a workman who some years ago purchased one acre of land and built a house, which to-day the family owns free of debt. "Carl," I said, "do you raise vegetables?" "Yes," he replied, "enough for my family of five, also last year I sold to the local storekeeper fruits and vegetables for which he paid me $75 in cash. I figure that my garden adds to my yearly family income not less than $300, and the cost is very little." "Who did the work?" I asked. "My boys, and no one else," he replied. "It is their job and it comes before play. Sometimes they grumble but the work is good for them." Yes, I thought, good for their bodies and good for their souls.

I do not believe that there are many industrial workers in New Hampshire who, barring the accident of illness, cannot, by thrift and foresight, save enough from their earnings to start a home, financed by a bank, or by a co-operative financial institution. He may have to begin in a small way so that his monthly payments will not be much, if any more,

than the rental he would have to pay for a hired home; in fact it costs little more to pay for a home on the co-operative monthly installment plan, than it does to pay rental, year after after, to find one's self at the end of life living in a house owned by a landlord. There are, in fact, thousand of families in New Hampshire, and even more in New England, who have paid in rental twice the cost of the house in which they have lived for a generation or more and no better off at the end of life than when they started.

The will to do, the stern determination to have a home of your own, is the deciding factor. I know a young man who resolved that, come what would, he would own a shelter of some kind for his growing family. No more rental for me, he said. However humble the home might be he would have one. First he purchased a piece of land one mile from the Post Office. Then he obtained second-hand lumber out of which he constructed, by working overtime, a one room shelter. Little by little, as his family grew, he added to the house until at last he had built, by grit and sweat, a plain but attractive house, the picture of which is given here. He was poor while he lived in a rented house and today he is made rich by living in a house of his own. This man was not a carpenter, but he had the will to do and he did it himself. It was, in fact, a joy to him to put so much of his time into the building of his house. As he expressed it—"The more of yourself you put into it the more it will mean to you."

Of course a poor man, in order to own his home, must sacrifice many of the so-called luxuries during the early years of his married life, until the house is, in part, paid for, but, as I see it, extreme sacrifice is worth while in the satisfaction of living in a house of your own, each nail of which represents hard and earnest endeavor of the entire family unit.

It is true many of us must start in a humble way, as this man did, so that the early payments may not be a greater burden than can be borne without a breakdown and the consequent loss of the home. In starting a home necessities should come first and luxuries later. An automobile, for instance, is by no means a necessity and should come after and not before, the home. Do you realize that the cost of operating and maintaining even the lowest priced automobile represents a sum of money which, if saved for say a period of 10 years, would build a home, or a sum, which if paid in monthly installments to a co-operative building institution, would pay for your home early in your life? Is not the ownership of a home more important to family welfare and happiness than the ownership of an automobile? A furnace is desirable but that, too, is not absolutely necessary. Practically 60% of the families of that wonderful country, Canada, have not even seen a furnace and yet they live, with stoves alone, comfortably and happily, in the coldest habitable climate of this Continent. Even a bath tub and electric lights were unknown to our fathers and yet they were cheerful and healthful—fully as much so as their sons are in this age of hectic and abnormal activities. I do not belittle the advantage of having all of these modern conveniences and luxuries but why not delay until at least the home has been, in part, paid for.

It seems to me that there is no satisfaction so great as the privilege of helping a worthy and thrifty family in the upbuilding of a home. As I see it every corporation, or business concern, should encourage and assist its workers to become a home owning community so as to stimulate an increased interest in home life and too, closer participation in the economic and social welfare of the city, or town, in which they live. Bolshevism, Communisn, I. W. W. ism would find poor soil in which to plant the poisonous seed if home owning, rather than home renting, were the prevailing custom of American life.

THE COUNTY FARM BUREAU AND ITS WORK

The County Agents

By H. Styles Bridges

THE County Farm Bureau is primarily an organization through which Extension work in Agriculture and home economics is done. Extension work brings to the farmer on the farm, and the farmer's wife in the farm home, and the boys and girls of these homes the most efficient practices and methods of farming and homemaking.

Every County in New Hampshire has a Farm Bureau, and these Farm Bureaus work in practically every community in the State.

The first County Farm Bureau was organized in Sullivan County in 1913, and the second in 1914 in Cheshire County. Belknap, Coos and Merrimack in 1915; Grafton, Rockingham and Hillsborough in 1916, and Strafford and Carroll in 1917.

Each County Farm Bureau is governed by officers and an executive committee elected by the farmer members annually, and the program in each town is looked after by a community chairman or local director.

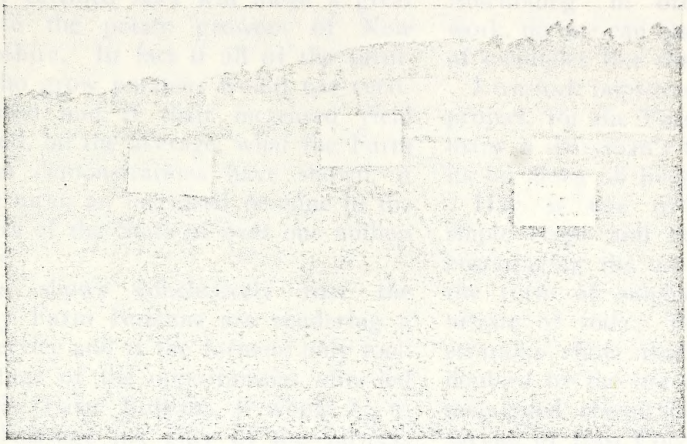
Each County Farm Bureau in co-operation with the United States Department of Agriculture and the Extension Department of the University of New Hampshire employs from one to four agents called, to designate their positions, County Agricultural Agent, Home Demonstration Agent, and Boys' and Girls' Club Agent. New Hampshire is fortunate in having a very able staff of county workers, a staff that compares favorably with any in the country. Each agent must be an expert and an executive of the highest order. The old saying that "a jack-of-all-trades is a master of none" is not supposed to hold true with these agents. For example, the County Agricultural Agent must be, first of all, a trained man along agricultural lines, and a leader of men. He is expected to be an expert on dairying, poultry, sheep, swine, horses, beef cattle, orcharding, small fruits, soils, crops (including all crops that are grown in his section and those yet to be tried out). He is expected to be capable of filling the following positions: organizer, orator, editor, promoter, moving picture operator, entomologist, geologist, pathologist, bacteriologist; and a judge of livestock, poultry, and crops. Of course when the agent needs assistance on any particular line, he is at liberty to call on specialists from the State University

"Doctor Sawbones, are you 'keeping up with your profession?'"

"Of course, I am," replies the doctor, "a physician's training never ceases, for the medical profession is moving forward and compels each practitioner to move with it by means of medical journals, societies and clinics."

"Perhaps you are not aware, Doctor, that farming is as old and dignified a profession as yours and that it is equally progressive. A never-ending education in the science of agriculture is necessary for the farmer's success.

If you didn't know this, read about the work of the Farm Bureau as related by H. Styles Bridges."



Results of a Top Dressing Demonstration.

3. Livestock Improvement
4. Poultry Improvement
5. Orchard Improvement
6. Farm Management
7. Boys' and Girls' Club Work
8. Clothing
9. Food and Health
10. Home Improvement
11. Co-operative Buying and Selling.

who are glad to co-operate in putting across a real constructive program along any particular agricultural line.

The various county agents employed in each county are an important factor in the success or failure of the County Farm Bureau, in the eyes of the public. They are to agriculture what the teacher is to the school, and the pastor is to the church. They represent the Farm Bureau and Extension Service in teaching, leading and organizing the rural sections to the common end of better farming and better living and home life.

The State of New Hampshire boasts of two hundred and thirty-seven (237) towns in which are located farms. The County Farm Bureaus carry their work into one hundred and ninety-six (196) towns, or eighty-three (83) per cent of the towns in the State. Nearly all of these towns have local branches of the Farm Bureau that are working on community programs; programs decided upon by the people of their respective communities.

A great deal of the educational work of the County Farm Bureaus is by the demonstration method. In 1922 over twenty-two hundred (2200) demonstrations were given.

The main projects of the County Farm Bureaus are as listed below:

1. Soil Improvement
2. Crop Improvement

The soil improvement work of the County Farm Bureaus is highly important, for from the soil in reality everything living, either springs or depends for its existence to a smaller or larger degree. In New Hampshire, one of the biggest soil problems is acidity. According to the reports of the Farm Bureaus and the Extension Service of the University of New Hampshire, over ninety-five (95) per cent of the soil of the State is acid. One of the main projects of the Farm Bureaus along soil improvement lines is encouraging the use of lime on all farms to correct the acidity of the soil. Proof that the County Farm Bureaus are functioning in this respect is found in the fact that around four thousand (4,000) tons of lime were used by New Hampshire farmers last year, and a large part of this amount was purchased co-operatively.

One of the outstanding features of the work of the Farm Bureaus during the past year has been the demonstration of the value of certified seed potatoes. These demonstrations showed that by using certified seed potatoes and planting under the same conditions as the ordinary seed an average increase yield of seventy-one (71) bushels to the acre was secured.

Stop and think a moment, and you will very readily see that the increased

use of certified seed will mean a great deal to the potato growers of New Hampshire. In fact if all of the farmers who grow potatoes would use certified seed and if their increased yield equalled, on the average, what the Farm Bureau demonstrations have shown, it would mean an increased revenue to the farmers of the State of over one million dollars.

This shows conclusively that the County Farm Bureaus are rendering a real service and if the farmers only took advantage of the opportunities afforded thru the Farm Bureaus, it would be to the advantage not only of the farmer, but the state as a whole.

The County Farm Bureaus are playing an important part in the fruit industry through their demonstrations in spraying, pruning, grafting, fertilizing, grading and packing. In the town of Franklin in Merrimack County, is an excellent example of what the Farm Bureau is doing along orchard improvement lines. Dr. E. T. Drake of Franklin owns an orchard that, up to about three years ago had never exceeded one hundred (100) barrels annually, and many years fell way below this figure. The orchard had been more or less neglected, not receiving the proper care. Then came the Farm Bureau, and under the direction of Roy W. Peaslee, Merrimack County Agent, the Drake Orchard has received proper attention for the past three years, being fertilized, pruned, and sprayed, and last season Dr. Drake was rewarded with over six hundred (600) barrels of excellent fruit; an increase of over six hundred (600) per cent in yield, and fruit of better quality and color than ever before. That the Farm Bureau is functioning in orchard improvement work, no one can question when we hear of examples like the above.

Livestock improvement is an important project, for the Farm Bureau is solving many a dairyman's trouble and is doing its bit along all livestock lines.

Hay is one of New Hampshire's staple crops and the Farm Bureau is encouraging the use of top dressing in the form of sulphate of ammonia, or nitrate of soda. Top dressing demonstrations show that the yield may be doubled by the use of one of the above mentioned chemicals. Ralph Jones, a farmer of East Concord, reports that by following the directions of the Farm Bureau he doubled the yield of hay on the field used for the demonstration. W. E. Powers of Danbury, reports that by the use of top dressing he more than doubled the yield on his demonstration plot.

Poultry being one of New Hampshire's most profitable lines of agriculture, was featured by many of the Farm Bureaus in poultry sections. Poultry culling demonstrations were carried on by every County Farm Bureau in the State. One hundred and twenty-four demonstrations were held in 1922 with an attendance of nearly twenty-five hundred persons.

The extension projects for women carried on by the Farm Bureaus are



Hay Made, Using Hay Caps

valuable to the women of the State. Opportunities are provided for women in the rural communities that otherwise would never come to the farm women of this State. That these opportunities are being taken advantage of can readily be seen, for the great majority of farm women now have their own dress forms, more commonly known as "bettys." These are monuments to the value of Home Demonstration work, and will be found in hundreds of rural homes. Many a man has been saved several dollars by his wife attending a millinery meeting of the County Farm Bureau and learning how to make her Spring or Fall hat, one that when finished, would do credit to any city milliner. One hundred and twenty-four (124) millinery demonstrations were held in 1922, which indicates their popularity.

The food and health project of the Farm Bureau is important for it has much to do with the health of our rural families. In this project the value of balanced meals, the correction of malnutrition, and many other things including the dental clinics for children feature the project.

The home improvement project includes everything for more convenient and attractive homes, and many a farm home has been re-arranged to the convenience of the house-wife at a small cost or made more attractive through following the suggestions of the Home Demonstration Agent.

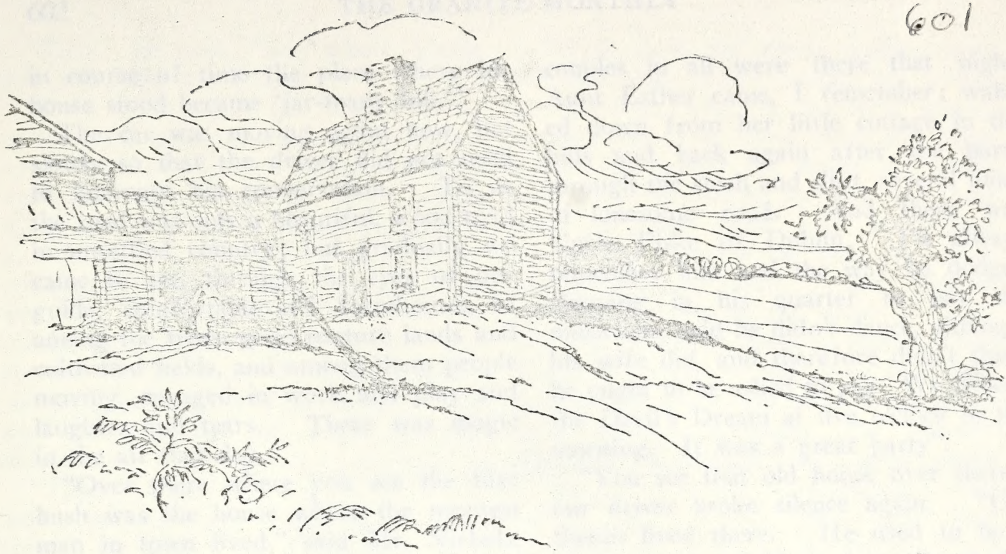
Boys' and Girls' club work is a story all by itself, and it is needless to say one of the brightest hopes of a future for the Granite State. The Farm Bureau has recognized the fact that the boys and girls of to-day are the farmers and farm wives of the future, and thru this work are attempting to awaken a love for the farm that cannot be dulled by the seemingly alluring attractions of the city.

Space and time do not permit the full story of the County Farm Bureau and its work, but thousands of New Hampshire farmers can testify of the Farm Bureau's assistance to them on the farm and as many more farm women stand ready to bear evidence as to its value in the farm home, so this article merely shows a few of the many ways in which the county Farm Bureau is functioning.

The County Farm Bureaus are headed by the best farmers in the various counties; men who are respected, who are progressive, and well thought of; men who sacrifice their own time and effort to help promote a good cause and with these men as leaders, the County Farm Bureaus have the right kind of leadership.

The County Farm Bureau is striving to make the farmer more efficient in his practices or in other words, striving for more economical production of the products of the farm.

The farmer in reality is similar to a manufacturer. The farm is his factory. He takes his raw products in the form of seed, plants them and manufactures them with the help of nature, into various crops. He takes a calf and with the help of nature manufactures it into a cow. He takes his crops and with the assistance of his cows manufactures them into milk, and his milk into cream, and his cream into butter. The manufacturer to operate his factory successfully must attain high efficiency which means economical production. Like Rip Van Winkle the farmer is awaking from his sleep of years and is finding his place among the trained professions of a more advanced day. With a step at first faltering but growing more firm and confident, he is coming down from the hills of narrowness and aimlessness to the plains of better organization and more scientific training. The farmer, in order to keep pace with the increased efficiency of other industries must strive at all times for the most efficient production of farm products, and in attaining this end, he can choose no better adviser and helper than the County Farm Bureau.



AN AFTERNOON WITH FORGOTTEN THINGS

By Helen F. McMillin

THE long blue touring car slid forward slowly, not with the assured swiftness characteristic of the motion of a high-powered automobile, but rather with a leisurely ease reminiscent of a horse drawn carriage behind a pair of strong fine horses. The man at the wheel, Mr. Herbert Nichols, had been a driver of horses in years past, had had his livery stable, had bought and sold horses, and felt for them the peculiar affection which no motor car can command. And now, when he had at last yielded to the trend of the times and the blue touring car had replaced his teams, he still continued to drive the automobile as he was wont to drive his horses. Down the long grade to the road the car moved, held back, so it seemed, not by inner mechanism of brakes, but by the muscles of powerful animals guided by the steady rein of the driver. Up a long hill he went slowly and at the top the driver's habit of years past asserted itself and he stopped the car as though he were reining in tired horses who had deserved a rest after the hard pull. Holding the wheel as though his hand held loose reins, he let his right arm lie along the back of the seat, and turned to his passengers.

"Over there" he said with a nod, "was where Uncle Sammy Jewett used to pasture his stags."

We followed the direction indicated and saw not a pasture, but a tangled mass of underbrush and half grown trees. Our driver watched our puzzlement with Yankee relish, then smiled and said,

"It was all open field in those days, open field way back to the foot of the mountain. Sharon was quite a community then, some four hundred people at least. Last census there were only about twenty. Nearly all the old families are gone—just one or two left. The young people saw better opportunities elsewhere and the old folks are buried up on Jarmany hill."

"Jarmany Hill is really Germany Hill, I suppose," one of the passengers on the back seat ventured.

"No, Jarmany is the correct name. I remember my Aunt Luce telling me how it came to be. A family came to live up there in the early days who used to make earthenware jars which they sold among the farmers. The man was familiarly known as the 'jar man' and

in course of time the place where his house stood became 'jar-many hill.'"

The car was moving again now, but slowly so that the driver did not need to interrupt his conversation. To us the road was only a beautiful, wood road in unsettled country; but gradually we came to see, through the eyes of our guide, comfortable old farmhouses in among the trees, good pasture lands and cultivated fields, and among them people moving, engaged in work and play and laughter and tears. There was magic in the air that day.

"Over there where you see the lilac bush was the house where the meanest man in town lived," said Mr. Nichols, "and down there in the hollow lived a little red cheeked girl. I used to think she was awfully pretty, and I can remember just how she looked coming along the road—there was a road then—with her pigtails down her back. That's the little red schoolhouse, and over there is Jo McCoy's. His house is still standing, but no one lives there. I remember a kitchen junket up there one winter. I wasn't invited, but I went just the same. The little red-cheeked girl advised me to. There wasn't any reason for his not asking me really. Everyone else was invited. So I just went along. Those kitchen junkets—they don't have anything like them nowadays, but they were the big events of the winter to us back sixty years ago.

"We had a big party here, too," he went on, pointing across the road. "We called it the Cousin Party."

We looked and saw nothing but a clump of trees until Mr. Nichols, getting out of the car, showed in the tall grass traces of the foundation stones, and pointed out the outlines of the buildings which once stood there.

"We lived here one while," he said. "There was a store and a dance hall and a cottage house. It was one of the busiest corners of the town at one time. And one day in March we had a cousin party. There were a lot of our relations around about, and fifty or sixty couples in all were there that night. Aunt Esther came, I remember: walked down from her little cottage in the hills and back again after the party through the slush and sleet, several miles of lonesome road. And there was Uncle Fiske of Dublin. I'll always remember him and the way he dodged chipping in his quarter to pay the musicians, said he didn't dance, although his wife did, and therefore didn't think he ought to be asked to pay. We danced the Devil's Dream at five o'clock in the morning. It was a great party".

"You see that old house over there." our driver broke silence again. "Old Swain lived there. He used to be a pretty good neighbor, too, except for being a little mite strenuous on election day and training day and one or two other special occasions. He was captain of the Sharon Blues, and I guess he figured that his services to his country entitled him to some sort of celebration once in a while. He was a great story teller, too, and when a farmer tells me about having trouble with witch grass I always think of one of old Swain's favorite yarns. One day, he said, as he was ploughing his shoestring broke and not having another handy he supplied the deficiency with a piece of witchgrass. That was in the spring and he did not give the matter another thought until one morning in late October when he was lacing up his shoes on the front steps and the witchgrass broke. He took out the pieces and threw them away, and the next spring he found they had taken root. It's pretty hard to kill the stuff, he'd say."

Thus, as we drove along, our guide peopled the still woods with the spirits of the old settlers, introducing them and making us see them in all their humanness and homely happiness. At last, with unmistakable eagerness, he turned the car into an overgrown lane and stopped. He did not ask us to get out but his manner showed that that was expected of us and we followed him up a little slope.

"Here" he said, "was where Uncle Ely and Aunt Luce lived."

Again we saw only the faintest traces of human habitation: a group of knotted apple trees, an old well overgrown with moss but still containing water which sounded cool when we dropped a pebble into its depths. The old cellar hole was still partly visible. That was all that was left. But we could almost see the comfortable dwelling rise before our eyes as our guide paced out its boundaries and indicated with a sweep of his arm the walls and the doors and the windows.



"There was one window there," he said, "and there was another window over there. The old clock stood right here beside this window. The front door was over on that side just out beyond those bushes. The stairs went up just about where that clump of grass is. And between the stairs and the door was a little passageway out of doors through which the cat and dog could go in and out.

"I can remember Uncle Ely sitting by that window growling over the Peterborough Transcript and keeping one eye on the road. It was all open here then. There weren't any trees except a few of those apple trees—Uncle Ely called them the nussery—and he could see everyone coming or going on the road. He'd fret and fume about the newspaper, declaring that the next time he went to the Crow's Nest—he called Peterborough that because it was a black Republican town—he was going to stop his subscription. But he never did.

"Well, he'd sit there reading and the old dog Ashes would be asleep at his feet, when a farmer's wagon would come along down the road. Then Uncle Ely would lay down his paper and pick up Ashes by his tail and nape of his neck and hold him up to the window so that he could look down the road." Mr. Nichols suited the action to the words. "The old dog wouldn't move a muscle. Then Uncle Ely would set him down again and just as the dog's feet touched the floor he'd holler, 'Through the tunnel! Through the tunnel!' and Ashes would disappear thru the little hole by the door and tear down the hill to the road barking for all he was worth. Uncle Ely would watch him for a minute, chuckling to himself. Then he'd go thundering down the road in hot pursuit of the dog.

"'Lick him, lick him!' he'd roar as the startled farmer laid about him with his whip. Lick him good. I am going to get Continental to kill that dog. Lick him!' And he'd pick up a stone and shy it in the general direction of Ashes as a signal that his part of the game was over. He never hit him but the dog went off meekly up the hill and left Uncle Ely to pass the time of day with the farmer, to find out what he was getting for hay, how much eggs and butter were in Peterborough, and to inquire about news in the outside world in general."

It was an entertaining picture, that of the old man establishing contacts with his neighbors and the outside world by this simple ruse and with the old dog as

accomplice. And our guide went on to give us a companion piece.

"I remember one night when I was over to Uncle Ely's. He was reading the Transcript and grumbling to himself over its contents. It had been snowing all day and there was about two feet of snow. Ashes, in his place by the fire, suddenly pricked up his ears and began to growl. Uncle Ely put down his paper and went to the window. 'Trouble down to the road,' he shouted, although I was quite within earshot. 'Get on your boots! Trouble down to the road!' We went out into the storm. Down in the snow and slush a man was struggling with a load of soft soap. Probably he had been peddling it in Peterborough. His horses were poor and one of them was down. Uncle Ely looked over the job, sent me for a shovel and got the load to one side of the road and helped the horse up. Then we took the man and his wife back to the house. While Uncle Ely was tending to the horses, Aunt Luce helped the woman into dry clothes. Then there was supper. I can remember just how Aunt Luce looked as she moved around in that slow, complaining way of hers; I can see her standing by the table, smoothing the cloth and straightening the silver and speaking softly. Then Uncle Ely disappeared down cellar and came up with a jug of Medford rum. Aunt Luce looked at him reproachfully as he mixed up a little with sugar for the guests and for himself. Uncle Ely could feel her eyes upon him. 'Mother, Mother, just a swallow, just a swallow,' he said. And Aunt Luce turned to the strangers and said, 'We don't have Medford,—not every day. Uncle Ely keeps a little on hand for haying, but we don't have Medford—not every day.' When the supper had been cleared away and the man and woman began to talk about moving on, Uncle Ely said, 'No. Nobody leaves my house on a night like this,' and Aunt Luce took the lamp and showed them up to the guest room.

Poor Aunt Luce. Uncle Ely did bother her sometimes. She had to sort of follow round and explain him. He called every one by nicknames and this distressed her. 'Old Shuttlenose is doing his haying this week,' he'd say, and Aunt Luce would supply in an apologetic undertone, 'Mr. Sam Barton.' 'There's Mailbags coming down the road,' Uncle Ely would call out. 'Miss Barnes,' said Aunt Luce. And so it would go. 'Leggin' Strings.' 'Continental,' 'Gunlock.' No one ever knew the reason for Uncle Ely's nicknames, but there was only one person in town for whom he had no nickname. He was a crotchety old fellow and every one called him 'Old John Turner'—everyone except Uncle Ely; he always spoke of him with exaggerated respect as 'Mister Turner.'"

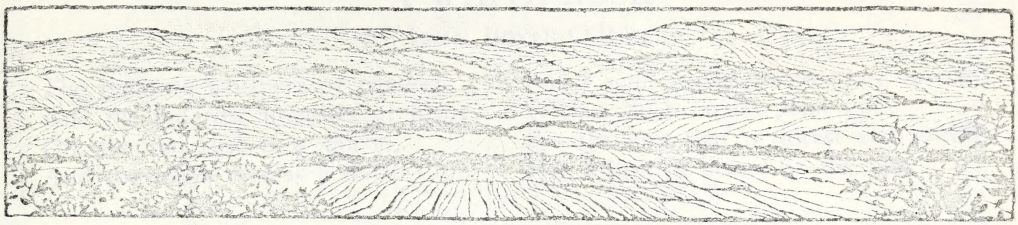
We walked back to the car in silence and in silence drove slowly homeward. Our driver was living over boyhood scenes and as for ourselves, we too were still moving in the neighborhood of spirits he had summoned for us, and pondering upon the changes half a century can bring. It was very warm and still. In the patches of sunlight on the dusty road were yellow butterflies which flew up in clouds before our car. The country bore the aspect of untouched wilderness as though no human being had ever lived or worked in it, and yet there was an intangible difference. The forces of nature make short work of human handiwork, weeds and bushes cover the ruins of man's houses and speedily reclaim what little patches of ground he has conquered and made to serve his uses. But wherever human lives have been lived, wherever men have worked and played together in families and communities, a breath of their spirit is somehow mingled with the air.

"Wherever beauty has been quick in clay
Some effluence remains....."

But once in the return homewards was the silence broken. Back just a little from the road, beside the tumbled

weather beaten ruins of an old house, a pink rose bush, half hidden with weeds, held up three small fragrant blossoms. Our driver pointed them out.

"Some woman," he said. "The other day I came through this way and saw those roses and I thought I would pick them and carry them home. But just as I reached for them something seemed to stop me. It just seemed as though maybe it would hurt 'Her.' There would have been more than three there if 'She' were taking care of them. So I left Her her roses."



DREAM SHIPS

By Carl Holliday

University of Toledo, Ohio

The great ships go out to sea
Beyond the light-house tall;
I know not when again they'll be
Within our harbor wall.

And my high dreams go out to sea
At harbors far to call;
I know not if again to me
They'll ever come at all.

But the great ships, when o'er the sea,
Their anchor chains let fall
In some old port of mystery,
Beneath some city wall.

And my high dreams, when o'er the sea,
At God's own Harbor call,
And wait at anchor there for me,
Beneath His City wall.

A WHITE ROSE

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

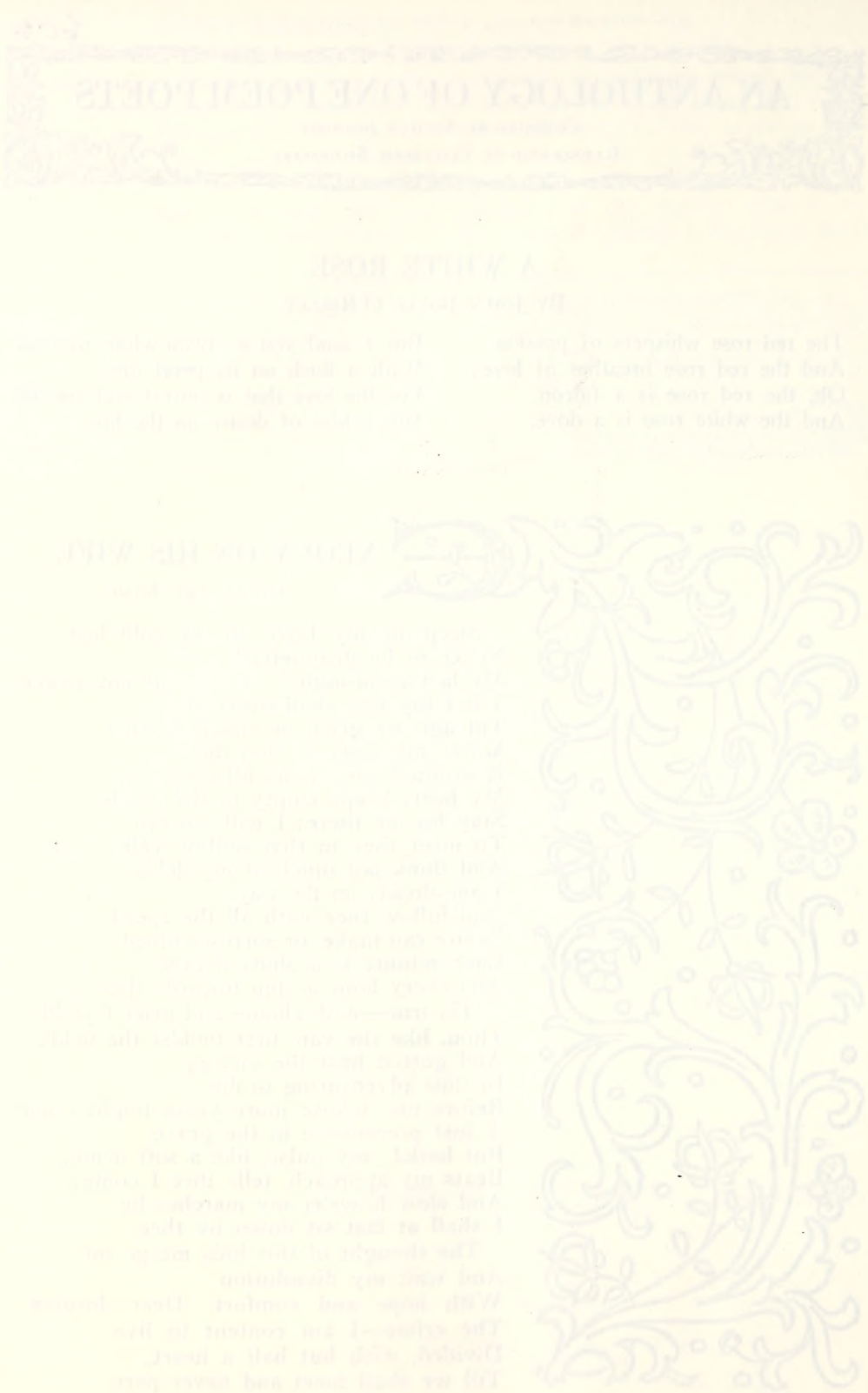
The red rose whispers of passion
And the red rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

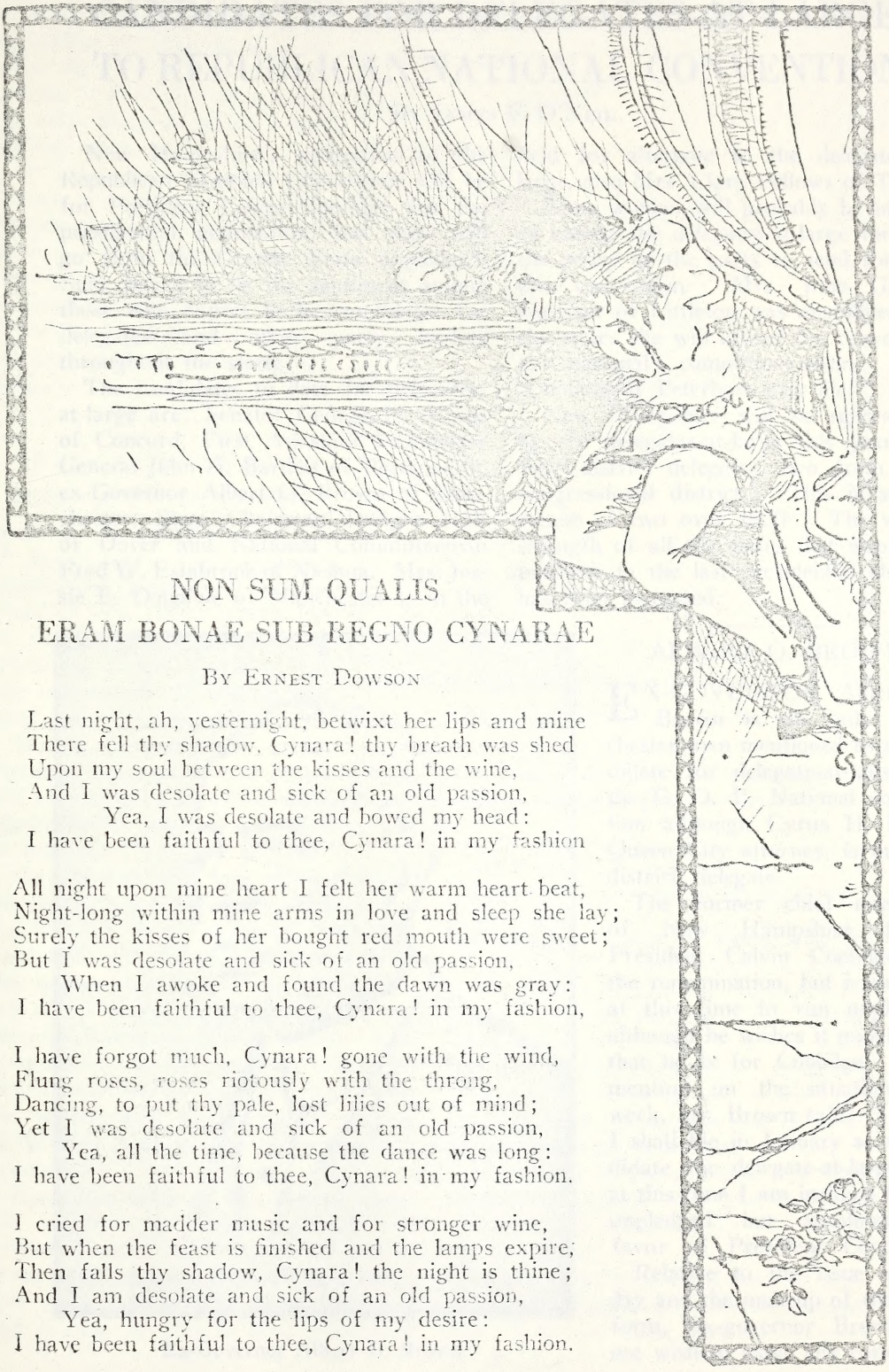
But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

EXEQUY ON HIS WIFE

BY HENRY KING

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good-night! Thou wilt not awake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree
And every hour a step towards thee....
'Tis true—with shame and grief I yield—
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field;
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be
I shall at last sit down by thee.
The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear—forgive
The crime—I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.





NON SUM QUALIS ERAM BONAE SUB REGNO CYNARAE

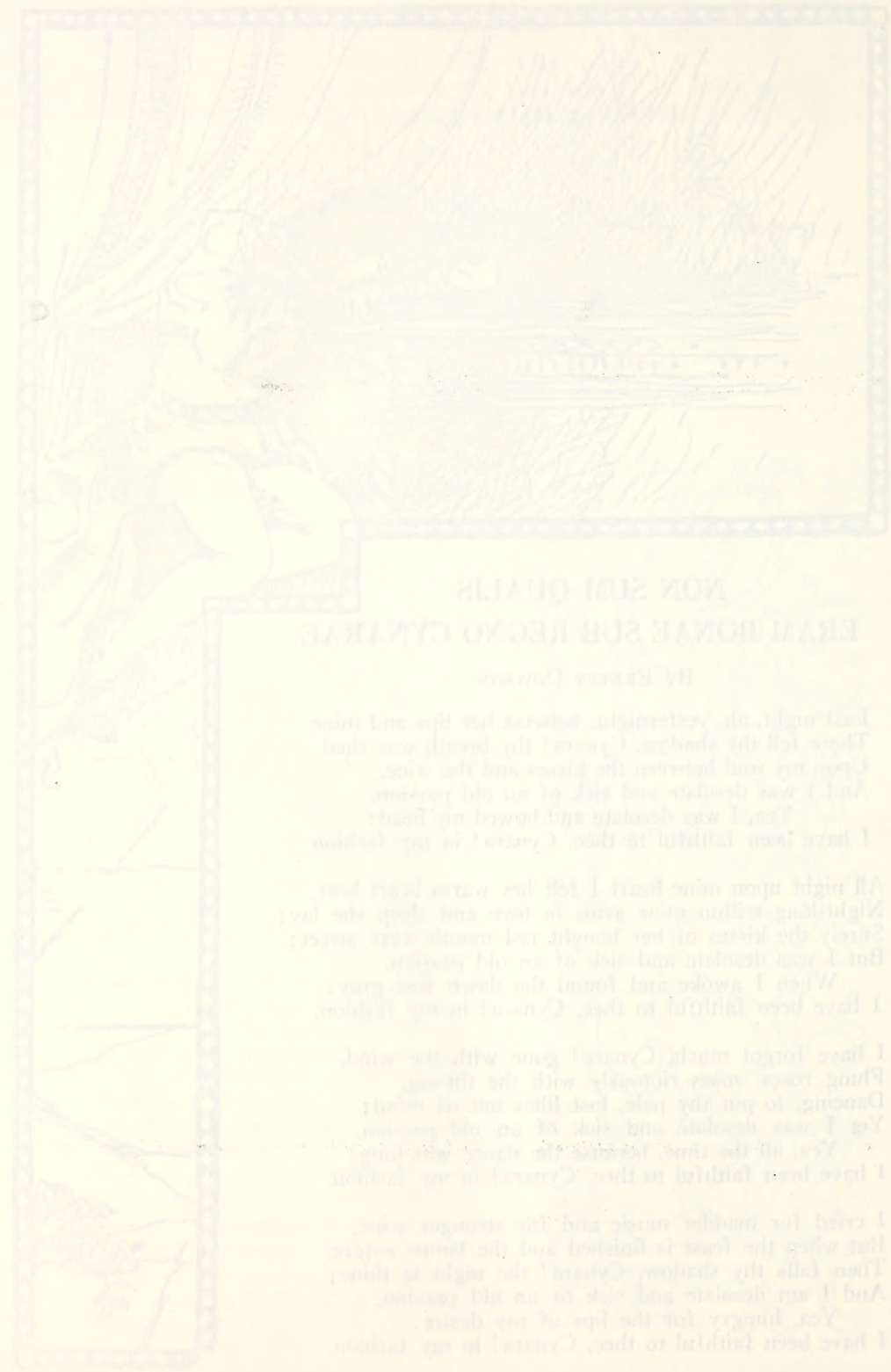
By Ernest Dowson

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine,
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion,

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
Yet I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.



CANDIDATES FOR DELEGATES-AT-LARGE TO REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

By James F. O'Neil

New Hampshire's delegation to the Republican National Convention will be for President Calvin Coolidge for the presidential nomination, but they will go from the Granite State unpledged. Such seems to be the sentiment among those who expect to be candidates for delegates and other party leaders throughout the state.

The candidates to date for delegates-at-large are: Senator George H. Moses of Concord, First Assistant Postmaster General John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth, ex-Governor Albert O. Brown of Manchester, State Chairman Dwight Hall of Dover and National Committeeman Fred W. Estabrook of Nashua. Mrs. Jessie E. Donahue of Manchester is in the field for alternate to the delegates-at-large, also Mrs. Clara Fellows of Tilton.

Some woman will probably be included among the delegates-at-large for it is the policy of the party to send some to this convention. Mrs. John G. M. Glessner of Littleton was mentioned but she states she will attend the convention as national committeewoman. Mrs. Schofield of Peterboro may file.

New Hampshire will be represented by six delegates-at-large this year and four district delegates, two from each congressional district. This is an increase of two over 1920. The voting strength of all the states that went Republican in the last presidential election has been increased.



Ex-Governor Albert O. Brown

ALBERT O. BROWN

EX-GOVERNOR Albert O. Brown is the only Manchester man mentioned as a candidate for delegate-at-large for the G. O. P. National convention although Cyrus H. Little, Queen City attorney, is out for district delegate.

The former chief executive of New Hampshire favors President Calvin Coolidge for the renomination, but is inclined at this time to run unpledged although he wishes it understood that he is for Coolidge. Commenting on the situation this week, Mr. Brown said: "I think I shall file in January as a candidate for delegate-at-large and at this time I am inclined to run unpledged but absolutely in favor of President Coolidge."

Relative to the issue of the day and the makeup of the platform, Ex-governor Brown did not wish to make any comments

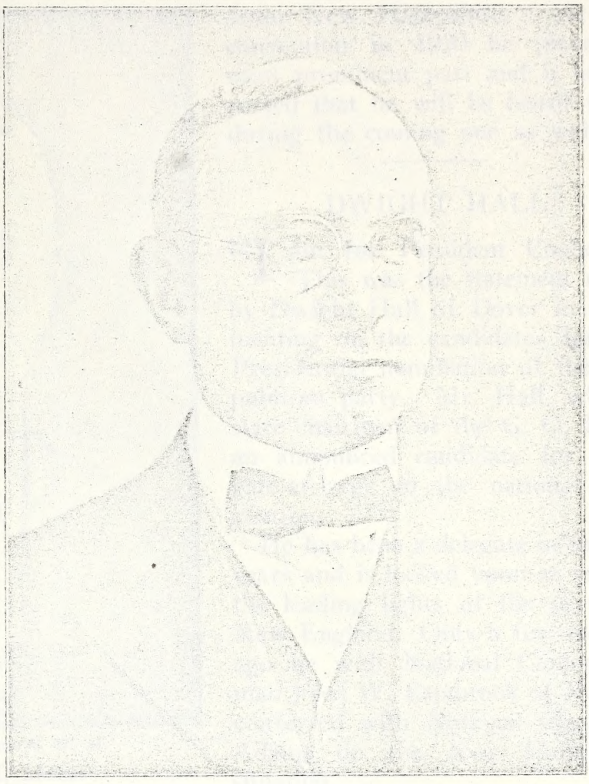
believing that the time was inopportune. "Later on, if necessary," said the Manchester bank official, "I shall give my opinions on some, many of which I have definite ideas on."

At the present time Mr. Brown is president of the State Constitutional Convention which adjourned last spring after convening on tax legislation, the amendments being voted upon in March. He has never been a delegate to the national convention.

JOHN H. BARTLETT

First Ass't P. M. General

JOHN H. BARTLETT of Portsmouth, first assistant postmaster general and ex-governor of New Hampshire, is one of the strongest supporters of President Calvin Coolidge for the nomination of the Republican party for the presidency.



Ex-Governor John H. Bartlett

He is interested in seeing Coolidge delegates chosen in every state and is willing to go to the national convention if his personal efforts there will be helpful.

Mr. Bartlett, who is a national figure because of his prominent position in the capitol, has been close to President Coolidge. At present he is sitting in at the cabinet meetings as the representative of the postal department in the absence of Postmaster General New. New Hampshire's former governor was mentioned prominently in connection with the appointment of postmaster general at the time Senator Harry S. New was selected.

Regarding some of the national issues the assistant postmaster general expressed himself as follows: "I am in favor of a Soldier's Delayed Compensation Act; a forty-eight hour state law and federal forty-eight hour provision; also other progressive legislation for workers, farmers and business.

SENATOR GEORGE H. MOSES

SENATOR George H. Moses, who expects to be a candidate for delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention, believes that the New Hampshire statute is too rigid for the selection of a pledged delegation. If elected a delegate he states he will be for Coolidge but is of the opinion that the delegation should go unpledged.

In reply to a questionnaire, the New Hampshire senator sent the following letter from Washington, D. C., regarding his views:

"I expect to be a candidate for delegate to the Republican National Convention. I do not think that the delegates



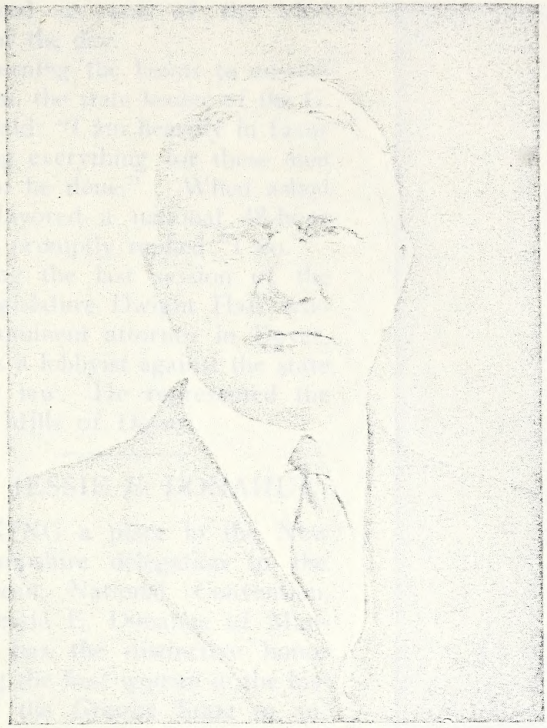


Photo by the Kimball Studio, Concord, N. H.

Senator George H. Moses

should be pledged under the New Hampshire statute—our experience in that regard in 1920 having shown that our statute is altogether too rigid in such matters. If elected a delegate I shall be for Coolidge.

"I shall not vote for a bonus bill unless some means are taken to provide the necessary revenue for paying it. I am in favor of a sales tax for this purpose.

"I very much wish to see our Federal tax system reformed. I did not vote for the present tax law and made a speech in opposition to it. I am ready at any time to take up the work of reforming it; and in general terms I agree with the proposals advanced by Secretary Mellon.

"I am in favor of a National 48 Hour Law; and in two Congresses have introduced a bill to bring it about and have done my best to secure its passage."

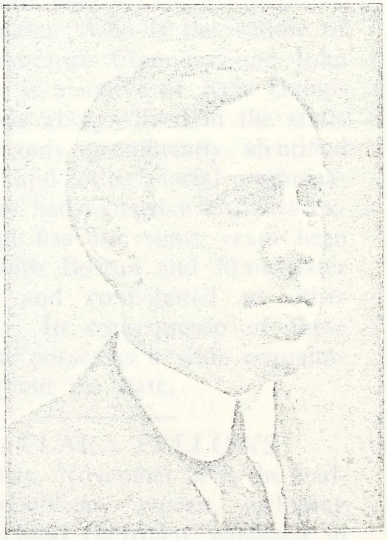
Senator Moses will without doubt be elected as one of the delegates-at-large from New Hampshire. At the convention in 1920 he played a most prominent part and it is expected that he will be heard from during the coming one as well.

DWIGHT HALL

"I am for President Coolidge." This was the statement made by Dwight Hall of Dover in commenting on the candidates for the Presidential nomination of the Republican party. Mr. Hall, who is state chairman of the G. O. P., is an announced candidate for delegate-at-large to the national convention.

He has been a delegate in former years and is looked upon as one of the leading lights of the party in New England. Only a few months ago he with National Committeeman Fred W. Estabrook of Nashua conferred with National Chairman Adams on the New Hampshire situation.

Mr. Hall is interested in tax revision which he believes would serve as an incentive to business. He asserted that he was studying the problem which he



Dwight Hall

considered as one of the vital issues of the day.

Concerning the bonus to ex-service men, the state leader of the G. O. P. said: "I am heartily in favor of doing everything for these men that can be done." When asked if he favored a national 48-hour law, he promptly replied "I do."

During the last session of the state legislature Dwight Hall, who is a prominent attorney in Dover, acted as a lobbyist against the state 48-hour law. He represented the Pacific Mills of Dover.

MRS. JESSIE E. DONAHUE

SEEKING a place in the New Hampshire delegation to the Republican National Convention, Mrs. Jessie E. Donahue of Manchester has the distinctive honor of being the first woman in the history of the Granite State to announce her candidacy for a position in either party delegation to the National Convention from New Hampshire. However, other women are expected to enter the field for delegate to the G. O. P. convention within a short time. Mrs. Donahue asks for a place among the alternates to the delegates-at-large.

Being vice chairman of the Republican State Committee and in that capacity serving as head of the woman's division, Mrs. Donahue is counted among the party leaders in the state. In the last two campaigns she was among the busiest of the women speakers, addressing rallies almost every evening, and at times two or three meeting the same night. Always a staunch Republican and an earnest worker for party success, she has not before sought office for herself

"I am for Coolidge," says Mrs. Donahue, "but favor the idea of an unpledged delegation although I am willing to go pledged if it is the wish of President Coolidge that our delegation be pledged."



Photo by Ira Frank Lindsey

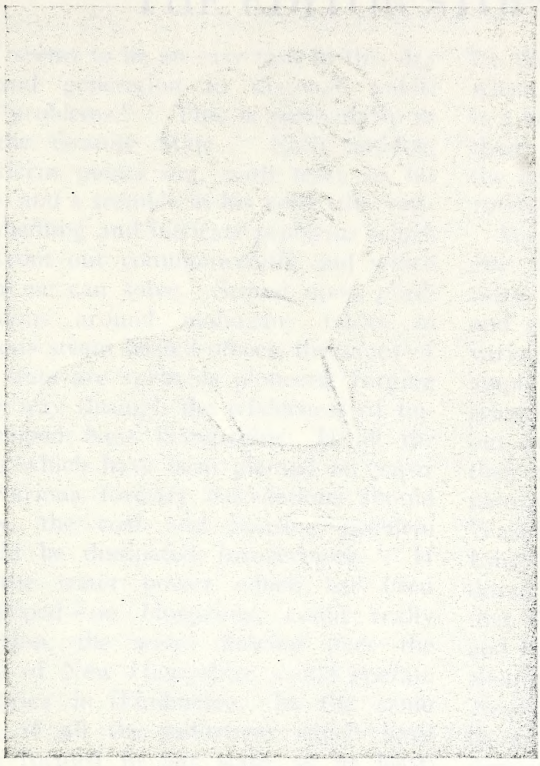
Mrs. Jessie E. Donahue

Beyond expressing her opposition to the League of Nations the Manchester newspaper woman prefers not to make a statement about her views on national issues until later.

Mrs. Donahue, who is the widow of the late Insurance Commissioner John J. Donahue, is a native of New Hampshire and has always lived in the state. She is not only prominently identified with clubs and other social organizations but has had extensive business experience and has for some years been connected with Boston and Manchester newspapers and contributed to other periodicals. In consequence of these activities she possesses a wide acquaintance throughout the state.

MRS. CLARA FELLOWS

ON Tuesday, November 27th the leading Republican women, including the various local chairmen, gathered in Concord for a conference, followed by



Mrs. Clara Fellows

a luncheon at the Eagle Hotel. Whatever else may have been the benefit of this gathering, there was one important good accomplished both from the standpoint of the Republican party and of the state as a whole. At the close of the gathering, having yielded to the solicitations of the entire group of women, Mrs. Clara Fellows of Tilton, President of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs and prominent in all lines of women's work in the state announced her candidacy as delegate-at-large to the National Convention. Upon being interviewed, Mrs. Fellows stated that she favored the nomination of Calvin Coolidge, though like the rest of the candidates she preferred to go unpledged; that she favored a national 8-hour law for women and children and that she was opposed to a soldier's bonus of the character which has been proposed in the past. Mrs. Fellows has long been active in behalf of measures for child welfare and education and carries with her into political life a wide experience in public service.

FRED W. ESTABROOK

FRED W. ESTABROOK of Nashua, present national committeeman from New Hampshire, is another announced candidate for delegate-at-large. President Coolidge is his choice for the renomination. He did not wish to be quoted on national issues being of the belief that his personal opinions had no connection with the Presidential primary and the national convention.

The Nashuan has served at two national conventions of the Republican party already, being a delegate from this state in 1912 and at the last meeting in 1920. He has been national committeeman from New Hampshire since 1908.



THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

IT seems to be an easy task in this day and generation to discover public "problems." This is particularly so in the Granite State. Each budding politician points out, with tears in his eyes, and a tremble in his voice, the various baffling and intricate problems which confront our commonwealth, and which he alone can solve. Seated upon plush cushions around mahogany tables in various steam heated offices, the sages of our state are veritable pioneers, forging their way through the wilderness of undeveloped New Hampshire. If all the trees which have been planted on paper by various forestry associations should grow, the coal and housing problem would be dissipated forevermore. If all the water power which has been developed—on blueprints, could really function, the water flowing over the dams of New Hampshire would operate factories in Timbuctoo. In the same way, if all the industries which have been formed in our state, or at least, visioned in the curling cigar smoke of Chamber of Commerce banquets, were really buying raw material and employing men, the word "economics" would never more be lisped in our fair state. If all the farming which has been diagramed upon blackboards, in the empty halls of the state were actually being put into practice upon *our hill farms*, New Hampshire would be like Canaan of old, "a land of milk and honey."

One fact the doughty knights of penmanship and oratory have apparently overlooked. The real problem in New Hampshire, as well as, every other state, now as always, is the human problem. New Hampshire has perfectly able experts in agriculture, but what she lacks is a confidence in these experts on the part of the farmer, who too many times, regards them as rank outsiders, striving to force "new fangled notions and outlandish ideas" upon him. New Hampshire has far-sighted statesmen who realize the wealth of undeveloped resources which lie in this state, but what she lacks is a belief on the part of the people, that these statesmen are actually laboring for the advantage of the state, and not to further their own political ambitions.

We have established in the capital city, certain departments of state, forestry, education, agriculture, fisheries and game, highway, motor vehicle, and various others. These departments are amply supplied with men of talent and scientific training, capable of leading our people in paths of progress, along their respective lines of activity. It is natural that they should be criticized. Washington, the father of his country, Lincoln, the preserver of our nation, endured criticism, and it is to be expected that Everett, the father of good roads, and Bartlett, the preserver of partridges, should meet with the same difficulties. Nevertheless, although criticism is to be expected, the great gulf of misunderstanding which seems to separate the people of our state, from their business organization, seems unfortunate and uncalled for. Over the north country, an avalanche of discontent and distrust, is greeting the efforts of those who are engaged in combating the white pine blister-rust. The small town statesmen who project tobacco juice with deadly accuracy into the fiery depths of the box stove and surreptitiously remove cookies and pickles from the grocers counter of the village stores, are most venomous in their insinuations about the Fish and Game Department, accusing high officials of enforcing the laws against the poor people, in order that they, themselves, may have venison upon their boards, twelve months in the year. They claim, that the supervisors in the Department of Education are sponging an ill deserved livelihood from the people while the schools ruined by new notions are not as they used to be, when they were boys. They maintain that every bump in our roads, and every wash-

board ridge of their corrugated surfaces which cause our Fords to play "Nearer My God to Thee," can be traced directly to the inefficiency of the Highway Department and that the Farm Bureau and Department of Agriculture, are to the farm world, what the "Seven Day Saints" and the followers of "Coue" are to the religious world.

It has been our experience that the officials of the various departments are ever ready to receive guests with courtesy, explain their work frankly, and meet criticism in a kindly manner. They are busy men, however.

Perish the thought of suggesting another state office but it might be profitable to have some official whose entire duty lay in introducing citizens to their departments by means of visits, lecture tours, and newspaper propaganda. The Boston and Maine railroad has such an official whose work lies in thus correcting erroneous impressions in the minds of the public.

We would even go further and suggest the personnel of the office. Under a Republican regime who would be better than the portly and jovial former Motor Vehicle Commissioner Olin H. Chase? Or, during the supremacy of the Democrats, could the suave and friendly Mr. Sibley be improved upon?

The State of New Hampshire cannot move forward more successfully without the confidence of the people than can the Amoskeag Mills do business without the cooperation of their employees, or the Governor of Oklahoma retain his office without the consent of his fellow citizen. Let us then realize that our real problem is a problem of self education. That even as we are supposed to boost our town, our lodge or our club, we should be ready to speak a good word for those who are trying to do things in our state.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang

By W. F. Maunix

With an Introduction by Ralph D. Paine

(Houghton Mifflin Co. Price $2.50)

"The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang" the distinguished Chinese statesman and diplomat of the late 19th century, was actually written by an American adventurer while he was serving a sentence in a Honolulu jail. This statement seems ridiculous while one is reading the book or reflecting upon it when finished, for unless the reader keeps constantly in mind the facts given in the introduction, he will be deceived as fully as were the eminent critics, authorities, and keen literary men in 1911 and feel that he is really becoming acquainted with the mind of the noble and brilliant Chinaman.

This, of course is not the case. The book was first published in 1911 by a distinguished publishing house in London, after extracts had appeared in the New York "Sun" and the London "Observer" as well as in some American magazines of repute. "The Memoirs" were then secured for America by Houghton and Mifflin Co., who had careful study made by authorities on Chinese affairs and who published the book in 1913 after it had been pronounced by these men as compiled from genuine diaries and an autobiography of unusual and permanent value. Mr. Foster, Secretary of State in President Harrison's Cabinet in 1892, was asked to write an introduction to the book because of his close association with Li Hung Chang when in 1897 he was requested by the

Emperor of China to act as an advisor during the peace negotiations with Japan. Therefore, Mr. Foster was most interested in the supposed extracts from his friend's diary, and, having read them, felt no doubt of their genuineness and wrote the introduction to the book.

The story of how suspicion is aroused, the truth, discovered, and the career and character of Mr. Maunix, revealed is fully and realistically told by Mr. Ralph D. Paine our New Hampshire author. Mr. Paine had come into contact with the vagabond, newspaper man and learned to know him as he was,—a man with unusual talent as a novelist, who largely wasted his time and energy, and with a curious, moral twist seemed unable to draw the line between fact and fiction. It is a temptation to linger on a discussion of this man, whose character and life fascinate me more than any hero of a novel has for some time. It is impossible not to wonder about the psychological processes of a man which, although he was very lazy, made him go to great lengths to impose on the credulity of people, when it would have been better, wiser, and easier to have told the truth. Mr. Paine gives several incidents in Maunix's life which have their amusing as well as their tragic side. He calls his introduction the "Story of a Literary Forgery" and tells it with his usual force and a clearness which succeeds in making us understand why people continued to be kind to Maunix even when realizing his failing.

With the discovery of the authorship of the book, "The Memoirs" take on a different aspect, growing more entertaining, if less biographical, because it becomes what the author should have wished it to be in the beginning, purely fiction. It is, however, fiction of the better type, being the imaginative production of a mind so brilliant that it could transport itself to a distant land, enter a foreign mind, and reflect the famous Viceroy's moods, motives, actions, and even his words with a style entirely worthy of that literary gentleman. What name shall we give to the ability which enables a poor man, whose knowledge of China is limited to a few months there while in the infantry as a common soldier and to such books for reference as visitors to the jail bring him on request, to deceive statesmen, journalists, and friends of the Viceroy by writing a book which would have passed all critics for all time had not laziness in regard to a few dates betrayed him?

The youthful ambition of the viceroy, his changing views on Christianity and foreign invasion of China, his experiences as a soldier and statesman, his skill as a diplomat in negotiating with the great and powerful nations, his trip to Russia, Germany, France, England, and America as an honored representative of his country, all are treated with a frankness at which we smile when we are forced to recognize it as the boldest audacity. Nevertheless, so perfect is his portrayal of Li Hung Chang that the mellow reflections and wise thoughts throughout "The Memoirs" are none the less worth assimilating because they are written by the warped mind of a young man, wasting brilliant gifts, instead of by the pen of an experienced old man.

William F. Maunix is dead now, lost to the sympathy, praise and blame which is bestowed on him, leaving his one fine piece of work as a sad testimonial of what he might have been had he possessed the energy, kind heart, and the moral sensitiveness which should have accompanied his facile pen and alert, imaginative mind. Nevertheless, in spite of these and other missing qualities, he has produced a character which makes us forget the barriers of race and color and realize with new understanding that nobility of nature, greatness of mind and heart, although measured by different standards, are common to all fine men and are found in China as well as in western countries, among heathen as well as Christians.

CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Clippings From the State Press

Two Viewpoints of Politics

We wish Brother Metcalf—who sees 40 Republican papers in New Hampshire—would lend us his specs. We have not been able to locate one, except our own—real, old-fashioned Republican, every week in the year—until the Republican Champion at Newport got back into Republican hands. Where has Bro. Metcalf seen even one column of outright Republican editorials in any single issue of a weekly paper—within the last year? Fact is, we lost the 1922 election BECAUSE the Republican press lost its voice. We admit it is also true that there are no Democratic papers "to speak of." We think that a genuine, outright, complete Republican victory in New Hampshire was never so needed as now. It is what we intend to strike for.

—*Granite State Free Press*

And as we read we were thankful that the "Old fashioned" political paper is with the days that "have gone forever." Oh, there will be occasionally one—there always is some one who would have things as they were seventy years ago—but Mr. Cheney's paper is mild compared to some of the old timers, and O. H. Chase is too full of jolly good nature to ever spill vitriolic tirades against those who honestly differ with him in politics. When Mr. Cheney was just coming into manhood, the two great parties had so much love for each other that the children of one party were not allowed to play with those of a neighbor who was of the opposite political faith. and would a Democrat trade with a black Republican in the sixties? Not if he could possibly buy elsewhere. And the same was true of the Democrats. Then it was necessary that every large town have two papers, as advertising must be in the paper of the advertiser's faith.....Evidently, according to the Free Press, the Journal-Transcript is not a Republican paper. . . . . But the Editor will continue to vote for the Republican ticket, and work for Republican policies. . . . He has scores of good friends in the Democratic party, and hopes to have them continue friends. But if he cannot treat them as friends and have a Republican paper he will let the politics go and just print the paper.—*Franklin Journal-Transcript*

Free Advice to the Minority

There are certain conditions in New Hampshire that the Republican party must recognize and profit by if it expects to win the next election. The young men of the party must be given their share of the work. Altogether too long have the older heads managed affairs. Altogether too many factions are selfishly working for control. A united effort, a recognition of the questions confronting the voters in this state, and a calculation of the influences effecting the average voter must be taken into account. It is the men and women who talk little but vote as they please that decide the result. Happy is the man who sees this and acts accordingly.

—*Franklin Transcript*

Candidates

Speaking of Republican candidates for governor, the Plymouth Record says "What we hope for is a genuine New Hampshire man who has some idea of the relative size and importance of the job of governing our state; who will offer the simple platform of carrying out the business of the state efficiently and economically and who has sufficient ability, humanity and common sense to meet the problems which come before our state executive with wisdom and good judgment."

Of the only declared candidates, Captain Winant of Concord and Major Knox of Manchester, the Record says:

 O.K.

"Both of these men belong to the 'Mr. Fixit' type of statesmen who think they are called upon to save the state from going to the demnition bow-wows and that they can do the saving if the people will only give them a job; pass all the laws they want and plaster the state with bonded indebtedness to pay the freight."

Compare the statements one with the other. Do not the old rank inconsistencies appear which have meant so much tribulation for the Republican party in months past? Windsor H. Goodnow of Keene ran for governor on a platform identical with that proposed by the Record But he didn't run well, nor did the rest of the ticket he headed. The Record's platform is all right as far as it goes but it doesn't go far enough with its verbose generalities to assure the election of any Republican next year. —*Concord Monitor-Patriot*

Here is what Mr. Knox has to say.

"After careful consideration of the political situation in the state and in response to what appears to be a very general favorable sentiment among Republicans, I have concluded to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. I shall make no statement beyond this at the present, but will make an extended statement of my views on pending state issues at some appropriate time in the future. I expect to wage an aggressive campaign for the nomination."

In the Monday's paper John G. Winant had a statement declaring where he stands upon matters of interest to New Hampshire voters.

"A man is judged by his works and the tasks that he sets himself to do. I shall thoroughly enjoy this campaign because I like people and because I agree with Colonel Roosevelt that 'aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords.' A country worth fighting for in time of war is a country worth working for in time of peace. That is my conviction and I shall work through to the end."—*Franklin Journal.*

In our day custom makes a good precedent, consequently the nomination should fall to Arthur P. Morrill, who in the last campaign, while he had a respectable following, withdrew his claim in favor of Goodnow and left the field clear, and why should not he have a preference as far as the nomination goes? He has been faithful, has remained loyal to whoever received the party nomination.

—*Granite State Free Press*

A Fatherly Rebuke

We suggest to the Editor of the Granite Monthly in the most friendly spirit, that it would be better for one of his adolescent years, when attending the agricultural fairs, or other gatherings of combined education and amusement, that he confine his researches to the front line tents and refrain from visiting the back tier of canvas in which are sometimes carried on the tantalizing gesticulations of the brazen acrobats of the terpsicorean art.

—*Republican Champion*

Old Institution Attacked

One does not have to look far back into the past to discover a noticeable change in the use made of the space inside of houses. For instance, the parlor as an institution cuts but little figure in home life to-day and it soon will be a relic of the past. Speed the day. The very name seems to suggest stiffness and lack of comfort. The parlor of the old days usually smelled like a silo, and contained the family's pet bricabrac, some chairs as uncomfortable as a Roman galley, a sofa as slippery as a greased pig, and just about as easy to stay on, and the remains of such flies as had starved to death since the room was last opened.

—*Republican Champion*

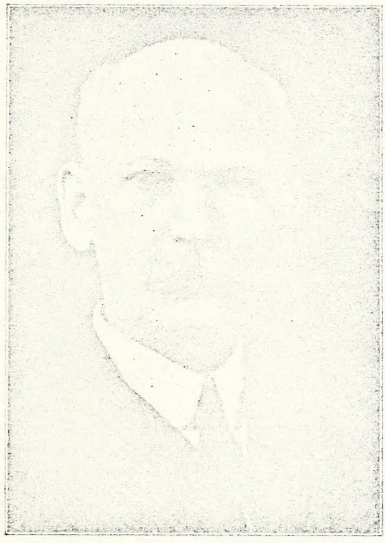
NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

JOHN D. BRIDGE

John Davis Bridge, born in Warwick, Mass., August 23, 1859, died in Concord, N. H., November 12, 1923.

He was the son of Henry M. and Elizabeth T. (Cady) Bridge, and removed with his parents to Colebrook, N. H., in infancy, where he passed his youth, attending the public schools and learning the printer's trade in the office of the Colebrook News, which paper he finally purchased, afterwards acquiring also the Sentinel and uniting the two. He published the News and Sentinel for a time, but soon sold out and was employed until 1887 as a compositor on Boston and New York papers.

In the latter year he returned to New Hampshire and became the proprietor of the Littleton Journal, which he published for three years; then sold it and purchased



John D. Bridge

the Coos Democrat at Lancaster, continuing as its publisher until 1902, when he removed to Concord to become the business manager of the Rumford Printing Company (now the Rumford Press) his services in that relation having been sought by the late Senator William E. Chandler, the largest owner and president of the Company, who desired for the position not only a practical printer but a careful and sagacious business man, hoping thereby to retrieve the financial fortunes of the concern and put it on the road to success.

Senator Chandler made no mistake in his selection. Mr. Bridge proved pre-eminently the man for the position. Fully realizing the magnitude of the task before him, he set himself to its accomplishment and the Rumford Press was placed upon the solid foundation of success and gained a place in the front rank among the great printing houses of the country.

Other men, attracted by its wonderful growth and promise of greater success in the future, have joined hands in its more recent development; but to John D. Bridge, more than any or all others, is due the credit for making the Rumford Press what it is to-day, and giving the City of Concord its greatest and most profitable industry.

Mr. Bridge was of a modest and retiring disposition, thoroughly devoted to his business, and taking little part in public affairs or the distractions of social life, though he never failed, when his aid was sought, to give hearty support to any worthy cause. He was a Democrat, a 32d degree Mason, Odd Fellow, member of the Wonolancet Club, and member and director of the Concord Chamber of Commerce.

On September 28, 1888, he was united in marriage with Angie B. Watson of Littleton, who survives him, with one son, Harold W., of this city.

—H. H. M.

DR. WILLIAM H. PARSONS

The medical profession of New Hampshire has lost its oldest and one of its most respected members. The state at large has lost one of is most stalwart citizens. The city of Manchester mourns one of the best loved, and most public spirited members of its community.

Dr. William Moody Parsons passed away at his home on Massebesic Street on the night of November 19th, from the effects of pneumonia. Born 98 years ago, December 30th, for more than seventy years active in the practice in his profession in New Hampshire, familiarly known to the many who have been ministered to by him as Dr. "Bill," he will long be remembered as an outstanding example of "the old fashioned doctor." An editorial in the Manchester Union mentions some striking instances in which Dr. Parsons, without the aid of proper instruments or surgical appliances, has saved many a life through the resourcefulness of rough and ready methods. Called upon to undergo many hardships, forced to perform his work in many instances without the hope of financial remuneration, he ministered to his people for seventy years of active practice and has now brought to a close a career which is typical of the hardy manhood of early New Hampshire and may be looked upon with pride by all citizens of the Granite State.

Dr. Parsons was born and educated in the town of Gilmanton and learned his medicine under Dr. Wright of that town. He also studied in Norwich, Vermont, and began his practice in Bennington. At one time he was the surgeon of the New Hampshire Militia.

He was a Mason, Knight Templer, Member of the Consistory and Shrine.

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